A WOMAN IN THE ANTIPODES

MARY·HALL

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A WOMAN IN THE ANTIPODES

RAPIDS ON THE WAIKATO RIVER, NEW ZEALAND

A WOMAN IN THE ANTIPODES

AND IN THE FAR EAST

BY

MARY HALL

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WITH FORTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS AND THREE MAPS

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

First Published in 1914

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A WOMAN IN THE ANTIPODES

CHAPTER I

LONDON TO NEW ZEALAND

IT would be more correct to say that I shook the mud —rather than the dust—of London from my feet one gloomy day early in December, when I left Fenchurch Street for Tilbury, where I boarded the "Arawa," one of the Shaw Savill direct boats to New Zealand.

It is easy to picture an average winter day at the mouth of the Thames—raw, muggy, and damp ; but I bore up courageously against the somewhat depressing effect of the elements by imagining the bright sunshine which, in all probability, I should be enjoying a few days hence.

The lights of the south coast towns were visible as we sped past them to Plymouth, where our number was increased by about a dozen new passengers, with a seemingly undue proportion of luggage. This, apparently, could not be identified without a great deal of noise and general commotion, but at last they were all sorted out with their respective impedimenta, and comfortably settled.

The exclamation "oh!" after the mention of the Bay would have seemed quite inappropriate to its calm and placid demeanour, as we steered a bee-line across it to Cape Finisterre, and ran along the coast of Spain and Portugal. We caught sight of the Peak of Teneriffe early one morning, and dropped anchor at Port of Spain towards midday.

The majority of the passengers placed themselves in the able and efficient hands of Camachio, the proprietor of an hotel in the Port, who for years has arranged excursions

for visitors, so that they make the best use of the short time at their disposal. A few years previously I had spent some months there, so I contented myself with renewing my acquaintance with old friends in the shape of ancient churches, picturesque street corners, and the delightful drive along the coast to St. Andrea.

The sea freshened considerably while we were ashore, and getting from the small boat to the gangway of the "Arawa" was no easy task. The launch surged upwards, and dived downwards on the billows, and unless the order to "jump" was given and the men ready to catch you precisely at the psychological moment, an accident was inevitable. I just escaped one by landing on my knees. But if it was difficult for those who had full command of their powers of locomotion, it might be thought an impossible feat for those who had strayed from the strict path of sobriety.

We had brought three men back from the shore who were decidedly more than half-seas over, and one of them deliberately lay down on his way up the steps, and every minute I expected to see him roll off into the sea. But the timely assistance of the officer on watch, who dragged him up by the scruff of his neck, saved him from a watery grave.

Another had just sufficient balancing power to reach the deck and fall prone. The third of the trio ran less risk than either of the others, as he was entirely irresponsible, and was simply brought up like a log.

The steerage passengers had not been allowed on shore, so that the after-part of the ship was crowded with spectators, getting what amusement and satisfaction they could in watching the precarious embarkation of the more privileged travellers. Those of us who had got back to the steamer took up a position of vantage, and watched the rest of our fellow-passengers' discomforts until all were safe on board, and we were once more under way.

A matter of about a fortnight's run brought us to Cape Town, but meantime the monotony of the days was relieved by the usual deck sports, music, bridge, and by the forming of friendships that were to while away many an hour that

would otherwise have been very wearisome. We certainly had variety in the matter of climate, as our way lay straight through the tropics, and the thinnest of garments and white duck uniforms had been donned and discarded again before our next stop.

Although I had crossed the Line many times previously, I had never until now seen the occasion celebrated by all the fun and frolic usually associated with it, and the festivities with which Neptune favoured us were consequently a new experience.

When we reached the correct latitude, the merry Sea-god and his Consort were waiting to welcome us: they boarded the ship, and followed by their cortège, paraded the decks, to the accompaniment of the Stewards' Band. They were soon surrounded by a multitude of passengers, the greater number being gathered from the third class, and when the old Sea Monarch and his Courtiers were hidden from view, it looked like a typical London street crowd that might be following the Salvation Army, and it was difficult to realize that we were on the high seas.

The parade over, the company halted, and the names of those crossing the Line for the first time were registered by a "Court" official, who later read out the programme of the festivities which, by the wish of "His Majesty," were to take place on the following day.

Shortly afterwards we saw floating on the water a huge barrel of lighted tar, which was said to be the fiery chariot of the Marine Royal Family.

The pranks enacted on the morrow were very entertaining, more so to those looking on, perhaps, than to the participants. The ceremony began by the reappearance of Neptune with his Consort and several daughters, charming nymphs dressed in the latest fashions of the deep. The Captain was approached and, by request, formally handed over the command of his ship to the venerable Sea-god.

The Court of Neptune was held on a platform on the lower deck. The royal party were conducted to their seats, followed by three or four "bears," and before seating himself the King roared out, "Bears take to the water!"

Thereupon the monsters threw themselves head foremost into a huge swimming-bath made of canvas, which had been rigged up towards one side of the boat. They were then ready for their part of the business which came a little later.

Every possible point of view was occupied by spectators, and the possessors of cameras were busy in all directions. Male passengers who were crossing for the first time had been warned of their duty to attend the Court, and therefore made their obeisance one after the other to the Sovereign, and if particularly susceptible to the fair sex would steal a kiss from the wife and daughters, before being handed over to the tender mercies of the "Court" doctor. The physical condition of the novice was thoroughly investigated; a clinical thermometer of about two feet long discovered his temperature, and his lungs were sounded with an equally large hammer. If the unfortunate being indicated any painful locality on his person, a plaster of some sticky, treacly-looking mixture was forthwith dabbed on to the spot. He was then placed on a chair, and the barber, with a large whitewash brush dipped now and again into a pail of flour and water as a substitute for lather, prepared his face for shaving. It must have been anything but a pleasant operation when performed by a wooden razor with saw-like teeth.

But worse was to follow: the shaving operation over, the sliding seat occupied by the victim was suddenly tipped backward, and he was precipitated into the bath, caught by two "bears," and unmercifully ducked and ducked again before being set free.

Each individual, according to his temperament, displayed a different form of tomfoolery. Some would greet the "Court" with aplomb, and be ready to lead up to any fun for the amusement of the onlookers. Others more nervous, and with no particular fancy for the final ducking, had a bad five minutes. Frankly, I felt myself I could easily waive my right of equality with the male, for the time being at any rate.

Fun and high spirits held sway until the rising of "His

Majesty" indicated that the initiatory ceremony was finished. He made a short congratulatory speech, and presented the Captain with a portrait of their Majesties King George and Queen Mary enclosed in a scallop shell, and neatly tied with a blue ribbon. He then resigned his temporary command of the vessel, and wishing all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, he and his "Court" took their leave amid ringing cheers.

The next notable event was Christmas. The day broke beautifully fine and warm: morning Service was held on deck and very largely attended. Gathered together in mid-ocean, a glorious southern blue sky above us as we cut our way through an equally blue sea, no magnificent edifice or vaulted Cathedral, one felt, could have rivalled the beauty of the elements, or added one single iota to the devotional spirit created and intensified by our natural surroundings.

The good old Christmas hymns, lustily sung, and led by a cornet accompanied by violin and piano, rang out in the clear air, and one almost heard their echo against the very heavens.

A large majority of these people were on their way to make a home and form new ties in a far-off country, and it was pleasant to think they would still be units of the British Empire, and subjects of the King. It was encouraging too, to see them attend in such numbers a service which was a fitting preliminary to an entrance into a new hemisphere, a new country, and a new year.

During the night the saloons had been tastefully decorated, and the Company had very hospitably catered for all classes. I can answer for even champagne *ad lib.* in the first class. An excellent concert on deck after dinner brought to a close a very happy Christmas at sea.

The weather was still hot, but cooling daily, and by the time we reached Table Bay it was very pleasant. We had only a few hours of daylight to look round, but fortunately I know Cape Town well, having stayed there several times; still, there is one place I should always make an effort to re-visit, and that is Groote Schuur at Rondebosch, the well-known home of the late Cecil Rhodes.

We all felt repaid for the rush we made to see it. The garden was perfectly beautiful, and the terraces of the natural amphitheatre in the rear of the house were a blaze of colour with flowering hydrangeas of varied hues; plumbago, and endless other gorgeous blooms. The National Park, the gift of Cecil Rhodes, surrounding the estate, extends for miles, and formerly, when I was living in the adjacent suburb, I used to spend hour upon hour wandering amid its beauties.

Now, alas, we had only time to stray a little way up the hill, in order to get a more extended view of the glorious range of mountains on the opposite side of the Bay. We very much regretted that we could not get as far as the spot where stands "Physical Energy," a statue symbolical of the vigorous life which was expended for the welfare of South Africa.

As we retraced our steps, a wealth of beauty lay before us. The setting sun cast lengthening shadows on the exquisite landscape with its flowery gardens in the foreground, while in the mid-distance shone the blue water of the Bay, and beyond, the hills were bathed in the rosy after-glow, leaving in the memory a scene of surpassing beauty.

The pangs of hunger now attacked us, and we hastened back to town by tram, to be confronted with the fact that it was long past the customary dinner hour. However, we induced the manager of one of the hotels to see that we had something to eat. During the meal, the waiter's polite inquiry as to whether we would like strawberries and cream, to follow Christmas pudding, seemed most incongruous, and emphasized the difference between the festive season in Cape Town and at home. Afterwards we strolled through the principal streets, the shops remaining open until ten o'clock, by which time the crowd was waxing rather rowdy. As the Kaffir in his cups is not a very desirable personage to come in contact with, we took one of the curious old Hansom cabs which ply for hire in the town, and drove to the steamer. These cabs are built much lower than their London prototype, and each, like a boat, has its own name

painted on its side, such as "Bonnie Jennie," "Sweet Nell," "Elizabeth," and so on.

New Year's Eve is evidently a night of high revelry in South Africa. The Captain told us when we went ashore that he had no hope of being able to coal that night, but alas—(the regret is merely our own point of view)—we returned to find that a bribe of extra pay had discovered enough men willing to forego a night's carouse and do the work. Consequently those of us who had decided to stay aboard that night had an extremely hot, noisy, and uncomfortable time of it.

The turmoil and confusion reached a climax at midnight, when work was suspended for a brief interval, and every available energy was expended in making as much noise as possible. The uproarious shouts of the populace, shrill whistles, raucous hooters, sirens—soprano, bass, and alto—did their level best to make night hideous, and usher in the New Year with the maximum amount of uproar and din.

We were timed to leave at ten o'clock the next morning, so did not think it worth while to go into the town again. In the vicinity of the boat there was life enough to make it interesting. A good many of the steerage passengers returned decidedly jolly, and barely in time to catch the steamer; in fact several arrived after the gangway was up, and had to be put on a launch and taken aboard after the boat had left the dock.

We all crowded to the side, over which a rope ladder had been swung for their use. The sailors below tried to attach a rope as a precaution round the men's waists before they began the ascent. The two first men were in a cantankerous mood and would not submit to it, and it was more by good luck than anything else that they managed to reach the deck in safety. The others were sufficiently "far gone" not to resist, and it was funny to see them drawn up. One man, with an eye to the future, had bottles protruding from every pocket. Of these, the Quartermaster, much to the amusement of the onlookers, deftly relieved him, as he stepped over the side of the boat, all the time protesting loudly that he was not drunk.

After this delaying episode, we steamed away and rounded the headland, hugging the coast until we passed the Cape. This was our last view of land for nearly three weeks. During that period we experienced a variety of weather and temperature. At times it would be too rough or too warm to exert oneself to do anything: at others it would be cold enough to make us resort to all manner of means to get warm. A favourite game for this purpose was to get six or seven people to form a circle, and then keep two or three sandbags in circulation by throwing them to one another. Deck croquet was also excellent for the same purpose. Progressive whist parties, a Book Dinner, music, and bridge passed the time until we again sighted land.

On the morning of the 19th day after leaving Cape Town, the distant mountains of Tasmania were dimly visible, and later we ran for some distance quite close to the island, which has a charmingly rugged coast. We entered the river, and dropped anchor just too late to get "pratique" that night. With no hope of landing, we sat for some time and watched the lights of the town appear one by one, and then retired to our beds preparatory to an early rise for the doctor's visit next day.

By early morning light the view of Hobart was worth seeing. The clouds were just lifting from Mount Wellington, and the houses nestling at its base were caught by the rays of the rising sun, their red roofs standing out brightly against the green background.

After breakfast I joined three others in a drive, and we started on the excursion to the highest point on Mount Wellington that is accessible by carriage. We halted at Fern-Tree Bower, part of a large Government Reserve about 1800 feet above sea level, a beautiful spot where, as its name implies, luxuriant fern-trees flourish. In the shade of these giant ferns, tables are placed for the convenience of picnic parties. Seats are to be found along the public path, or in quiet and secluded nooks, by the side of trickling water, alluring spots for quiet flirtations, and I had a suspicion that two of our party would have enjoyed

experimenting in that direction. But time pressed, so that we could give them no chance, but were obliged to proceed on our way.

When the atmosphere permits, there is a magnificent view to be obtained from the hotel, but we were no more fortunate than the great majority, and the almost inevitable curtain of cloud had enveloped the mountain and intervening country before we arrived. It is not often one comes across a remark worth recalling in the Visitors' Book, but I found one here with which I heartily concurred. Some wag had written, "We missed the view, but viewed the mist".

However, we got some very fine lesser views on the way down. We then walked along the principal streets flanked with some fine shops and public buildings, but had no time to visit the Art Gallery or Museum, which I recollect from a former visit contains a fine collection of interesting native curios.

The city is supplied by a good electric tram service, and we took advantage of it to go round the coast as far as Sandy Bay. The passing glimpse we got of the houses and villa residences standing on either side of the thoroughfare gave one an agreeable impression of the domestic life and well-being of the people. The architecture of the houses followed no hard and fast line, but each homestead expressed a certain individuality, and a healthy disregard of its neighbour's style. Each one, without exception, was surrounded by a garden overflowing with a profusion of flowers and blossoming shrubs.

Lying so close to Melbourne, and yet enjoying a totally different climate, Tasmania makes a delightful health resort for Australians, especially those in the more southerly parts, who can flee from the hot parching winds of the Continent, and find within a few hours of Melbourne a delightfully temperate climate.

We returned to the "Arawa," tired out, and though our intention was to go ashore again to hear the band in the public gardens, which are a favourite resort in the evening, a heavy shower of rain was enough to make us feel we preferred to remain on the steamer.

Before I wakened next morning, we had started on our last lap, and felt we were now getting within a measurable distance of our journey's end. On reviewing the voyage, we felt we had had an exceptionally happy one ; we only experienced one storm, and that was short and sharp—when we were between the Cape and Tasmania.

The amiability and goodwill which prevailed among the passengers made for equal calm and peace of mind. Many of us felt a touch of regret that the friendly intercourse which we had enjoyed for six weeks was about to terminate. Some few of us might meet again, but in most cases it was good-bye for ever. However, the predominant feeling was doubtless one of joy at the idea of being on land again.

On the third day out from Tasmania, New Zealand hove in view, and we ran along the west coast of the South Island within sight of land for twenty-four hours before entering the almost land-locked harbour of Wellington. Seventeen years had elapsed since I approached it last, and I could but note how in the interval the city had spread, and the houses encroached upon the hills in all directions. And whereas formerly the little bays which we passed on our way in had been marked only by a few houses dotted here and there, small settlements had now sprung up, served by ferry boats which could be seen running hither and thither.

We anchored in calm water and awaited the doctor, who soon put us through our paces, and we were then allowed to run alongside the wharf. There was a crowd of people awaiting our ship all roped back to a safe distance until we were tied up. It was decidedly conducive to imperial pride to reflect that although we had travelled so many thousands of miles, to almost the farthest point of the habitable world, we nevertheless found an obviously English crowd waiting to welcome us.

I eagerly scanned the faces of the multitude, and after a time saw one that bore a delightful family resemblance to my own, and by wild gesticulations and will-power, I compelled the owner to look in my direction, whereupon a responsive smile of recognition followed.

WELLINGTON

ORIENTAL BAY, WELLINGTON

As soon as the rope was dropped, there was a general stampede and a hearty welcome for those who had come from so far. I was soon in the midst of a bevy of relatives, comprising cousins of various degrees.

The emigrants were not forgotten, and the first to board the steamer was a lady to take charge and proffer help to any in need of it.

CHAPTER II

WELLINGTON TO TE ANAU

COLONIAL towns as a rule do not appeal to Europeans, and I do not think Wellington can claim anything to make it an exception. Commercially it has certainly made great strides in the seventeen years since I last visited it. Buildings and shops have increased, both in number and size: tram-lines have been laid in all directions, and public recreation grounds and parks established. A new Government House has been built, and other improvements made; but enough—I had almost written "of bricks and mortar"—when of course, to establish the local colour, I must say "planks and nails," the houses being all built of wood.

Why should we linger regretting the absence of Cathedral naves, painted pictures, or the accumulation of stuffed birds and animals, when we can go to Nature, a far abler architect, zoologist, and artist? I venture to say there is no other country of the same size in the world that can show such a variety of picturesque beauties or natural wonders as can be seen in these islands.

It was towards the end of January, and consequently mid-summer, when I arrived at Wellington, wherefore many of the townsfolk were absent on holidays intent. My cousin was fortunately not far away, so had kindly come in to meet me, and that afternoon took me back with her to a little country farm about forty miles from the city.

While there, we evolved the idea of making up a party to go south, and walk through the famous Te Anau Track to Milford Sound.

The coast on the south-west corner of the middle island is for miles indented with magnificent waterways, known

168
170
172
174
176
178
36
38
40
42
44
46
Scale of Miles.
0 20 40 60 80 100 120 140 160
North C.
B. of Islands
Russell
Kaipara Harb.
Hauraki Gulf
Auckland
Manukau Harb.
P A C I F I C
O C E A N
NORTH ISLAND
Bay of Plenty
Hamilton
Rotorua
L. Taupo
New Plymouth
C. Egmont
Mt. Egmont
Wanganui R.
Hawke Bay
Napier
Palmerston
Cook Strait
Masterton
Wellington
Tasman B.
Nelson
Westport
Blenheim
Greymouth
Hokitika
ALPS
Springfield
Christchurch
Lyttelton
Mt. Cook
L. Tekapo
SOUTHERN
Waitangi R.
Milford Sd.
Queenstown
L. Wakatipu
L. Te Anau
Kingston
R. Clutha
Otago Harb.
Dunedin
Invercargill
SOUTH ISLAND
P A C I F I C O C E A N
Stewart Id.

NEW ZEALAND

collectively as the West Coast Sounds, the antipodean rivals of the Fiords of Norway.

For years the Union Steamship Company have organized annually two summer excursions to these magnificent arms of the sea. Visitors are taken to each Sound in turn, and where possible put ashore for short expeditions. My former visit to New Zealand I made to coincide with a Sounds trip, and thus I saw all the beauties they had to show. We put into Milford Sound for a day or two, and walked one morning to Lake Ada, a distance of about three miles, and I well remember how I longed to be able to go farther; but at that period the track across country to Lake Te Anau was not opened up, and to work one's way there was reckoned an arduous undertaking, even for men.

I had, however, seen enough of the wild beauty of the scenery to arouse my enthusiasm, and when the suggestion to make up a party for the trip was now mooted, I was keenly anxious it should be carried out. Pros and cons were debated, and five of us there and then determined to go. This number was eventually increased to nine, seven women and two men.

The next fortnight was filled with pleasant anticipations, and much consultation as to the most suitable garments to be worn. The "swag" required careful consideration: one would suggest it was best to swing all the weight on one shoulder for a time, and change and change about; another would vote for it being hung on both; and yet another knew it was best for the waist to bear its share.

We sorted out what we thought was absolutely necessary to take, and then weighed the resulting bundle, only to find, alas, that it far exceeded the recognized load one should carry. Therefore a thinner garment was substituted for a thick one; one less of something else would have to suffice; a hair-brush must be dispensed with for a few days, until at last we got it down to the few pounds we felt inclined to carry. I must confess to wishing secretly that it was a country where native labour was easily obtainable.

The difficulty of making any satisfactorily definite provision for the journey was due to the fact that no two people ever have quite the same experiences on the Track. This is chiefly owing to the vagaries of the climate, and no one could be answerable for that, for its changes are extraordinarily rapid, and a "clerk of the weather" would have a poor time if he ventured on the hazardous game of prophecy. So our choice of clothes and time was like a dip into a lucky tub, and we had to chance it, and hope for the best.

We got ourselves and our foot-gear into condition by tramping up hill and down dale in our hob-nailed boots. Many people thought it was a very foolish undertaking for those of us who were middle-aged, or, shall I say, past the recklessness—and slenderness—of early youth. But there, if one were to take the advice of every one who offers it, the result would be as unfortunate as that which befel the poor man and his donkey of fable renown.

As the time for our departure arrived, we left Wellington in detachments, some choosing the short sea journey via Lyttelton to Christchurch, then proceeding overland to Dunedin; others preferring to ship direct to the latter.

February 24th broke gloriously bright, and at an early hour a mixed company of relatives met on the Dunedin Railway Station, which, by the way, is the finest station in the Dominion. All were in excellent spirits, and the veriest stranger could see that we were out to enjoy ourselves. As the day wore on the high temperature of the spirits was reduced in ratio to the rising thermometer, combined with a seven hours' journey in a not too rapid train.

At Lumsden we quitted the railway, and after tea at the hotel we found two throbbing motors awaiting us; and the luggage having been stowed away, we were not long in taking our seats. With a hearty good-bye to trains and towns, we were soon dashing through dry sand, the next moment bounding over boulders large and small, or shaking almost to their undoing, fragile wooden bridges, as we sped recklessly across them.

The first twelve miles were barren wilderness, void of

civilization, and half-clothed with tussock or waving yellow toitoi grass. The traversing of this stretch of country gave us time to shake into place and get used to the motion of the car, so that presently we were able to enjoy the beautiful scenery we were approaching; for what had hitherto been mere suggestion—half-cloud, half-mountain—now began to take more definite shape.

To the right rose the West Dome Mountain, and to the left, the saw-edged summits of the Takitimo Range, between 5000 and 6000 feet high, could be seen sharply defined against the blue sky.

After a run of thirty-two miles, we made our first halt at a little wayside hotel, the "Keys of the Lake"; but the day was fast waning, so we wasted no time and were soon again plunging through creeks, tearing through ferns, and scaring the rabbits until at last we reached the cross-roads.

The finger-post informed us that the one to the right was the way to Te Anau, and the one to the left would lead us to Manapouri. We took the latter, but as a matter of fact the road only continued for a very short distance, after which it dwindled to merely a sandy track. Crossing the Marawa, we traversed a most desolate patch of land, locally designated the "Wilderness," a place innocent of grass, but sprinkled with stunted bog-pine, and certainly well deserving its name. We had ten miles of this to cover, and just as darkness set in, we drew up at "View House," Manapouri.

That night we were lulled to sleep by the monotonous raindrops on the zinc roof. It never ceased the whole night, and it was ten o'clock the next day before the most optimistic of us dared to suggest that we might start on our projected excursion on the lake.

We knew that by starting late we must curtail our programme for the day, and we set forth devoutly hoping that the elements would at any rate allow us to see what was in the near vicinity of our route. But no! it was only now and again, when the fog or rain-cloud cleared for a moment, that we were vouchsafed occasional and most tantalizing

peeps of the high crags and mountain peaks, the forested hills with beeches, birches, and pines rising tier behind tier, or fleeting vistas up either the Southern or Western arms of the lake.

We were well supplied with hampers, and the absence of the much-anticipated æsthetic pleasures of the lake gave place to mere animal enjoyment. It is a golden rule, whilst travelling, or for that matter at any time, to take what the gods supply, and be thankful. All who could, found shelter in the little cabin from the rain and spray, and we had a merry time as we regaled ourselves with sandwiches, fruit, cake, and piping hot tea, which in the circumstances was very acceptable.

The water of this deepest of all the lakes was now rolling like a sea, and the waves washed over the small launch, whilst the rain descended in torrents. When we landed, it was a very bedraggled, though still undaunted little party that wended its way up the short incline which led back to the hotel and dry clothes.

The following morning while the others were exercising their limbs by a long walk, I sat on the veranda and gazed to my heart's content on the beautiful scene before me. Now all was peace and calm, and the mountains, with the precipitous Cathedral Peaks in the distance, were clearly cut against the sun-lit sky.

No chauffeur attempts to take a motor over the twelve miles that lie between Lakes Manapouri and Te Anau, so in the afternoon we reverted to an ancient conveyance in the form of a char-à-banc, and many were the literal ups and downs of the journey. But with good driving we succeeded in keeping our equilibrium.

The most picturesque part of the drive was at Horseshoe Bend, where the road skirts the edge of a fine bluff overlooking the Waiau River.

At Te Anau, where we slept in queer little sheds in the hotel garden, we were told that the Captain of the little steamer plying on the lake was very punctual, and, like time and tide, waited for no man : so at the first whistle, a little before seven in the morning, no matter whether we

LAKE MANAPOURI

FOOT OF TE ANAN

had finished our meal or not, we all made a desperate rush for the boat, not caring to run any risk of losing it.

At this early hour the lake was superb. The gentle grey mist drawn from the water by the rising sun, and the grand peaks pushing their way through the swathing clouds, repaid one for any little personal inconvenience. We glided along for three or four happy hours, covering a distance of just upon forty miles, the length of the lake.

To see and assimilate such abundant beauty would require at least a week for Te Anau alone: as it was, we sat and drank in as much as we could in the time at our disposal.

As we neared the upper end of the lake the water became very murky, and was strewn with fallen trees and general forest wreckage, evidently the after-effects of a terrific storm among the mountains, and we were thankful we had escaped it.

Towards midday, the steamer anchored at the landing stage on Clinton Bay. Leaving our packs to follow us on a truck, we started for the walk through the beech-trees and woodland, over an ideal sylvan path, to Glade House.

Here we were welcomed by the cheery manageress, who ushered us into the dining-room, where an excellent lunch was in progress, and it cannot be said that anyone was backward in falling into line with those who had already begun. We had an inkling, notwithstanding the gushing reports and florid descriptions of the catering at the huts between this point and Milford Sound, that this might be our last chance of a good meal for the next few days. At any rate we felt we should be on the right side by taking full advantage of it.

Some of us then repaired to the office to transact our business with "Uncle," which is all I ever heard the old man called—and accounted for, I imagine, by his being the uncle of our hostess. At any rate he was installed in the office to supply tickets for use on the Track, as no money is allowed to be paid to the caretakers at the huts. Therefore each person must provide himself with enough coupons to cover the days he is likely to be *en route*.

Others, to save time, went first to change their ordinary clothes for the much-talked-of walking kit, for we had now arrived at the part of the journey which was to be performed on foot. As we were ready, we sauntered one by one to the hall of Glade House, and the guide who happened to be there was giving hints, first to one anent something to be considered on the way; to another a suggestion regarding the fixing of a knapsack; and everybody seemed to be asking somebody else some important question at the last moment.

To make a start, some of us bore towards the river bank, and took our places in the little boat waiting in readiness to transfer us to the other side of the Clinton River, which though still very high, was safe to cross.

In transit, the oarsman related how during the recent storm, a tourist, fortunately male, had arrived within sight of the hotel, but the river was very swollen, and so much débris was being swept down by the rushing tide, that it was quite impossible for anyone to fetch him across. Neither could he retrace his steps, for the path by which he had come was already several feet under water. So he had to remain within sight, but out of reach of shelter, until the water subsided. At the height of the flood he had to climb into the branches of a beech and there remain above the water, being actually as well as metaphorically "up a tree".

When all were ferried over, we naturally fell into little companies, which we classified as "fast," "medium," and "slow," the elders of the party forming the latter. Since Manapouri, our number had been increased by another man, who was going through alone, so now each section included one of the stronger sex, who, if not indispensable, might prove very useful on such a walk. The new-comer introduced a little fresh blood, and broke up the placid surface of relationship, as besides himself, there was only one other, a lady, who was not in some way related to every one else.

CHAPTER III

ON THE TRACK

THE distance from Glade House to Milford Sound is computed to be thirty-three miles, and given fair conditions, is not too strenuous a journey for a good walker in one day, but most women, and in fact the majority of either sex, usually allow themselves two or three days each way.

A few hundred yards from the point where we quitted the boat, the river turns almost at right angles, and suddenly the enchanting Clinton Cañon lay before us. As we turned our knapsacked backs upon the outer world, we became conscious of an exhilarating sense of physical and mental freedom, and we struck out along the Track, soft with fallen leaves, mosses, ferns, and beechmast, with light and springy steps.

We were shaded from the sun by a rich canopy of living green, formed of lofty trees and tangled forest growth, and as we strayed along the banks of the Clinton River, for many miles, a further sense of coolness was added by the rushing sound of its waters flowing to the lake.

By this time the "mediums" and "youngsters" had passed us, the latter with facetious remarks at our expense, but our repartee, I fancy, was equal to putting them in their right place, and restoring our own self-respect.

The Clinton Cañon possesses some striking characteristics of the world-famed Yosemite Valley in the Sierra Nevada, and is frequently compared with it. It is certainly many years since I was there, but from what I recollect, I should say that the Clinton Valley might be described as a compressed Yosemite. In the latter, a regular wide coach road serves the district, and although the component parts

of the general scenery of both are granite, bush, and waterfalls, their distribution is quite different. Both are magnificent, and I should give each first-class honours among the world's wonders.

The Clinton Valley rift, about a quarter of a mile wide, is between almost perpendicular granite walls from 3000 to 4000 feet high. The space between these mighty cliffs is dense with exuberant vegetation.

Although we were proceeding at a very moderate pace, we felt that our bodily progress was too rapid for the mental assimilation of the all-pervading beauties of the scene, and that about a thousand eyes would be necessary to take in a tithe of the loveliness that surrounded us.

While our attention was riveted on an orchid growing out from the fork of a tree, and scarcely visible beneath a mass of mosses, lichens, and ferns, another step would bring us to a cluster of white clematis hanging from a branch. Then by chance, our eyes wandering upwards, we would perhaps discover with a start, that we were just on the point of missing an exquisite view seen through an occasional opening in the otherwise densely massed tree-tops, of a mountain peak, rosy and aglow in the afternoon sun, a marvellous contrast to the subdued and shadowy twilight of the glen.

After several miles the path lost its velvety softness, and became rougher as it led through more open parts, and we presently saw on our right, the snowy mass of Mount Mackenzie, some 6000 feet in height; and we paused to admire a waterfall which descends by leaps and bounds from the snow-fields above.

We had now covered from eight to nine miles, and notwithstanding our heroic efforts not to loiter, darkness had overtaken us. Our muscles were not in good trim, and disguise the fact as we would, we were decidedly weary. Fortunately, one of our party who had already reached the hut, came back to meet us and pioneer us over the last rocky river-bed and keep us in the right track.

The light from the open door was a welcome sight; and stimulated by its encouraging gleams, we straightened our

backs, and made a very imposing entry. The others, who were sitting at table, having just finished their repast, seeing our jaunty style, greeted us with hearty and prolonged cheers. They had secretly thought we should never accomplish it.

Happily for us, there were no other guests at Pompalona that night. The rest-huts *en route*, both alike, are tin shanties built on a clearing: the door gives entrance to one long room with a fixed table running the full length of it, with wooden forms on either side. I think there may have been a couple of decrepit chairs; and a side-shelf or table was piled with remnants of ancient magazines and penny dreadfuls.

The arresting feature of the room was the large, deep-set fire-place, built into the side of the hut. To one side was a big oven, and to the other, an equally big boiler. A fire crackled in the centre beneath a giant kettle, swung over it by means of an iron chain and hooks. The three walls of the hearth were served with pegs, and lines were drawn across the front for drying purposes.

Passing through an open door to the right, we were in the women's sleeping quarters. It was a room bare of all furniture except a table on which stood a metal ewer and basin. Round the walls ran a double row of bunks, seemingly very comfortable, with good bedding and dark-red rugs, looking for all the world like what I picture a Salvation Army shelter to be. The men's hut was detached, and a few yards away.

After hasty ablutions, and a general brush-up, we were soon enjoying a frugal supper. We then quickly got beneath the red rugs and slept soundly.

The next morning dawned fine and bright, and amid a good deal of laughter and chatter we sorted out our garments and dressed. Feet were a serious consideration, and we conscientiously smeared our respective extremities with grease as a preventive of blisters: I am sorry to say it was not quite efficacious in my case. A hasty breakfast, and we were on the Track again.

We had the McKinnon Pass, 3500 feet high, to

negotiate that day, and I knew it would mean a stiff climb for the "elders".

We encountered our first obstacle a few yards from the Pompalona hut, for just by the side of it is a formidable rugged torrent, which during a storm is absolutely impassable; and even now, though by no means in flood, it was fairly risky.

The old hut-attendant walked thus far with us, and with his help, and the aid of a wooden ladder placed across in turn from one huge boulder to another, we got to the opposite side. The remaining two or three miles of the valley were fairly level going.

Passing Lake Mintaro, a small dark-green lagoon bosomed in the trees, we now drew near to the head of the cañon, which has all the appearance of an enormous cul-de-sac. A crescent of adamant ice-hewn rock, 3000 feet in vertical height, faced us, and down its surfaces rushed innumerable cascades, varying from terrific cataracts to a silver ribbon shining in the sun.

Mount Hart now lay on our left, and Balloon Peak on the right. It did not seem possible that we could get any further, but by crossing a tiny stream, the upper Clinton, and going for a short distance under some delightful trees, we struck a track with a decided upward trend. This we took, and shortly after it developed into a zigzag path, and we began the ascent of the McKinnon Pass.

At first it took us, by easy gradient, up the mountain side, through clinging clumps of ribbon-wood, and past beds of alpine flowers. Large mountain-daisies (Celmisia) abound—flowers with thick, downy, silver-backed leaves, formerly much used by the South Island Maoris to ornament the hair on festive occasions.

There are also violets, forget-me-nots, and sometimes quantities of the beautiful mountain-lily, the white blossom of which rests on a great cup-like leaf. The toi, or mountain palm, with its long, sword-like leaves is also to be seen, and even at the highest altitude, dwarf neinei or alpine dracophyllum can be found.

Trudging ever onward, ever upward, the scenery be-

came wilder and grander at every turn, until the climax reached, we threw ourselves down exhausted at the top of the pass.

Unfortunately the drizzle that began a few hours after we started had since developed into decided rain. We tried to wear our mackintosh capes on the ascent of the pass, but the humid heat made it impossible, at any rate as far as I was concerned.

Reaching the summit, we (the elders) sought a sheltered spot beside a huge boulder, and ate our lunch with relish. We were each allowed a teaspoonful of the "crater," to revive our drooping energies and counteract the damp. The small amount was owing, not to stinginess, nor I fear to our abstemious habits, but to the fact that the supply was limited, as we were travelling "light".

It will reveal itself later that we had a good deal of wet before we returned to Glade House, but luckily it so happened that the portions of the walk passed in a thick or wet atmosphere on the way out, were seen in fine weather on the return journey, so that it was really only the repetition of the various views that we missed.

For instance, on the day I am now describing, we had no idea of the superb views that were being hidden by the mist and rain, but which were seen to perfection on the way back.

It was a panorama hard to describe. Balloon Peak, never yet trodden by human feet, presents on every side hard, vertical faces, and recalls in substance but not in shape "El Capitan," of the Yosemite. In all directions, peak after peak, gables, pyramids, and giant rock formations join their forces with distant glaciers and snow-covered heights to make an inexpressible scene of beauty and grandeur.

Looking from the topmost slope of the saddle, two valleys are to be seen: one, the Clinton, down which we could trace, by the silver stream, the Track; while the Arthur Valley is seen on the other side, dominated by Mount Elliott, and immediately beneath our feet we could see the blue smoke rising from the flat tin chimney of the

Quintin Huts, looking tantalizingly near, whereas we knew it would take us several hours to reach them.

After a short rest we began the descent through drifting rain. The trail wound round a shaft-like path cut in the side of the mountain, and in parts narrower than I cared for. Indeed, I dared not look down to the depths to which I might have fallen, had I made one false step on the shelving stones.

Following round a ridge, a sudden exclamation from one of my companions made me look up, and there before us was one of the most wonderful elemental effects which I have ever seen. Beneath, all was thick mist and vapour; but far, far away, above our heads, through a rift in the clouds which framed it, could be seen a perfect picture. A lofty peak, with the white mass of a glacier clinging, as it were, to the side of the mountain, stood out clearly; while in the background was a dim outline of hills. The extraordinary effect of this lovely vignette encircled by the eddying mists, which effaced all else above and below, is utterly indescribable. It seemed as though the very heavens had opened to allow us a glimpse within.

Ere we had time to recover from the feelings of awe, and almost of dread engendered by the marvellous spectacle, clouds rolled across it, and all was as before, mist! mist! mist!

Occasionally the stillness was broken by the alarming rumblings of an avalanche on its way to swell the Arthur River. We were just a wee bit tired, and in the appropriate emotional condition for these weird and wonderful sights to have their full effect upon us.

Presently, as we were still scrambling onwards, we were more than pleased to see appear from a sheltered nook the young wife of our male elder: she had been as far as Roaring Creek, and found it so formidable, that she would not incur the responsibility of crossing it without her husband.

She had been waiting for us nearly two hours in considerable anxiety, for every moment the water was increasing in volume and danger. This made us hasten on, as we

ARTHUR RIVER

had no wish to spend the night in the open, a fate which had overtaken travellers more than once.

Arrived at the rocky-bedded torrent, fed by the melting ice of the Jervois Glacier, we essayed a crossing, first here and then there, without success. The water was surging and tossing over the stupendous boulders—some of them rocking like pebbles—which barred our way.

At last, a little higher up, we thought we saw our chance, and after a *mauvais quart d'heure*, all were landed safe and sound of limb on the wished-for side. Then we sat and slid down a sodden wet bank of greenery before we regained the Track. Our advance guard, having experienced the difficulties of picking up the path, had thoughtfully tied a pocket-handkerchief to a stick, and placed it in a prominent position to attract us in the right direction.

To our horror we found it merely a dry water-course, steep and rocky. This to our tired and blistered feet was perfectly purgatorial. The only thing that buoyed us up was the anticipation of a day's rest, which we elders had promised ourselves at this stage of the journey.

At the bottom of the steep incline we followed the direction of a sign-board, and turning sharply to the left, found the Quintin Huts in a little clearing in the midst of the dense beech forest.

We were quickly supplied with—I might almost say, "buckets" of tea, and in the circumstances, what nectar it was!

We found a large party of men and four women travelling in the opposite direction, and staying here for the night, so that the huts were crowded to their utmost capacity.

We soon skinned off our rain-sodden garments, and obtained hot water for our ablutions. As this was not the Garden of Eden, the next difficulty was, how to replace the discarded apparel. The contents of our haversacks gave us but slight encouragement: however, with a little ingenuity, we managed to clothe ourselves sufficiently for a mixed company. The collar and sleeves of my night

garment just peeping out from a drapery of blankets looked quite "shirty". But for a little sameness, the supper party that night might have been an impromptu fancy dress affair.

The local colour was well in evidence, as with the material at hand it was difficult to avoid a resemblance to the Maori costume. In conversation we discovered that among these "Maori chiefs" was a distinguished editor of a well-known Auckland paper, the youngest M.P. of the Dominion, and doubtless others equally renowned, but whose identity remained hidden beneath the incognito.

False modesty had no show that night, as we sat brazen-faced watching our clothes drying on a line drawn across the open fire-place. The unmentionables of a strange gentleman might have been seen in close proximity to the corsets of a lady unknown to him, and an interesting contrast was created by the hobnobbing of something white and lace-trimmed with a pair of weather-beaten gaiters.

It was also a curious study in human nature to notice how each owner of the various articles would surreptitiously contrive to get his or her property uppermost, and nearest the fire. At one moment your boots might be in a decidedly advantageous spot; and at the next absolutely effaced by a monster pair of masculine foot-gear; or your stockings would be pushed aside, perhaps six deep, and certainly as wet as when they were first placed there.

But if other things were lacking in the huts, there was never a dearth of firing, and before we were ready to leave again, everything was dried.

The sleeping-shed that night was a study. In the first place, there were eleven of us for ten bunks, so two of the youngsters had to dovetail into one; and such is the advantage of youth, that next morning they were able to aver that they had had a very good night.

In this particular hut a little privacy was ensured by a curtain hung round the table on which were two washing basins. As each one finished washing, any soiled water which was not on the floor was emptied out of the window, and the basin was soon in use again.

Those of us who were not moving on that day did not hurry to get up, but lay calmly watching the difficulties of the others. Various garments seemed to have gone astray during the night, and much searching was necessary to restore them to their rightful owners.

The continuous downpour soon made it apparent to the energetic section of our party that they too would be obliged to remain for the day. The walkers going in the other direction, among whom were two guides, after a lengthy deliberation decided to try their luck. We watched them depart, and then settled down to pass the time as best we could.

The caretaker of the hut dried up the bedroom—not before it was desirable—as until it was done I found goloshes the most suitable bedroom slippers. We all helped to make the beds, and fortunately the two youngsters had secured a bunk each for the night, by placing their belongings on them. We had scarcely finished getting the place a little more comfortable, when it was reported that the other party had turned back.

In a few minutes, four miserably wet and dripping creatures were disrobing, and the room again became a pond. To add to the discomfort, one of the quartet began to wash her clothes, and instead of putting each article as she finished on the floor, she calmly dumped it on to the nearest bed. The prospective occupant was close at hand, and mildly hinted to the lady that as they were rather damp, she would be just as pleased if she put them on her own.

The return of these people proved to us that the terror we had felt the previous evening in crossing the Roaring Creek was not without justification. They were all experienced walkers and climbers, and capable of waging a successful war with the elements in their wildest moods, but even they had to submit to defeat, and wait a more favourable opportunity.

One of our number had increased the weight of his load by a pack of patience cards, and with them we whiled away the time by playing bridge. When tired of that we picked

up one of the coverless magazines or books lying round, and were lucky if we found a complete article or story to fill up the interval until the evening meal. Everything was done to the melancholy accompaniment of falling rain, and the noise of rushing water. Nevertheless the hut that night resounded with laughter and good-humoured prattle.

Two of the other ladies present regarded our party, I fear, with some disapproval. The appearance and general demeanour of these travellers was certainly incongruous in relation with their surroundings. They were ladies—distinctly gentlewomen—who could be pictured with an English rectory background, and I am afraid that the conduct of a member of our company pained one of them so deeply that in consequence she passed a sleepless night: nor could our humorous friend be held entirely blameless, although I must confess she reduced most of us to a condition of helpless mirth.

Conversation had turned on the subject of two having to share one bunk. The jocular woman in question was at the moment behind the curtain: she divested herself of her skirt, and darting out arrayed in tweed knickers, shirt, and with her transformation front pulled down over her chin to simulate a beard, she struck a mannish attitude with her hands in her pockets, and exclaimed: "Who will share a bunk with me to-night?"

Truth to tell, this sally was received with shouts of laughter, the perpetrator's extraordinary appearance being quite sufficient to send every one into a fit of hilarity, with the exception of the rectory ladies, who hastily retired to bed in pained silence; and after a while we all settled down to sleep.

CHAPTER IV

MILFORD SOUND

THERE was no cessation of the downpour until the early hours of the morning, but at breakfast time it was fine overhead, so we shouldered our packs and started on the tramp again.

We rejoined the track of yesterday, and continued down the wildly picturesque valley of the Arthur, with its rushing water by the side of our path. We had now left the austere type of beauty experienced across the pass, and regained a wealth of bushland, a glorious region, and one that would gladden the heart of a landscape artist, or in fact anyone with a perceiving eye.

Picking our way over the stony path for half an hour, we turned and got a glorious view of the falls. The water dashes down over a gap in the perpendicular granite cliff, 1904 feet, in three leaps, and after the storm of the last thirty-six hours we saw it at its best.

The discovery of these falls is of very recent date: for no white man—at any rate—had set eyes on them prior to the year 1880, and they were then given the name of one of the two adventurous gold prospectors who first stumbled on them. Donald Sutherland's account was not generally credited until verified by the report of a Government survey party, who explored the valley in 1888.

Some five or six miles from the Quintin Huts we came face to face with the main stream of the Arthur River, and we had our qualms as to whether in its flooded condition we should get across it without accident. It was rushing down at a tremendous rate when we reached the boat station, but all went well, and we were ferried across in two parties quite safely. The boatman said we could not

have risked it an hour earlier. Formerly one was transferred by means of a cage running on a wire rope, and since we were there I hear the Government has built a bridge.

On landing we walked up a steep incline from the river to the ferryman's hut, and to give an idea of the rapidity with which the river rises and falls in a storm, he told us that only five hours previously the river was above the top of his door! It seemed to me at the time perfectly incredible, but from my later experiences of the valley I could easily believe it to be true.

We were now on a regular bush track which was very wet in places, and over and over again we were wading through water eight or nine inches deep. But that was a mere trifle when counterbalanced by the satisfaction of seeing the country around us in a clear atmosphere.

Shortly after crossing the river we came to one of the most fascinating spots on the route. We took up our position on a foot-bridge which rested mid-way over Mackay's Creek on a giant moss-clad boulder, round which the plunging waters surged tumultuously. We could not hear one another speak, but we had a superb view of the Bell Rock Cascade.

This rushing torrent of water comes helter-skelter, tearing its way over or between the rocks which it encounters on its wild career. The whiteness of the whirling water is further enhanced by the forest background, in which the dark green is lighted up with emerald-tinted foliage, and here and there splashes of vivid gold, or patches of brightest crimson; and one stands entranced before the picture.

A stentorian shout in the ear that "it's time to go on to the Bell Rock," brings one back to earth with a thud, and with a sigh of regret one follows on.

The remarkable hollow rock from which the cascade takes its name stands just across the creek. At a general glance it appears nothing but a great solid boulder, overgrown with ferns and shrubs; but on walking to the side of the rock nearest to the falls, a low cavernous opening is seen. On stooping and entering one finds a bell-like

cavity, ten feet high, and large enough for several people to stand upright.

The "elders" and "mediums" kept fairly together on this day, and by unanimous consent, drew up for lunch at the first view of Lake Ada.

It may be mentioned here that the fly in the honey of this excursion is the ubiquitous sandfly, which makes life hideous to any stationary person: when one is on the move, they are not so troublesome. We all wore veils tightly drawn in round the neck, and had to exercise considerable dexterity and care in conveying food underneath and into our mouths without at the same time permitting the entrance of the enemy.

The guide-books and advertisements talk glibly of a boat obtainable up the four miles of Lake Ada, but I know now that it is the luckiest chance if the traveller ever gets it. We, at all events, failed both coming and going. We were not sore about it on this occasion, as we had fully intended to walk in this direction, and we should certainly have missed a treat had we not done so.

Lake Ada, a bit of forest ages ago, but now submerged, is a glorious sight, sunk deep in the embrace of high mountains, densely wooded at their base. The path winds, now up, now down, round the western side of the lake. In the intervals of negotiating difficult corners and bare sections of rocky wall on a track a few feet wide, with a sheer drop to the water below, we wandered under the trees and felt we were in "wonderland".

A profusion of harmonious tints rioted on every hand: here and there were dark-green patches of colour broken by festoons of grey moss, or by the lacey threads of a cobweb swinging from frond to frond of a stately fern-tree. Every boulder or withered tree trunk was made beautiful when covered by embracing masses of velvet mosses and lichens.

Rippling water was as slow music to the living pictures seen at every turn—but there! It is foolish to attempt the impossible, and in a case like this, nothing but seeing is believing.

I hurried after my companions, and leaving the lake we proceeded along a rapidly descending footpath, and as we looked ahead we saw a male "medium" (not in the spiritualistic sense) sitting on a log, evidently awaiting us.

The surmise which sprang to each mind proved right: there was trouble ahead. He told us that the bridge over a widish stream had succumbed to the recent storm, but that a monster tree had been drawn across the torrent a little lower down, and he had remained behind with one of the bush workmen to give us what assistance they could in getting over.

How I managed it I cannot say, but difficulties which are thought to be quite insurmountable when there is a retreat, are miraculously overcome when there is none, and thus we arrived safe, though quivering, on the other side.

We then learned that Sandfly Point whence we were to embark for the head of the Sound was quite close, but that the boat was not likely to be there for some time, as the telephone from the iron hut to Sutherland's Accommodation House, some two miles away across the water, was, like the bridge, broken down.

After a little delay the first arrivals had found a workman, who was now firing off dynamite to let Mr. Sutherland know that passengers were waiting to be fetched over. Several men engaged along the Track live in the hut on this well-named and consequently unenviable site. They proved most hospitable, and by the time we, the elders, arrived, there was a piping hot billy of cocoa for us, and I think I never wanted anything so much before.

The kindly men were much put to it to find pannikins for us all, but by some means or other we were all supplied with the liquid.

We had an anxious time until we knew the boat had left Sutherland's to fetch us, as it was rumoured he was a little *difficile* at times, and did not always come if the call was latish in the afternoon. It was not pleasant to feel that with bad luck we might be obliged to remain here for the night, and we were much rejoiced when we heard that the old gentleman was on his way.

I generally find that one should not be too harsh in one's judgment until all sides of a question are known. I was told afterwards that it was really a toss-up that we were fetched at all, and I was not surprised when I heard why.

Only the day before, five or six of the people who had slept at the huts with us had ordered the boat to be waiting for them, and dinner ready, when they should arrive. In the meantime they altered their plans, and turned back just short of the point, and thought no more of the matter. It is the inconsiderateness of such people that produces unpleasantness for others.

We found the veteran sailor and Maori war bush-fighter quite agreeable as he manipulated his oil-launch to the head of the Sound, passing within touch of the drifting spray of the Bowen Falls.

Our contentment was complete when we were heartily welcomed at the house by Mrs. Sutherland, and a charming Scotch lassie recently married to a nephew of the proprietor. And oh! the joy of being shown to a room not to be shared with anyone else! And how I longed to throw myself there and then on the soft and spotlessly clean bed. But before that joy there were other good things before us in the form of some fresh food, well cooked.

The Sutherlands keep a good supply of everything, and we had fresh meat, fish, poultry, eggs, milk, and vegetables. The house is built in a beautiful position, on a partially cleared flat, commanding a grand view of the upper end of the Sound, and as seen from the water is picturesquely backed by the Sheerdown Heights.

We required no rocking that night, but slept the sleep of the just.

Milford Sound is the culminating point of the majestic beauty of Fiordland. On a former visit we approached it from the sea, and I can well remember the awesome feeling, and sense of our own diminutiveness, as we steamed from the ocean in through the narrow opening between stupendous cliffs, wild and forbidding beyond description.

There was a storm raging at the time, and the face of the perpendicular walls of granite confining the waterway

was lined and furrowed by myriad cascades, whose rushing waters were caught by the wind and swayed this way and that way, until they were lost in a blinding mist. I imagine this is not unusual, as I know others have experienced the same peculiar sensation of looking at a waterfall which, as they put it, "never fell anywhere".

Whether it was the weather or the point of approach I cannot say, but certainly when the first view of the Sound burst upon us from the inland track, we were enthralled, more by its peaceful grandeur than by any attribute of awe.

Next morning the majority of our party made up a boating excursion, but I was content to rest and take in all the beauties I could from a comfortable seat on the veranda.

The outlet to the ocean is ten miles down, so that although this Sound surpasses all the others in beauty, it is inconsiderable as compared with, say, Dusky, or Doubtful Sound. It is never of great width and, in the vicinity of Mitre Peak, is little more than a quarter of a mile wide. At the head it rounds out into circular form, enclosed by the "Palisades" of the Kimberley Range, with cliffs rising perpendicularly from the water to a height of 3000 to 5000 feet, beyond which the Pembroke Peak, belted with glaciers, rises to a height of 6700 feet.

On the opposite side the bold Llawrenny Peaks are some 700 feet lower, and what most arrests the attention is the extraordinary cone-shaped Mitre Peak, which rises abruptly some 5560 feet in height.

I must not attempt to depict the ever-changing effects of cloud, mist, sunlight, and shadow, as in turn they played upon the everlasting hills, and which I watched with delight until sunset.

When I arrived I told Mrs. Sutherland that unless she could provide me with some fresh foot-gear, I must remain (possibly months) until a boat by chance called in. However to my satisfaction she said in her American way: "Oh, I guess I can fix you up to-morrow".

And so she did, with a pair of elastic-side shoes, with soles broad and flat, but only about a quarter of an inch

MITRE PEAK FROM ABOVE BOWEN FALLS

thick; and, strange to say, I walked in them the whole of the way back with the greatest comfort.

Early on the second morning we said "au revoir" to those of the party who were returning to catch an earlier boat than we others were contemplating. We had decided to stay here two whole days, and I wished it had been as many weeks.

We elders were now quite rested, and ready for a good walk to explore the neighbourhood. Our host started us off from the back of the house, and after clambering over rocks and boulders, we came to the Cleddan Valley, dominated by the highest peak in the Milford region, namely Mount Totoko, which reaches an altitude of 9042 feet, but which is not actually visible from the Sound, owing to the intervening heights.

We passed along the valley of the Totoko stream, the track being for the most part near the water, until we came almost in touch with two immense glaciers. One of them, which gathers together its gleaming masses on Mount Totoko, descends to an unusually low level. It looked glorious in the brilliant light of the sun, and we felt that, had we seen nothing else, it alone was well worth coming to see.

Another interesting walk, which however we had not time for, lay high up through the bush to the Bowen Falls; in fact one could find walks and occupations for days in this almost paradisaical region. I say "almost" because of the—only a very strong adjective will suffice, so please prefix the one you prefer to "sandfly," and do not hesitate to select the most forcible you know, it cannot be too strong.

This pest is more annoying than mosquitoes, because while the latter work their mischief mostly after dark, the sandfly is busy all day. As an example of the precautions necessary to protect oneself from their onslaughts, I may instance the efforts of one of our party whom I saw one afternoon stretched on his back on his bed, reading. To gain sufficient peace for this quiet occupation, he had completely enveloped his head in a veil, while gloves covered

the only other exposed flesh. There appear to be no effective means of mitigating the discomfort caused by this busy insect; all that is possible in the way of enclosing windows and doors with netting is done, but with only partial success.

On the eve of our departure, we sat on the veranda watching the silhouette of Mitre Peak against the deep blue sky, spangled with vivid sparkling stars, our host chatting the while about his many experiences, and of his now more or less isolated life. His is the only house on the Sound, and during the winter months, he and his wife are the only occupants.

The next morning we reluctantly set out for the return journey, with every prospect of a showery day. We were now in good form after our rest at Sutherland House, and made a better pace than on the outward journey, arriving back at the Quintin Huts by four o'clock. There was no one else there, and being now a smaller number, we were much more comfortable.

I had in my mind the steep walk up the rugged waterway to Roaring Creek, so determined to start a little earlier next morning than the rest of the party, so as not to have to hurry, or keep the others back.

The weather was glorious all day, for which we were thankful, as we had had such a bad time over this section on the outward journey. We got across Roaring Creek without much difficulty, and then on, and on; until we reached the summit at midday, and saw the wonders I have already described.

Our luncheon party was rather disturbed by a very unusual incident in the way of an attack, or something very like it, by several large kakas, who fluttered over our heads, and then swooped so near to us, that we were obliged to ward them off with our umbrellas.

This reminds me that the bird life of the valley is very interesting. The forest is the haunt of the wingless, or more correctly, flightless, night-roaming birds of New Zealand, the kiwi, weka, and kakapo.

Wherever and whenever we sat down for a snack, sure

enough we only had to look round to see, stalking from among the ferns and undergrowth, several pheasant-brown wekas, about the size of a medium fowl. No guns or dogs have shaken their nerves, and they come quite close, and peck at discarded morsels, almost at one's feet. They are practically wingless, and depend upon the swiftness of their sturdy red legs to get them out of a difficulty. We came to look upon them as regular visitors when anything in the food line was about.

Achieving our disturbed lunch on the top of the pass, we took a last long, lingering glance at the panorama before us. Every peak was now clearly cut against a blue sky, and the crevasses of the distant glaciers gleamed pale blue in the midday sun; and the melted snow and ice, gliding from their birthplace, formed into glittering white cascades, and hastened to the ice-born rivers.

Our route through the Clinton Cañon was seen far beneath us, with the serpentine course of the stream looking in the distance like a narrow strip of white ribbon, marking our path through the valley.

We arrived at the hostel dry and fit, and as arranged, were to stay here over the morrow, and move on the following day. But we were made to realize the truth of the adage "man proposes and God disposes".

During the night rain set in and never ceased coming down solidly for two whole days; indeed it seemed only a slightly modified edition of the deluge. From the window we could see the river visibly rising. Several times, when the force of the rain had somewhat slackened, we would wrap up and go forth to see what effect it had had on the scenery.

We could only go a few hundred yards, but at that distance from the hut we got quite an extensive view. The creek, which we had a few days previously crossed with difficulty, was now a roaring, rushing torrent, which it would have been suicidal to attempt; but as we were on the hut side, we could contemplate its fearful grandeur with equanimity.

Behind the creek was a high frowning mass of granite, whose austere features were entirely obliterated by a million

rushing streams, and had it not been for narrow strips of the rock showing here and there, it would have been one unbroken sheet of falling water.

We stood gazing upon the awe-inspiring picture speechless, which was just as well perhaps, because no human voice could have been heard above the thunderous roar of the clamorous torrent at our feet.

Though fain to linger, we were at last obliged to seek shelter in the hut with its ignoble and scanty appointments. We resumed our game of bridge, which to my mind seemed like striking a false note after what we had just seen. It was as if, after participating in a magnificent cathedral service, one were to cross the street to a commonplace variety entertainment, or a second-rate moving picture show. But one cannot afford to be too fastidious, so I remarked, "I double hearts," as if that were the only thing I lived for.

This was the day we had expected to reach Glade House, for on the morrow the steamer was timed to leave at two o'clock. From time to time the prosaic telephone, and not the gentle dove, was the means we employed to find out the prevailing condition of the flood in the vicinity of Glade House, and whether it would be possible for us to cross the Clinton if we came. No olive-branch was vouchsafed to us, so we resigned ourselves to another night in the "Ark".

The others were still very anxious to catch the boat, and determined, if possible, to start very early the next morning and rush the walk. I, being in no such hurry, said I would remain until the weather took a decided turn for the better, for I knew from what I had heard of the experiences of others, that it was quite on the cards that we might make a start in doubtful weather, and if it suddenly became bad again, get caught half-way, and be unable to reach shelter in either a backward or a forward direction.

However, I was the first to awake soon after five o'clock, when I was struck by the stillness caused by the cessation of dripping water, which we had been accustomed to for the last forty-eight hours.

"Can the rain have ceased?" thought I; and forthwith hastily enveloped myself in blankets, and went out to reconnoitre. I saw that the weather conditions were decidedly hopeful, and the river, which we had seen rise and submerge all the overhanging branches of the trees during the last two days, was now sinking with the same rapidity. The branches were now released from the thraldom of the water, and were swaying over the banks in a gentle breeze.

I returned and woke the slumberers to the good news. I told them there was so little doubt in my mind as to the improved prospects, that if we got word from Glade House that the river would be passable, I too would go with them.

The news came across the wire that if no further rain fell, we should be able to cross the river by the time we got to it, so we hurried over breakfast, knowing we should have to step out briskly to cover the ten miles before eleven o'clock. I hated to rush through it, but neither did I want to separate myself from my friends, so chose the lesser evil.

Everything in the valley was very beautiful. Green and shining after its prolonged shower-bath, it presented a marked contrast to the warm and mellow colouring which pervaded it as we passed up. The path, naturally, was more of a shallow stream than anything else, but when once the feet are quite wet it doesn't much matter; and on we went, recklessly indifferent as to whether it was wet or dry.

We tramped along right well, and just before eleven we reached the ferry, and were taken across. The water was still so high that whereas, when we left, it was quite a walk over the sward to the embarkation, we now landed only a few dozen yards from the hotel veranda.

Our hostess was here, there, and everywhere, placing us in our rooms, bringing hot water, and the clothes which we had left behind us, and generally looking to our comfort.

On a walk like this there is great joy at discarding the conventional, and there is joy again at resuming it. We

were scarcely ready, clean and dry again, before we heard the welcome sound of the gong announcing the midday meal.

My cousin and I started for the boat in good time, and when we reached it the Captain met us with the tiresome news that there had been a mishap with the machinery which would cause a delay of several hours. Weary and footsore, we felt it would be next to impossible to walk back again the three-quarters of a mile to the hotel, and were inclined to think it would be best to remain on the boat, but on maturer consideration, we decided to return. At the hotel we could rest better, and in any case we should be obliged to return there for tea.

We finally steamed away from the wharf at seven o'clock, just five hours late, which was a pity, as we not only missed all the scenery, but were very cold and tired before we reached Te Anau Hotel, half an hour after midnight. We had to find our way from the pier to the house as best we could in pitch darkness.

Being too late for any meal, we had to be satisfied with what we could get from the bar, namely drinks and biscuits, although five hours on the water are apt to make one peckish, and capable of at least toying with a sandwich.

Our night's rest was curtailed at both ends, as we were called at 4.45 to catch the quarter to six coach.

At Lumsden we were once more in the everyday world, and in a fit condition to find restoration in a good meal, a good bath, and a good bed.

We left the next day and at seven o'clock that evening alighted from the train at Dunedin, where exactly sixteen days previously we had all met with such pleasant anticipations. These were now crystallized into solid fact, and we returned with another masterpiece to hang on the line in the gallery of memories.

CHAPTER V

NORTHWARDS: DUNEDIN TO RUSSELL

THE cousinly company broke up into twos and threes, and went their various ways. Some returned home, some continued their holiday jaunt elsewhere, others stayed with friends.

I was on my way to spend a few days with two fellow-passengers from the "Arawa," and was to be met at Orari, about an hour by train from Timaru.

On arrival, my host, who was awaiting me at the station, told me that he was expecting a maid by this train, and hoped it was not the little midget that passed at that moment. However, after some looking about, the said midget approached us, and she proved to be the expected "catch" in the form of a servant. In the Colonies there is not much choice, so you have to take what you can get, and be thankful.

We put her at the back of the dog-cart, and drove a few miles from the station, till we turned sharply at the cross-roads, and passing through a gateway, silently made our way over a carriage drive of green grass to the house bearing the softly musical New Zealand name of "Ararima," meaning, I believe, "between cross-roads," or "meeting of the ways".

My host whispered to me to watch the effect of the "midget's" appearance on her future mistress. She certainly bore the shock without turning a hair, and when alone I congratulated her on her self-restraint. We had a good laugh over it, and she told me how thankful she was to get "anything" who would help with the work.

As I sat on the veranda the next morning, basking in the sunshine of an April day (equivalent to our October) I

could see, without turning my head, a profusion of trees and bushes: in the foreground stood a beautiful clump of pampas-grass, twelve to fourteen feet high, with thirty or more graceful feather-like blooms slightly tremulous in the gentle breeze: beneath this was a rhododendron, and to one side both a red and a variegated flax, the famous Phormium Tenax, growing to a height of eight or nine feet. It is so strong that one blade is sufficient to form a good trace. The variegated kind is very beautiful at close quarters. The leaf is of a pale buff colour, with rows of graduated green stripes running the whole length of the blade, which is about four inches wide, and edged with a narrow deep orange line.

Thrusting itself against this flax was a black bamboo, and still farther in the background was to be seen the Arnudo Donax, growing to a height of at least seventeen feet. I am told the limit of this reed in Devonshire is about ten feet.

There was also a fine example of the cabbage palm, which reared its mop-like heads above the red flax. There were good specimens too of the familiar hawthorn, acacia, and laburnum, while ivy and roses clustered round an old tree, and a pretty touch of warm colour was introduced by the scarlet oak (Oaks Coccinea).

Backing this wealth of vegetation were several weeping willows, and all this I saw through an opening in the trellis-work enclosing the veranda, which was overgrown with honeysuckle, virginia creeper, jasmine, Banksia, and Devoniensis roses.

Looking in another direction, I could see trees planted only fourteen years ago, now grown to a height of forty-five to fifty feet. It was an ideal spot, and I watched it all to the slow music of a gentle gurgling stream which flowed through the garden by the side of the house.

I have quoted these facts to give some slight idea of the prolific nature of the soil, and the same remarks would, I fancy, hold good for most other parts of the country.

My next move was to Christchurch, and thence across Cook Strait to Wellington. During my stay here I was

asked by the City Council to inaugurate the Course of Municipal Winter Free Lectures by an account of my trek from the Cape to Cairo, and I willingly acceded to their request. So much interest was evinced that a thousand would-be hearers were unable to gain admission, and in consequence I repeated the narrative the following week with satisfactory financial results.

While I am on the subject I may mention that I lectured in most of the centres in New Zealand, and found it gave me an object for visiting some of the towns which I might otherwise have been inclined to skip.

After a stay of three months I began to get restless, and quitting Wellington, I made for the North with a roughly planned tour in my mind which I hoped would include the bulk of the show places of the North Island.

The train in which I had taken a seat on leaving Wellington skirted the harbour for a short space, and then began to push its way slowly over the surrounding hills. The route to Masterton lies across the beautiful Rimutaka Range of mountains, in sight of which I had lived for the last three months, seeing them under varied aspects, so that I now looked upon them as old friends.

I slept at Masterton that night, and the next day I and one of the members of the recent walking party who lives there, were to start for a promised visit to some friends on a station a few miles from the town.

The first ten miles we travelled by motor, after which the road in winter is too uncertain, so at that point we were met by a strong buggy drawn by two magnificent horses, who seemed to revel in their work. Nothing came amiss to them : thick mud, hills, or anything else.

Before we could get to the house rain unfortunately set in, and with very short intervals continued for four whole days. Luckily we were surrounded by every comfort and charming society, so that to a certain degree we could afford to ignore the elements.

The house was delightfully built in the style of some old English home. We were welcomed at the porch by our host and hostess, and relieved of our outer wet wrap-

pings in the vestibule leading to the hall, round which ran a gallery giving entrance to the bedrooms on the upper floor.

On the ground floor one saw doors leading to the various reception rooms. It was sumptuously furnished and made a delightfully cool and restful lounge. The windows of the rooms overlooked the garden and lawns, and in the summer-time the flowers must be glorious.

Servants seemed to be plentiful, but they have to be humoured. They expect to have horses to ride on Sundays and their "day out," besides other privileges. The outside servants have very good quarters, with a reading-room well stocked with books and magazines.

The wealth of New Zealand is to be found, not in the towns, but in the country, among what they call in Australia the "Squatocracy". I was sorry the weather proved so unkind, as I should have enjoyed immensely seeing more of the outlying parts of the station.

The area of the New Zealand stations strikes the English as enormous. Until quite recently the one I am now writing of covered 72,000 acres, but I believe the law at the present time limits the size of one man's holding to considerably less than that. The difficulty is overcome in many cases by making over the surplus to sons or partners.

These pioneers had many a hard fight in the early days, and one of their great troubles was, and still is, in a lesser degree, rabbits. My host told me, and I wrote it down at the time so that there should be no mistake, that when these pests were at their worst, it cost them £7000 a year for several years to keep them under, on the property of 72,000 acres; and that was not taking into account the vast damage done by them.

After a stay of nearly a week we returned to Masterton, where the Maori is very much in evidence, and it was curious to notice how—if he has the money—he adopts the luxuries of the white man. Passing down the main street one day, I was amused to see a group attired in semi-native costume, one woman with her head enveloped in a coloured blanket, emerge from a shop, and crossing the side-walk,

WOOL WAGONS FORDING A STREAM

step into their own up-to-date motor car. It was about as big an incongruity as one could see in a day's march.

Leaving Masterton I journeyed to Napier, the principal town of the Hawkes Bay district. Its situation is excellent, and commands a magnificent view of the country from Cape Kidnappers to the Mahia. The Marine Parade, over two miles long, is reckoned the finest in Australasia. It is flanked by Norfolk pines, strangely conventional in form, which give a semi-tropical feeling to the place, and this idea is helped out by the amount of sunshine with which the town is favoured. It is an admirable winter resort for invalids and visitors.

From thence I embarked one evening for Auckland, where we arrived two days later.

The town is situated on an isthmus ten miles wide, where the Gulfs Hauraki and Manukau almost cut the great northern peninsula off from the trunk of the North Island. Owing to its unique position, it has the advantage of a harbour both on the east and on the west coast. It is the chief port of the trade with the South Pacific Islands, and the port of call for the steamers to and from America. It is the largest city of the Dominion, and before it was linked with Wellington and the south, by the completion of the Grand Trunk Line, it stood rather isolated. It was Kipling who poetically described it as the "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite apart". "Loneliest" does not now apply, but the other adjectives do. It would be hard indeed to surpass the beautiful panoramic view obtainable from the summit of either one or other of the now grass-covered volcanic cones in the vicinity of the city.

One day I met by chance a ship-mate of the "Arawa," a young New Zealander revisiting her native land for a little relaxation after a hard nursing spell in England.

We were both of the same mind in wishing to see a little of the country north of Auckland, a part not only steeped in the early history of the Dominion, but very beautiful, and yet comparatively little visited by the ordinary tourist; so we decided to join forces for a trip thither.

It was a dirty and inauspicious night when we boarded

the ss. "Clansman" for Russell, but we were pleasantly surprised to find four other people whom we knew also going in the same direction, and we sat for a short time on wet seats and a sloppy deck before retiring to our bunks as the only dry places to be found.

Being delayed a little by adverse winds, it was some twelve hours after we quitted Auckland before we crossed the beautiful Bay of Islands, where we realized the aptness of the name bestowed by Captain Cook as we steered our way through the clustering islets, to the wooden pier jutting out from the shore in front of the little township of Russell.

It was then we began to realize that we were at the birthplace of one of the most promising of the numerous offspring of the British Empire, and would soon be viewing ground on which were enacted events which made possible the nativity of this prosperous stripling, destined to grow into the Dominion of New Zealand.

THE FERRY AND WHARF

THE POST OFFICE

AUCKLAND

CHAPTER VI

RUSSELL

THE next day we started, a party of seven in a launch, to see as much as possible of this intensely interesting locality.

We crossed directly to the opposite side of the harbour, and landed at Waitangi, "Water of Wailing". It was here that in 1840 the Maoris met to discuss the question of ceding the sovereignty of the islands to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Captain Hobson of H.M.S. "Hazard" met them in conference, and when the terms of the treaty were read, a stormy time ensued, until Tamati Waka Nene, the great Ngapuli Chief, stepped forward, and seemed to sweep away all dissension; and the historic treaty was duly signed, and there was born to the Mother Country another child.

The enlightened Tamati Waka Nene for upwards of thirty-one years faithfully upheld British prestige, and died regretted by all the inhabitants of these islands, as a stone to his memory testifies.

Speeding across the harbour again, we were just in time to catch the tide up the river to Keri Keri, about twelve miles distant, where we landed.

The tide allowed of a few hours' stay here, so the Auckland contingent were going to utilize the time by a rushing visit to some friends on a station a mile or two inland, while we decided to spend our time in seeing and hearing all we could in the short time at our disposal.

A few steps brought us to a charming old house which enticed us to intrude into its garden, whereupon a lady at once came to the door and invited us to enter—and what a delightful time was in store for us!

The lady's mother, Mrs. Kemp, whose name I may safely mention as it is a household word in the country, is the widow of the son of the early missioner of that name. Notwithstanding the hardships and drawbacks of a pioneer's life, she had reached the ripe old age of eighty-one, hale and hearty. She has a sympathetic personality, that made all she said and did delightful. The few hours' intercourse I was privileged to enjoy with the inmates of this interesting home will ever be one of my most cherished recollections.

Although now so far away, I had satisfactory personal news last year from my friends in Auckland, who had been to Keri Keri again, and visited the Kemps; and only a month or two ago I received a letter from the old lady herself, dated 20 January, 1913, thanking me for Christmas greetings, and finishing with the words, "Your visit is a pleasant, much-valued memory: God bless and keep you always".

While conversing, the old lady moved to her writing-table, and now and again took from a bundle of old letters one bearing on the topic of our conversation, and I noticed she read them easily without the aid of glasses.

We were talking of events which occurred some years before the country was in the hands of Great Britain, and she related how many a horrible scene had taken place within a few yards of the house.

One day, she told us, there arose just across the water a terrible and disquieting noise. The missioner, fearing the worst, hastily crossed the river to see what was amiss, and he arrived just in the nick of time, for a youth was already bound hand and foot, and was about to be murdered and eaten.

It must have been a very courageous person who would approach the natives so nearly assured of a good meal. However, after a long palaver, he succeeded in getting the boy out of their clutches in exchange for an iron pot. It is a bitter reflection to remember that the pot was only so highly esteemed by them as a cooking utensil for human flesh, and that in making the exchange it doubtless oc-

curred to them that there were more boys than pots about just then.

All too soon we heard the voices of the others, who had been driven back in a buggy by their friends, and knew our farewells must be said, as time and tide wait for no man.

After we cleared the river, we went a little out of our way in order to get a close view of Marsden's Cross, which stands on the very spot where the Reverend Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon to the Ngapuli cannibals on Christmas Day, 1814.

Prior to the advent of the missionary, the Bay of Islands had been the rowdy rendezvous of the old-time whalers. The rude settlement of Kororareka, where Russell now stands, was the resort of run-away sailors, escaped convicts from Australia, and others of the dare-devil type.

These managed in some way to appease the savage natives while they traded with them in tattooed heads, dressed flax, timber, and provisions, in exchange for arms, powder, tobacco, and rum.

The advent of Marsden, a New South Wales chaplain, was the precursor of better things. Led by him and his companions, Hall and Rendall, missionary work at the outset was slow, but it became rapid and was very general in the decade before the Annexation, which Marsden, at any rate in the latter years of his life, felt to be the only hope for New Zealand.

But I must not enlarge upon this subject, or we shall never get along, and meantime our dinner was waiting for us at the hotel.

We bade adieu to our Auckland friends overnight, and the next morning at seven, my mate and I were again on the "Clansman" going still farther north.

We sat on the Captain's bridge as he steered his vessel through the picturesque "Cavilli" group, past Stephenson's Island; presently bringing us face to face with the entrance to the narrow strait between lofty perpendicular cliffs of dark-grey rock, weathered into a multitude of weird forms and outlines.

Gliding within the bold sea-gates, we entered the romantic Harbour of Whangaroa, where a perfectly exquisite scene lay before us.

It is quite impossible to grasp all the beauties of this enchanting harbour in one visit, and we were intensely delighted to think that we should call in here again on our return next day, and in the meantime we did little more than go to the wharf and back.

Two hours farther north we tied up at Mangonui, which lies hidden away in the inner sweeps of Doubtless Bay, a place of no particular interest in itself, but whence one can visit the Pacific Cable Station at Opoe, three or four miles farther north along the bay.

There was no time to lose, so we invoked the aid of the Captain to push matters for us. During a shouted conversation between the bridge and jetty, it became evident that the required buggy was on the boat—a brand-new one which we had brought up.

It was soon put ashore, and in a few moments the horses were inspanned. Then it was necessary for the driver to go for a short preliminary canter to see if all the screws and nuts were in their right places before the two distinguished ladies could be entrusted to his care.

All being satisfactory we started with a flourish, but oh! the mud—and alas for the bestained appearance of the new buggy!

Not knowing that the vehicle had been acquired for the well-nigh exclusive use of the chief official of the Cable Station, we were quite unconscious of the excitement we caused when we drew up outside his house in the long-expected conveyance. Later, when taking tea with them, the wife told us how jealous she felt, as she had quite expected to be the first to use it.

The station forms an isolated colony of its own. There are private residences for the heads of departments, and the bachelors have excellent quarters with reading and billiard-rooms attached. Outside are tennis courts and golf links.

We were shown over the offices, and it was interesting to see the delicate apparatus in full swing. It fascinated

me to see the narrow ribbons of paper mechanically unfolding, punctured with such innocent-looking holes, but whose individual presence and juxtaposition with others might mean so much. Thus messages of mighty import are flashed across the globe in a few minutes.

The outlook from the station is very beautiful: the warm blue waters are flecked with rocky islands, and away to the north-west rise the "Three Kings," with their black, inaccessible-looking cliffs. We felt we were almost at the extreme point of the island, and in imagination could see the spot where the Maori souls take their last leap into "Te Tatau-o-te-Po,"—the Ocean Door of Oblivion.

The next morning we were again on the Captain's bridge, enjoying the early morning light effects on the coast, and in two hours we once more glided through the smooth water between the austere rocky guardians of Whangaroa Harbour.

It was in these delightful waters that the tragedy of the ship "Boyd" was enacted. If I briefly give an outline of the story, it will explain the conditions existing in the country in 1810, four years prior to the advent of Marsden.

The "Boyd" had arrived from Sydney for timber, and on the voyage one of the several Maoris among the crew had been twice flogged for refusing to work on the plea of illness. He was a young "rangatira," or "gentleman," and the Captain added insult to the stripes by the words, "You are no chief!"

According to the Maori custom, a chief's person is "tapu," i.e. a thing not to be touched. The boy "George" vowed vengeance, and on reaching Whangaroa showed his stripes to his kinsfolk, who craftily laid their plans for retribution.

To divide their foes they welcomed the Captain, and beguiled him and a party of sailors into the forest, where they killed them all. Then, disguised in the Europeans' clothes, they ran unsuspected alongside the "Boyd," and leaping on the deck, massacred the crew without pity.

"George" himself clubbed half a dozen, but is said to have spared a ship's boy who had been kind to him, also

a woman and two girl children, so evidently he was not entirely devoid of good feeling.

The boat was stripped and burned, and in the orgy that followed, "George's" father snapped a musket too near to a barrel of gunpowder, and with a dozen friends was blown to fragments.

We bade adieu to our genial Captain of the "Clansman" when he landed us at Russell. His kindness and attention had supplemented the beauties of the voyage to our entire satisfaction.

We showed ourselves no mercy in the way of sight-seeing, and we had still an afternoon in the Bay, so we climbed the historic Maiki Hill, killing two birds with one stone, by getting one of the best views in the neighbourhood, and at the same time visiting the flagstaff which, since its three predecessors were hacked down in the early days by Hone Heke and his warriors, now stands unmolested.

The view from this height is superb. The glimmering waters, curving beaches, and placid islands which lay at our feet are all big with history, and moreover history connected with our own Empire. It gave us pause: and we sat silent as we each tried to throw imagination back to bygone days.

Our minds attuned, pictures of the momentous past seemed to unfold themselves in panoramic splendour before us.

Behold the clustering, rough-thatched "whares" of the "Pa"! New Zealand's earliest capital lay beneath us, the busiest, rowdiest sea-port in this sea-girt land of many natural harbours. And as we gazed, we could count upon its sheltered waters as many as thirty British and American ships swinging at anchor.

And next, swiftly gliding into the harbour, comes the great war canoe of Hone Heke, the dreaded man-eater, returning from some expedition—a fine picture which stirred our admiration until with a shudder we remembered the hundreds of hopeless, helpless captives, and the baskets of human flesh, whichever formed his freight on these occasions.

And with Hone Heke and his canoe, there came to our

minds the recollection that this erstwhile hopeful pupil of Marsden in Sydney was sent to England with a brother chief, to help in the translation of the Scriptures.

They were lionized by Society, and among the many presents they received, was a suit of armour given to Hone Heke by King George IV.

But alas, the teachings of Marsden had not eradicated the innate savagery of the great chief. When he arrived back in Sydney he heard that his tribe was at war, and that one of his relatives had been killed. So he there and then disposed of all his presents (except the suit of armour) and after purchasing with the proceeds 300 muskets and a supply of powder and bullets, he returned to his Mother Country, and waged war against the enemy of his tribe, who were only armed with spears, tomahawks, stones, and clubs.

Feeling the inequality of their weapons, the one desire of the latter was to obtain fire-arms. They therefore set diligently to work, growing and preparing flax, making mats, cultivating potatoes or anything that would be good barter for the coveted musket and powder.

Traders and others were received with a welcome unknown before, and if they had the required weapons, they could demand almost anything—tattooed heads, pigs, even the precious land.

Hone Heke used to go to battle in the suit of armour, but one day he rashly fought without it, and received a shot in the lungs which he survived for fifteen months, and the story goes that he used to entertain his boon companions by letting the wind whistle through the bullet hole in his chest.

The next vision which came to us out of the past brought with it, resounding among the hills, the roar of battle between European and Maori, and we marked how bravely the latter fought against the intruders.

Then, the strife of battle fading, we presently noted the great Hall to our right, filled with mighty chiefs, who after protracted palaver, and stormy argument, at length sign what is now known as the Treaty of Waitangi.

This is soon followed by the arrival of warships, and the landing of British red-coats. Then, somehow the red-coats break the spell, the panorama rolls up, and we are once more back in the present.

It would hardly be possible to picture a more sublimely peaceful scene than the one we were now looking at: but darkness was rapidly approaching, and perforce we were obliged to descend while we could yet see to pick our way down the path.

CHAPTER VII

IN KAURI LAND

ON leaving Russell next morning we had first to take a half-hour's journey across a corner of the Bay to Opua, the railway and coaling station.

We had notified that we were coming, so the coach was waiting for us at Kawa-kawa. We mounted the box seats, and after driving a little way we picked up three male passengers, which was satisfactory, as not only would the coach travel better, but our special rate would be reduced to the ordinary fare.

We were in for a rough three hours' coaching, for the condition of the so-called roads was shocking. We pounded our way through stodgy mud, more often than not over the hub of the wheels. The five horses were splendid, and stuck at nothing, not even at going up an almost vertical hill to avoid an extra bad bit of road.

When our minds were occasionally relieved from the tension of trying not to be jerked off the coach, we could see we were travelling through very pretty country, far more beautiful than I had anticipated seeing just here.

A good deal of the country we passed through is submerged kauri forest, whence they dig the kauri gum in large quantities. New Zealand possesses a fine asset in what is often classed as a mineral, but which is of vegetable origin, viz. the fossil resin or solidified turpentine of the kauri-pine, commercially known as kauri-gum.

More than half a million pounds worth of this valuable resin is often exported in a year. Most of it goes to the United States for utilization in the manufacture of oil-varnishes. Some three thousand people find a livelihood

by digging for, scraping, and otherwise preparing the resin for the market.

In due course we joined the rail again and Ruatanga, the station for the Springs, was reached in another three hours; and soon after that we were resting our weary limbs in the famous Sanatorium at Kamo.

The Company's property exceeds 100 acres, on which are four natural baths, two swimming, and two smaller ones, besides private baths artificially heated by steam forced through copper coils. Hot and cold water connect with each of these baths, so that the heat can be regulated at will.

The baths are enclosed by wooden sheds, and in the swimming bath, different hours are set apart for men and women.

The springs are mostly chalybeate, and several are effervescent. As drinking water they possess valuable properties, acting as a tonic and stimulant to the kidneys and liver. One bath is natural soda water, and so heavily charged with carbonic acid gas that it produces on the skin thousands of tiny bubbles, giving a peculiar sensation which is very exhilarating, and making the bather feel like a cork in a bath of champagne. It soothed our bruised bodies, and restored us considerably.

There is good, up-to-date hotel accommodation to meet the requirements of well-to-do invalids or tourists, and there is also cheap, simple shelter and food for those who cannot afford luxuries.

As we were passing one of the baths I heard a voice saying, "Oh, how are you, Miss Hall?" And on inquiry found it emanated from a lady from Auckland. So for the next few days we formed a trio, and visited the local sights.

We had a restful time, and when we were ready to go on again, the lady from Auckland, whom for short I will call Number Three, decided to throw in her lot with us as far as Tangiteroria, as she wished to see the Wairua Falls *en route*.

We were to spend the first night at Whangarei, so we

engaged a buggy to drive us there by a circuitous route, in order to see the Whangarei Falls and Caves. After a few miles' progress through good bush country, the driver suddenly drew up, and pointing to a rain-sodden incline of orange-coloured clay, said chirpily: "That's your way, ladies, to the caves".

We bravely began the descent, and after slipping and skidding, and again and again being within an ace of sitting down and taking away on our persons some of the clay we abhorred, we hailed with delight—our pleasure would have been faint in other circumstances—the boggy ground to which it led us.

It might have been a scene after the Flood: undulating ground, strewn with immense boulders, some lying apart from their neighbours in isolated grandeur, others grouped in friendly intercourse, and resembling, in the distance, ruined castles, abbeys, or druidical remains.

Underneath a particular mound were situated—to quote the guide-book—the "beautiful stalactite caves" which we had come to see. I wandered down a path among the boulders in search of them, and came to a dirty-looking hole in the hill—the entrance to the caves.

This I was expected to slide through on my back, to see that which I had a strong suspicion would not be worth the candle. I immediately tried to bethink me of any lapse of righteous conduct on my part that would require such a penance to "clean the slate," and it became a matter, not of finding a punishment to fit the crime, but a crime to fit the punishment. And I thought, "No, I haven't done it," and decided to let myself off.

My decision was much commended when my mate and Number Three had bought their experience dearly, and returned wet, mud-stained, and disappointed. It required a little skill to tune their feelings to a happier key.

The next morning when we were due to start rain set in, but nothing daunted we mounted to our places in the buggy amid the ill-concealed mirth and smothered tittering of the loiterers at the hotel door. We only got as far as the

stables, a few yards away, when it was thought advisable to drive under cover, and await developments.

The unsettled weather started an argument as to whether it would not be better for us all to go only to the Falls, and return to Whangarei. This would mean giving up the west coast trip altogether, and getting back to Auckland the way we had come.

Naturally Number Three had a strong bias towards the Falls and back, which would save her much additional travelling: I was for carrying out our itinerary; my mate wavered, first one way, and then the other. She longed to go over new ground, but rheumatism, following a wet journey, loomed large in her imagination. I, on the other hand, had a strong presentiment that the weather would clear later, and was not inclined to alter our plans too readily.

We at last made a compromise by all agreeing that we would at any rate go to the Falls, and there decide whether to go ahead or return. I think the driver was amused as he flourished his whip and started away.

For the first couple of hours the outlook was none too brilliant, still I did not give up hope, and tried to keep things going by what I hoped was light and witty conversation. My efforts were crowned with success: after a time the sun appeared, and from that moment all went well.

At about the twentieth mile we drew up at the Wairua Falls.

The cliffs on either side of the cataract are draped in ever-varying green, and here and there is a straggling path leading down to the calm stream pursuing its way, only interrupted by moss-covered boulders beneath over-reaching tree-ferns.

It was one of the occasions when one would wish to be left alone to drink in silently the beauty of the scene, but time as usual interfered.

After a picnic lunch we drove on through miles of slush; we felt quite pleased and encouraged when we caught a fleeting glimpse of the hub of a wheel. Those who talked most knew best the flavour of the mud, which was splashed up in generous quantities in every direction. The driver

WHANGAREI FALLS

accused me of taking away enough to start a small farm—please make no mistake, *not* in my mouth *entirely*—and congratulated me on it being very good soil.

It was no surprise to us that the buggy, during these struggles with nature, gave way in various parts of its anatomy. The driver was well supplied with rope, and when that showed signs of giving out, we accumulated any stray lengths of wire railing we could find along the track, in case of further need.

Despite these discomforts, I think I may answer for all that we thoroughly enjoyed the day, and never regretted we had continued on our way.

We were now almost at Tangiteroria, the end of our journey for the day, and before we were up next morning the buggy was some hours out on the return journey, and Number Three was having a repetition of the mud-diluted pleasures of the previous day. She was to the country born, so was more or less accustomed to its "coach roads"; we had news of her later, so know that she survived.

My hopes of another good night's rest were not to be fulfilled. I retired early, but unfortunately the room occupied the night before by Number Three was now possessed by two men.

I was very nearly in the arms of Morpheus, when I was aroused by a noise at the other side of the partition—for that was all that divided the cubicles—and I became aware that the person being conducted to his room was the worse for drink, and it only needed the overheard question, "Do you think he's safe with the light?" to banish all possibility of sleep on my part.

The building was entirely of wood, and would easily have made a good bonfire. I listened until my neighbour snored, and then went outside to reconnoitre. Had I seen a light through any chink, I should have got some one to go in and put it out, and felt more satisfied. But all seemed dark, so I could do nothing.

In about an hour Toper Number Two arrived, and then trouble began. He was not satisfied to let sleeping dogs lie, but must needs try to arouse and abuse his friend.

"Wot yer lying like that for, ye dirty beast, eh, what?"

This is answered by low mumblings from Toper Number One.

Toper Number Two continued in a louder voice: "Wot er yer talking about?"

Number One still mumbles.

Number Two: "I tell yer, yer don't know wot yer talking about."

Number One evidently emits a contradictory mumble, as Number Two says: "Well, if yer know wot yer talking about, why don't yer say wot yer talking about? Yer drunk, that's wot y'are. Bah, I wouldn't be seen on the same side of the street with yer."

More of the same kind of talk went on until they both subsided into a drunken sleep. I drowsed away the next few hours, and was thankful when it was time to get up.

We found comfortable places on the busy little steamer, which puffed away from the wharf punctually at seven.

For miles and miles the pendulous fresh green foliage of the weeping willows fringed it on either side. Dark violet peaks and spurs rise from the Maungaru and Tangihua mountain ranges, which we saw for hours. Now and then we would get a sight of quiet little creeks, up which wild duck and teal retreated before the churning of our wheel; or we were surprised by a lovely peep of native bush, and the ever-beautiful tree-ferns.

As we neared Kaipara Harbour, the banks of the Wairua were alive with the kauri timber business.

The kauri, toughest of pines, is a magnificent tree, and in the Crown Reserve of Kauri Park, near Dargaville, which, sad to say, we had no time to see, grows, among others, a fine specimen forty-eight feet in circumference.

By noon the river steamer brought us to Dargaville at the north end of the almost land-locked Kaipara Harbour.

The boat being late of starting, we were obliged to remain on deck until midnight in order to see the very narrow

outlet to the sea at Kaipara Heads. We could just distinguish the opening against the sky.

By dawn we were at Helensville, whence a short railway journey brought us back to Auckland, and the comforts of a bath and fresh clothing.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOT LAKES

AT Auckland my mates and I dissolved partnership with a promise of renewal in a few days in order to make together a trip to the Hot Lakes.

On re-approaching Auckland from the quietudes of the north, it appeared to us quite a bustling place, which recalls to mind a talk I had at Rotorua with a Maori who had recently returned from a tour with a company to America. Among other things I asked him what he thought of New York.

"Oh my," he said, "I thought when I first saw Wellington, what a fine city! Nothing can beat this: but when I returned, I looked here, and there, and said to myself, why, where is Wellington, where's it got to?"

So after all, everything is merely relative.

The few days soon slipped by, and my mate and I were again on the railway station, with kind and hospitable friends adding to their adieux, offerings of delicious fruit and flowers.

We now continued due south, and at a distance of 100 miles from Auckland, crossed the clear stream of Puniu, and at the same time the Aukati line, or Maori frontier. It is only twenty-five years since the white man's law has been recognized in this territory south of Puniu, still known to the Maoris as Rahe-Potae, but to the European as the historic King Country, historic and so-called because it was here that the Maori King Tawhiao and his defeated followers sought and found shelter after the Waikato War of 1863-4 which lost to them the greater portion of their lands. They remained in this block of country in the middle of the island and kept themselves and their ancient

traditions and customs free from intercourse with Europeans for some twenty-five years or more.

The lover of nature must smother a rising regret that the romance and glamour of this King Country is evaporating with the steam from the modern locomotive. The trees are blazed to suit the surveyor's plans, and pert, consequential wooden stations take the place of the ancient "pa".

Towards three in the afternoon, we left the train at Hangatiki and mounted a nondescript conveyance, which took us safely, if somewhat joltingly, to the Waitomo Accommodation House. This building really does fulfil the promise of its name, and is certainly one of the best resting places I have come across in any equally out-of-the-way part of New Zealand.

The wonderful King Country Caves, which we were here to see, are a fairly recent discovery, at all events to the white man.

After the evening meal we were guided to the caves nearest to the house. We were advised to leave behind us such garments for which we had any respect, so regardless of appearance, we sallied forth in—but stay, I will not enter into details.

Lantern in hand we followed the guide down a rugged path and winding ways to the rocky portal. A door was unlocked, and as we entered it was re-locked behind us, and we then began our exploration in the bowels of the earth.

For an hour and a half we sauntered amid the fantastic and lovely architecture of endless ages. No jerry building is here: it may have taken many thousand years to bring to perfection the magnificent domed hall we were walking in, a veritable fairy palace, with its snowy shower of pointed stalactites, some looking almost transparent, drooping from the vaulted roof. And I asked myself, how many more centuries will have passed before the slowly elongating stalactite will meet and kiss its affinity, the rising stalagmite.

We passed up winding corridors, through glistening

chambers to the "Court Room," where in our then frame of mind it would not have surprised us to see some dainty ethereal forms move through the mazes of a mystic dance, around and about the natural classic pillars supporting the roof. In fact, as the light of the magnesium ribbon faded away, we almost thought we saw them, as we also fancied we heard liquid tones coming from the limestone organ pipes.

All this was marvellously beautiful, but the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, U.S.A., the Fish Caves of South Africa, the Jenolian Caves of New South Wales, not to mention others, all show in various degrees of grandeur very much the same formations. But here, the crowning glory was to come, and it was a glory which at once differentiated them in my mind from all others.

The guide motioned us not to speak or make any noise, and we approached silently to the verge of a stretch of water, where, stepping into a boat, we were at once in wonderland.

It is scarcely possible to give even the faintest idea of the extraordinary beauty of the Glow-worm Grotto. I could not believe my eyes. We glided round slowly in the boat beneath what was apparently a densely studded starry heaven. Some larger and brighter than others shone like planets, and all were of a bluish-green transparency.

The tiny individual light, multiplied as it was by thousands, illuminated the long white fingers of the sparkling stalactites, and every star was reflected in the water beneath.

It was interesting to know that only the female emits a light, and also to note the simultaneous diminution of the glow if we spoke louder than a whisper. To avoid all noise, there were no oars used, but the guide drew the boat gently along by a rope encircling the little lake.

After a time I felt a distinctly cooler current of air, and noticed that the lights began to grow less numerous, betokening a lessening number of the wonderful little luminous creatures, and found we were drifting down a tunnel to the open.

WAITOMO CAVES

I shall never forget the scene that met our eyes as we glided through the water and approached the exit. Framed by the roof and sides of the cave was a picture of surpassing beauty. The river spread out in a silver streak, its banks dark with foliage, and in the mid-distance, a stately palm stood erect, sharply outlined against a deep blue sky, while low in the heavens to one side hung the Queen of the Night in full glory.

The spectacle was quite Eastern in sentiment, and after the mysterious beauties we had been silently gliding through, our temperamental mood was attuned to the right key to appreciate the delicate splendour of the scene. It is not given to mortals to have many such evenings to remember, and I deem myself very fortunate to have experienced this.

The next morning we visited Ruakuri, or Cave of the Dogs, so called because a number of the ancient wild Maori dogs were once found living in the holes at the entrance to the cave. It is of larger dimensions, and possibly boasts of a greater variety of stalactite forms than the others, but is scarcely so beautiful.

The manager of the Accommodation House, who was also the guide, knowing how much we had enjoyed our experience the night before, whispered to me as he was starting with another party that evening, that if my friend and I would be at the exit of the cave when he got there, he would take us again round the Glow-worm Grotto, and we jumped at the offer. His wife told us that he himself was never tired of going through it, and he thoroughly enjoyed taking people who genuinely appreciated the sight as we evidently did.

We returned via Frankton Junction; thence to Rotorua; and by six o'clock we were in comfortable quarters, and had fixed up our sight-seeing arrangements for the following two days.

We were now in the residential centre of the thermal zone, or Hot Lake district. Rotorua is the only State-owned, State-managed town in New Zealand, or even in Australasia, and is very correctly termed the "town with-

out rates". It is kept going by the rents of the land, which is the property of the State. The whole township is well planned and laid out, with good broad streets lighted by electricity; excellent water-supply, and handsome bath buildings, somewhat on the lines of those at European spas, fitted with all medical appliances for utilizing the healing mineral waters to the best advantage.

The first day we spent at Whakarewarewa, situated two miles from the town, and served by a line of buses running frequently. We walked out and enjoyed our lunch at the Shelter house overlooking the boiling surroundings. We had previously arranged that the guide Susan should meet us there at a certain hour, and conduct us round the sights.

Old Sophia, the famous veteran from the Pink and White Terraces, is not in constant attendance, and I was sorry not to see her again. But Susan was a good substitute, and lost no time in showing us the wonders of the place, and adding an interest to them by the rehearsal of Maori legends, life, and customs.

On all sides are mineral springs in a state of ebullition, creating a vaporous atmosphere, and our olfactory organs were assailed by what in everyday language would be called a smell of rotten eggs, which I have seen more elegantly expressed in print as a "subtle aroma of sulphur".

The Pohutu was "playing" when we arrived. The ejection was a fine column of clear water, thrown 100 feet high in the air, which then descends in a glittering mass, scattering far and wide myriad drops scintillating like diamonds in the sunlight. It is one of the best geysers, so we were fortunate to see it in action.

The "Prince of Wales' Feathers" works very constantly, and we sat and watched it several times.

The contrasts of the scene are very striking: next to a warm opal lakelet may be a cauldron of bubbling mud, its sides coated with an oily scum—"porridge-pots," as it were, filled to overflowing with hot seething mud. Some of the springs are hidden amid green fern and manuka,

WAIROA GEYSER, WHAKAREWAREWA

PORRIDGE POT

both of which flourish amid the ceaseless splutter and spurting of the hot water.

Close by is the gruesome "Brain-Pot," where the ancient warriors are said to have cooked the heads of their enemies. We passed endless bathing pools used by the natives, who are to be seen at all hours of the day, sitting with the hot water up to their necks, smoking, and having a lazy time.

Certain waters are enclosed as baths for the use of Europeans. The oil bath is delicious: when immersed in it, one's skin feels just like the softest velvet.

The next day we joined forces with a lady and her husband from Australia, whom we had met at the caves, and formed a party to do the Four Lakes Excursion. Lake Rotorua can "play up a bit" when it likes, and some of the party were glad to see it fairly calm.

We steered quite close to Mokoia Island, the mountain-isle of romantic memories. In olden times it must have been thickly populated, as the Maoris called it "I kapi i te tangata," or "covered with men". They revered it as the seat of their religion, and abiding-place of their gods and images.

Around it also twines the Maori legend of the beautiful maiden Hinemoa and her lover Tutanekai. She lived in the village on a sunny hill-slope on the eastern shore immediately opposite, and two miles distant by water from Mokoia Island. She was a high-born maiden, he of lower rank, and only a younger son at that. Elder brothers put in a claim, and difficulties beset the lovers' path.

They appear to have met at secret trysting places, and her father, the great Chief Umukaria, became suspicious, and gave orders that all the canoes should be hauled high up on the beach every night. Sad and reflective, there entered her mind the idea of getting a sufficient number of dried gourds strung together by flax strands to form a float, and with this to aid her when tired, she would essay to swim across.

Her plans made, she approached the water's edge with fear, but while wavering, the notes of her lover's music

were wafted across the waters, and she hesitated no longer to make the plunge. Bravely she bore on under the twinkling stars, farther from the shore, and to her imagination no nearer to the island. Still, with grit and determination, she put out all her strength, and led by the music of Tutanekai at last reached her goal, but not before Tutanekai himself, all unconscious of her struggle, had retired.

She paused at the bathing pool where the hot fresh spring of Maikimiki welled out among the rocks, and while she rested, a servant came to fetch water for his master. Assuming a gruff voice, Hinemoa induced him to lend her the calabash, which she let fall upon the rocks, breaking it in pieces. He fetched another, when she again repeated the artifice; thereupon with anger, he fetched his master, and her object was gained.

When Tutanekai came she was overcome with shyness, and hid herself, and he, groping in the fading light, felt a hand which he clasped, saying: "Who is this hiding here?" Whereupon she gave herself up with the words: "It is I, Hinemoa, O Tutanekai!" And he welcomed her with warm and loving words, while he encircled her lovely form with his arms and feather mantle.

It is such a brave and sweet romance that I have not been able to resist giving this brief outline of it.

We had now arrived at the farther side of the lake, and landed to visit the picturesque resort of Hamurana. The short walk from the landing stage to the river was down a path through a cherry orchard, and bushes of gorse. I had never seen the latter in such perfection. One bush was such an exquisite mass of bloom, that it looked exactly like the yolk of a giant egg.

We next entered a small boat, and rowed up stream, brushing past overhanging trees and shrubs, arum lilies, dog-roses and wild cherries, drooping towards the cool emerald green water.

We had scarcely time to grasp the beauty of this sun-steeped foliage ere we were brought to a standstill by a bush-covered wall, and saw a cavern yawning below the

water line. We floated over a marvellously clear pool, in which we could see beneath us the source of the stream which wells up from unfathomable depths, and supplies many million gallons of purest water daily—possibly from an underground river, as the small fish which occasionally rise to the surface are on examination found to be totally blind.

We threw in pennies, but the up-springing water bubbles with such force that they do not sink, but are tossed about as one has seen a cork ball on a fountain spray. After satisfying our curiosity at this remarkable spring, we rejoined the launch, and passed through the Ohau Channel, a winding, sedge-fringed creek, which is the connecting link between Lake Rotorua and the still more beautiful Lake Rotoiti. Magnificent headlands and sequestered white-beached bays alternate with steep precipitous cliffs, dense with bush and fern to the water's edge.

We were about midway across the lake when our launch refused to go, and speculations arose as to the probability of our being stranded. But after a good deal of tinkering at the engine we once more went forward.

When we finally reached the little Maori settlement of Tapuaeharuru towards the extreme east of the lake, the next difficulty was to land, which was no easy matter if one were to get ashore dryshod. As a last resource we adopted the useful if inelegant method of pick-a-back, I going last and stipulating that the others should not turn their heads.

We thought we would now like to make nearer acquaintance with the contents of the hamper, so we spread ourselves on the ground, and commenced operations. We were soon surrounded by a throng of merry children, and we tried to induce them to dance a haka, but they were evidently not in the cue for it, so their efforts were feeble.

We now exchanged the launch for a throbbing motor.

The running of this motor-car in the Hongi Track was a new venture, and it was a marvel to me how we got through. Instead of the mud we had experienced in the north, it was now deep sand, and over and over again we

seemed absolutely embedded in it. I confess to a suppressed satisfaction at this state of affairs : it was a brake on the speed among this lovely scenery, and every moment gained was precious.

The New Zealand bush is not gorgeous in colour, nevertheless it has a fascinating and compelling beauty all its own. Generally speaking its flowers are sober purple, cream, and white. True, in the spring, gold drapes the howhai and senecios ; and in summer the glorious crimson of the rata is spread in profusion. But it is remarkable that even the forget-me-not and violet are both white as the driven snow.

We were now in a green twilight : above us towered the high trees, their trunks and branches knitted together with tropical lianes and monkey-ropes swung from tree to tree.

Here the totata's erect rough-barked barrel is seen, the rimu-pine drops its graceful tasselled boughs, covered with a delicate tracery of lichens ; and the tawa and matai interlace their branches.

Tree-ferns break the outline of the track, while rich mosses, shrubs, and herbs wrestle with one another for place. Creepers roam in wild confusion one over the other, while the white clematis with its masses of star-like bloom asserts itself above all.

When we emerged from this fairy-land, we were skirting the shores of Lake Rotoehu : we then sped along one side of it, and crossed the Waitangi to reach Lake Rotoma, the gem, if there can be a superlative, of this wonderful series of lakes.

The charm of Rotoma to me was the silence that enveloped it ; only an exceptional tourist party breaks the solitude which otherwise reigns supreme.

We retraced our way, and all too soon were back again whence we started. The children had not been idle, as they awaited us with arms full of wild flowers, white iris and clematis predominating. The car was crammed with spoils of the bush, and we started for Rotorua as though bound for the Battle of Flowers at Nice, and if this had

been the case, we should undoubtedly have been unanimously awarded first prize.

So long as we kept on the road following the lake, we got attractive glimpses of Maori villages, and were still in Paradise; but Paradise and Hades are very near together in this part of the world.

We had scarcely left the lake before we scented from afar the rotten-egg odour, and were soon again in the Inferno.

Knowing that "Maggie" Papakura, the Whakarewarewa guide was leaving next morning with a troupe for Europe, we went to the station to see them start. All was bustle and confusion. Groups of women in attire ranging from blankets, coloured kerchiefs, feathered garments, to a travesty of European costume, enlivened the scene.

The Maori is a true child of Nature, and sees no reason why he should control his feelings. They all wept copiously, and the males were the worst offenders. I was amused at one man who was standing on the rear platform of a carriage, shouting some farewell remarks, each punctuated with a wild gesticulation, while a relative hanging on his neck, was shedding a cascade of tears down his back.

When the bell sounded to warn them that only five minutes were left to them, there arose a wail of universal grief, and all was unrestrained woe and desolation. Noses were pressed together again and again, and as the train was slowly set in motion, last embraces were exchanged at the imminent risk, not of one being taken and the other left, but of both being taken, or both left.

Those less active in their grief sat with bowed and kerchiefed heads at the windows. Notwithstanding this affecting display of grief, I venture to say that the train would not be many miles on its way before these unsophisticated mortals would be a very merry, happy party.

After this emotional exhibition, we moved on to the old Maori village of Ohinemutu. It adjoins the modern town, and is another example of the marked contrasts one sees in this country. Unlike the spick-and-span appearance of the well-ordered streets of the up-to-date European township,

it has, like Topsy, "growed," and we wound our way along its devious paths, among the dwellings spreading back from the lake shore, and built amid a maze of boiling springs, steaming cauldrons, shallow hot pools, and stewing mud-pits; and by care we avoided being spattered by the thousand and one hissing and spluttering jets.

The aboriginal housewife has no need for a kitchen range, neither need she concern herself with gathering wood. A shallow pool, framed in by slates and stones, and heated by the overflow of some contiguous spring, forms a natural cooking-stove at her very threshold.

We stood and watched the curious culinary operations which were in full swing. An empty packing case with the bottom knocked out, and a grill substituted, forms an excellent steam oven when placed over a jet, and covered with sacking.

Once or twice we saw the covers lifted, and the potatoes, cray-fish, or whatever it contained were cooking well.

When a meal is over, these favoured people have only to roll over to a slab of stone placed over a warm spot, and there, wrapped in their blankets, enjoy a siesta.

They may be seen in the early morning, squatting in some warm pool, submerged to their necks, and smoking the pipe of peace and plenty.

CHAPTER IX

ROTORUA TO WAIOURU

NEXT morning we left for Waiotapu.

For ten miles we followed the old route to the terraces, through the once famous Tikitapu Bush, which is gradually recovering the verdant beauty it possessed before the devastating mud storm from Tarawera, when the beauty of the world-famed Pink Terraces and the surrounding country was destroyed by the overwhelming eruption.

We drove quite near to two beautiful lakes, one about eighty feet higher than the other, but only separated from each other by a very narrow strip of land. Yet one was as decidedly blue, as the other was emphatically green.

Shortly afterwards we arrived at the ruined village of Te Wairoa. The mud and volcanic ash ejected in the Tarawera eruption of 1886 fell with remorseless fury upon this ill-fated village. A hundred natives besides a few Europeans lost their lives. Sophia, the guide, barracaded her "whare," and by her energy, bravery, and presence of mind, saved herself and several white people.

The ruins of the hotel, of Maori "whares," and the old Mission Church of Te Mu still testify to the horrors of that fatal night. But age, kinder to nature than to people, is fast effacing the ravaging effects of the outburst, and a rich tangle of foliage hides the disfiguring scars and wounds of the past.

I had been given a hint to go to the second of the two rest-houses which is kept by a man whose old home had been close by, and he was only seven years of age when he escaped with his life. He inherits the property from his grandfather,

to whom as a missionary in the early days, sixty years ago, a certain number of acres were granted as Crown freehold.

After a number of years spent in other parts, he had just returned to claim his inheritance. The little room in which we had morning tea was full of family relics which he had unearthed. It was a miniature Pompeian Museum, including egg-cups, tea-pot, piece of bread, joint of meat, ornaments, and a candelabrum with its crystals hanging, as everything else was, thickly encrusted with volcanic mud and ash.

As we looked at all his treasures, and tried to visualize the horrors of the great upheaval, his description, although he was only a child at the time, seemed to vitalize the whole terrible event, and we saw with his eyes the terrifying destruction and desolation wrought in this beautiful region. The Touhourangi tribe of Maoris, whose head-quarters it was, have never returned since the eruption.

On leaving we descended rapidly to the lake, and found a motor launch waiting to convey us eight miles across to the other side. We were intensely interested in every view of the great austere mountain, and wondered if ever again its anger would rise to bursting point. One view still shows the fearful gash in its side which can never be healed.

Presently we landed, and after a short walk across the Ariki Arm, a narrow strip of land between the two sheets of water, we found another launch awaiting us on the shore of Rotomahana. This lake owes its size, if not its existence, to the Tarawera eruption. In 1886 it was a little shallow, rushy lake, whereas now its waters cover 5600 acres, and completely fill a huge crater.

The geyser-pitted cliffs, tinted by chemical action, are all colours of the rainbow. One would almost prefer not to be shown where the erstwhile beautiful Pink and White Terraces once existed : it is so sad to think that one of the most beautiful natural phenomena in the world, and one that took æons to produce, was in a few hours reduced to the conglomeration we now see.

Although for the greater part this wonderful lake is cold, along its northern and western shore-line is a belt of

tremendous hydrothermal activity. We saw before us a vaporous surface, and were soon floating on almost boiling water, where, if any inquisitive person were to put his hand over the side of the boat to test the temperature—a very natural impulse—he would regret it.

The cliffs in front of us were steaming furiously, and we tried to avoid the blasts of hot air, or fiery breath from the huge cavernous opening. We could feel beneath us the subdued thud of sub-aqueous geysers, and see boiling jets and fountains which pour in vapour-laden cascades into the lake. It became hotter and hotter, and more uncanny as we backed up to the shore to hear the roar and splutter of a boiling cauldron.

We landed presently, and after going about a mile, we met a weary and tired-looking party coming from the opposite direction. While the two guides conferred together, I was approached by a couple who were apparently at the last gasp. They asked me in piteous tones how much farther it was to the boat. The average colonial is not a good walker, and I felt quite sorry for these two, they looked so hot and exhausted.

The guides now performed a *chassé-croisé* and exchanged parties, we proceeding in the direction from which the others had come.

We were now in charge of Mr. Ingle, a man of note, brimful of intelligent information, and with a pleasant manner of imparting it.

He described how, within a few minutes after the terrible eruption of Tarawera, the valley we were now in was showered with the huge boulders we saw in all directions, some weighing ten tons at the least: and anon he told of a cool creek joining forces with a hot one, adding with sly humour, "the latter is so hot that if any of you were to attempt to sit in it, it would be a sure sign of an early spring".

This hot creek comes direct from the Waimangu, and he presently pointed out the spot where the bodies of Mr. McNaughton, Mr. Joseph Warbrick and the Misses Nicholls were discovered, having been washed thus far down the

creek. He related the pathetic story of how these four people, when visiting the Waimangu geyser on 31 August, 1904, approached a dangerous position, and disregarding the warning of the guide, remained where they were until caught by a spreading shot, which knocked them all off the crater rim into the boiling river flowing therefrom.

The mother of the girls and some friends saw the whole tragedy from a mound on which they were sitting.

This great Waimangu geyser, "Inky Water," was only discovered to be active in 1902, and the last shot it fired was in October, 1904, but hopes are still entertained that at some future date it may regain its activity. It must, I think, be classed as a volcano-geyser, as it certainly worked more in the manner of a geyser than a volcano. As a volcano proper, it is a mere toy; but as a geyser, superbly grand.

We crossed the Echo Crater to see the "Frying Pan," about a rood in extent, covered with thousands of miniature geysers frizzling like fat through an inch or so of boiling water, and one felt inclined to say, "Now, cook, quick! where are the eggs—or sausages?" as the case might be.

The next wonder we viewed was the "Waimangu Blowhole," whence issued a tremendous jet of steam under pressure. It roared and thundered so that we could not hear a sound when spoken to.

We passed the Gibraltar Rock, from every crack and cranny of which steam was escaping, and terribly wonderful as everything was, we had an uncanny feeling that with a little extra pressure here, or a firmer thrust there, we might be precipitated to an admittedly over-heated kingdom before we were due.

The evening was gloriously fine, and the setting sun not only cast a rosy hue athwart the sky, but tinted pink the rising vapour and steam from a thousand outlets. It was an inspiring picture, worthy of the greatest of all artists—Nature.

Our destination that night was Waiotapu, a delightful drive of seven miles, the road skirting the sharp-topped Maunga-kakaramea (mountain of coloured earth), popularly known as Rainbow Mountain. In its torn and fissured

sides and shattered crater cliffs, it exhibits a marvellous variety of vividly tinted clay and rock.

Farther on we came to a large mud-volcano; here we alighted, and climbed a wooden ladder placed against its side, which enabled us to see the surface of boiling and spluttering liquid mud, nor did we escape a blob or two for our curiosity.

After this strenuous day we thought a hot bath would be a delightful restorative. Natural baths of all temperatures are available, and we decided upon two about a mile away. My mate chose the "Venus," and I took the "Spout". The former I saw the next day: it was quite a small swimming bath amid sylvan scenery. The "Spout" was a small fall, and after nearly breaking my leg in falling over the loose slippery planks, I reached a spot where I could get a fairly firm grip of some bush, and let the delicious flow of water fall on my back.

The accommodation for these open-air baths is very primitive. I walked from the high road down a winding path through the bush, and came to a doorless wooden shed in which I undressed, and then stepped forth *au naturel*, and sat beneath the fall, hidden from sight, but within ear-shot of the road above, and I devoutly hoped that no one else was meditating a bath just then.

It was later, at Wharakei, that I discovered the precaution usually taken was to leave a garment or shoe on the path just before reaching the shed, which gave notice that there was some one in occupation, and if the garment were well chosen, it discovered to the would-be intruder the sex of the occupant. Rudimentary, but given an absence of peeping Toms, effective.

How we enjoyed our beds that night! Our morning plunge was taken in a bath a few yards from the house, and duly refreshed we visited the Waiotapu Reserve, but I will not repeat descriptions of geysers, mud-volcanoes, and the like, but may mention the rather exceptional wonder known as the "Champagne Pool".

It is a boiling lakelet, margined with beautiful sinter-work of the most dainty colours—soft pastel-like shades of

mauve, pink, blue, and yellow. Its water effervesces in an extraordinary way when a handful of earth or any object is thrown into it.

The next morning we went armed with a bar of soap to the Waiotapu geyser, and having partaken of the luxury, it gave us a fine display. We watched it for over half an hour, and it was still playing when we left by motor for Wairakei.

Wairakei—"Splashing Waters," is a delightful resort, 1350 feet above the sea, with a crisp and dry atmosphere. The thermal bathing waters are excellent, and there is a large choice of natural hot douches in the open. A portion of the flowing stream has been fenced in, and forms an ideal swimming bath with fern-clad sides. To float on its surface, with face upturned to the blue sky, is an experience worth remembering.

Situated about a mile from the hotel is the Geyser Valley, lying between precipitous banks, which range from sixty to a hundred feet in height. The beautiful greenery amid which the more terrible wonders of Nature burst forth modifies enormously their somewhat repellent characteristics. The valley is a miniature *multum in parvo* of all the other thermal centres, but as geysers by this time are a drug in the market, I will spare the reader further details.

We spent a long morning in this enchanting valley, going from one wonder to another. There are several driving excursions to be taken in the neighbourhood; the only one I took was to the "Blow-Hole," or "Devil's Trumpet". It was not beautiful, but very awe-inspiring. Out of an aperture a yard or so wide in the side of a hill, smoke was issuing at a truly appalling rate. Empty kerosine tins, when thrown to its mouth, were returned as though they were bits of tissue paper.

The hole must be a useful safety-valve, in fact among its many other names, it is often called the "Safety-valve of New Zealand". The smoke and steam never cease day or night, and if they did there would probably be a tremendous "bust up" somewhere.

STEAM CLOUDS AFTER ERUPTION OF WAIMANGU GEYSER

A SPRING AT WAIRAKEI

From Wairakei to Taupo Spa we followed the course of the Waikato River, drawing up about mid-way to get a view of the Huka Falls and Rapids. At this point the whole river forces its way through a narrow chasm between precipitous rocky walls, and then falls with stupendous force over a steep precipice.

Taupo Spa establishment is quaint, and prettily situated in a glen. A hot stream, crossed by rustic bridges, meanders through the grounds. Facing different aspects are rows of bedrooms, each with a door opening out to the garden. The drawing-room is as an island set in the midst of greenery, while the dining-room is a show-place of the neighbourhood, and is a valuable example of a Maori assembly house. The roof is supported by pillars formed of grotesque carved figures, with pearl-shell eyes and teeth, and the tongue usually hanging out far below the chin. The walls, to the height of five or six feet, are covered with native matting, and the beams across the ceiling are also elaborately carved.

Pleasant flower-edged paths join up the detached portions of the hotel. Various springs of mineral-charged water have been roofed or enclosed to form bathing places for the visitors, and it was a queer sight at all hours of the day, and especially in the early morning, to see strange figures, robed in the order of the bath, flit here and there, past the openings in the shrubbery on their way to these health-restoring waters.

An interesting walk over the hill brings one to the verge of the Waikato. This beautiful river flows serenely along, regardless of the boiling and sizzling conditions along its banks. The "Crow's Nest" geyser, with its high encrusted wall, stands isolated and only a few yards from the stream. At regular intervals of about two hours this geyser ejects, for six minutes, a column of scalding water which is thrown out at an angle, to a height of 100 feet or more. We were lucky enough to see it work twice.

Between the displays we marked the wonders along the banks. An interesting phenomenon of thermal activity is "Paddle Wheel Ben," and we listened to the sound

which bears a startling likeness to the regular splashing of a steamer's paddle wheel, intermingled with the monotonous throb of the engine's thrust.

On our last morning I walked across the garden to the Pink Bath at a quarter to five a.m. for a parting dip, and the freshness of the morning was so fascinating, it made me loth to quit this interesting region.

Now adieu, Geyserland, nightmare of the infernal regions: adieu to your mud volcanoes, your unearthly "Frying Pan," and cooking stoves, your boiling fountains and fuming cauldrons, your heated caverns, petrifying springs, and strange manifestations of Nature's untamable power.

And alas, adieu also to your Venus, your Rachel, your oil, pink, and endless variety of baths of Elysian warmth and softness.

The journey of twenty-five miles across Lake Taupo to Tokaanu connects the northern and southern coach roads forming the main avenue through the island.

Before us we saw the pure pumice forelands glittering in the sun. Dark bold cliffs, rising sheer from the water for over 1000 feet, encircle the Western Bay. New Zealand is the angler's paradise, and Taupo is a favourite locality. Visitors arrive annually from all parts of the world, and every available camping ground is occupied between 1 November and 31 May. The season in other parts of the Dominion is from 1 October to 30 April.

The waters of New Zealand are stocked with Californian rainbow trout (*salmo irideus*), brown trout, and Loch Leven trout. In the North Island the fish are mostly rainbow trout, and in the South Island, brown trout. The fish are said to average five or six times the size and weight of those in the Northern Hemisphere.

We were told a yarn of a man and his sister, who camped on the shore of the lake from 15 December till 22 March, 1910, during which time they caught three tons less fifteen pounds of rainbow trout.

According to a local estimate, quite seventy tons of trout were taken by anglers from the lakes and streams around Rotorua during the season 1907-8.

We were now nearing Tukaano, the starting point for the ascent of the mountains, which we had been seeing from the lake. The coach was waiting for its passengers at the end of the wharf; our numbers seemed too great for it, but coaches the world over are very elastic, and the driver found room for all. Certainly the two Australians who were still with us had to be swung on behind, and at the first stopping place they were scarcely recognizable, owing to the thick coating of dust which covered them from head to foot.

The driver as usual was somewhat of a character, and I fear I started on the wrong tack with him, when I ventured to suggest that the back seat might be rather dusty. To this he grimly and crushingly retorted that there would be another coach in two days. However, my mate and I had luckily secured the box-seat, and undaunted by the Autocrat's severity, we mounted to our places beside him.

I had been over this ground before under less pleasing circumstances, and ignoring the silent displeasure of our Whip, I remarked to my friend:—

"I had a very unpleasant experience in this neighbourhood sixteen years ago." (Here I noticed that our irascible driver pricked up his ears.)

"How was that?" asked my mate.

"I came too late in the season," I explained, "and found the coach had been taken off, so I got a lift in a wagon, which was overturned on the top of me, and I had a very narrow escape."

At this the driver exploded in great excitement:—

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Are you that woman? Why, I've been telling that story to my passengers for the last sixteen years!"

This discovery quite restored the driver's natural loquacity, and we all became quite friendly. Of course my mate wanted to know the details, so perhaps I may be forgiven a digression from our route in order to tell the story with which travellers on this road have been regaled for sixteen years!

I was travelling over this same route but in the opposite

direction, and had arrived at Pipiriki from Wanganui with the intention of proceeding thence by the coach which ran regularly during the season to Waiouru.

At Wanganui, however, I found that other passengers were going no farther than Pipiriki, and they hazarded the opinion that I might find the coach was no longer running, owing to the lateness of the season, and consequent bad condition of the roads.

On appealing to the official responsible for the running of the mails, I was assured that I might safely book through, as I would undoubtedly find the coach in readiness for me at Pipikiri, the perjured villain being all the time perfectly aware that the coach had not been running for the past few weeks, a fact which I discovered to my dismay and wrath when I arrived at Pipiriki.

However, having got thus far, I had no intention of tamely turning back, but determined to get on somehow. The mails, I found, and a few odd men passengers, were to go on by pack-horses, and the post-office official in charge offered to produce a side-saddle, but I did not quite fancy the plan, and when a man called Green, who was taking a wagon-load of grain in sacks to Waiouru, offered me a lift, I gladly accepted. The journey was to be performed in three stages instead of one, with halts at two rest-houses on the way.

Accordingly I set forth blithely with Green, who had arranged a seat for me among the sacks, which would have been comfortable enough on an ordinary road, but alack! the road, which was bad enough (judged by ordinary standards) at the start, became worse and worse. The word "mud" in no way describes the sticky morass through which we had to struggle; and where the slushy bog in places became less wet, the ruts became the more appalling, until the culminating catastrophe occurred.

I cannot say exactly what led to it, for it all happened in a moment. One wheel ran up a bank, and with a crash over went the wagon, and I was dumped out into the mud, along with an avalanche of heavy sacks, by some miracle escaping instantaneous death.

A TYPICAL BUSH ROAD IN THE NORTH ISLAND

Green made a jump as he felt the cart tilting, and managed to spring clear of the wreckage, and I can well recall his ashen face as he hurried to me, calling out, "Are you hurt?" in tones of great alarm.

I hardly knew whether I was hurt or not until he removed some sacks which pinned me down by the legs, and then I found I could struggle to my feet, so it was evident I was to get off lightly with severe bruises.

Green's relief was intense. And I was starting to help him in what seemed the hopeless task of extricating the horses, and righting the wagon, when to our relief we saw the others with the mail appearing over a ridge in the distance, and when they caught sight of us, they galloped up quickly to our assistance.

When at last the damage was patched up and the wagon ready to go on, the mail men persuaded me to finish the first stage of the journey on horseback, which, although I was in no way equipped for riding, I decided would be the best course to pursue.

My steed proved to be none too good a goer, and I had to keep urging him on, until at last, to my relief, I descried a house just ahead, and a girl looking out. I knew that by this time we must be fairly near the rest-house where I was to spend the first night, and if the worst came to the worst I could walk the rest of the way, so I rather relaxed my attention to my horse, whereupon he seized the opportunity, for which he had been waiting, to lie down and rid himself of the pack.

Great was the consternation of my companions, and the girl from the cottage came tearing along the road to my rescue, but again I escaped from serious injury, though naturally I was a mass of bruises, and black and blue for many a day.

How I rejoined Green and the wagon, and arrived safely at Waiouru two days later without further accident, need not now be told, so I will go back to the coach bound for Waiouru from the opposite direction.

We had to work our way over forty-four miles, through a pumice plain, its rugged surface broken by melancholy-

looking tussocky grass. It was decidedly not beautiful, and its vastness and monotony would have been extremely wearisome had it not been the absorbing attraction of the mountains, which rise abruptly from the plain.

We changed horses twice, and at one place got a vile cup of tea, served by a slatternly woman who demanded a shilling for it.

We pulled up at Waiouru soon after six o'clock. My mate and I had now come to the dividing of our ways, as she and the Australians were leaving by the night train for the head of the Wanganui River, but as I wished to enjoy the beauties of the line by daylight, and had no reason to hurry, I remained at Waiouru for the night.

CHAPTER X

WAIOURU TO NELSON

I FOUND that a goods train, with one carriage attached, would pass early in the afternoon, on its way to Taumarunui. This suited me admirably, as the speed, or rather the lack of it, gave me ample time to enjoy the scenery. The line skirted Ruapehu on the western side, and I pulled a wrap round me as I felt the keen air direct from its snow. It was a glorious sight and one not easily forgotten.

The crossing of the deep ravines and cañons is a thrilling experience. Looking up, the sky is hidden by a tangled mass of foliage; then looking down, several hundred feet below, the turbulent, brawling creeks, overhung by exquisite feathery ferns, are seen rushing over boulder-beds, to join the waters of the Wanganui.

The Makatote Viaduct, exactly midway between Auckland and Wellington, is a remarkable piece of engineering, and reminded me of the trestle bridges in the United States. Despite its spidery appearance, however, it is firmly built: its steel piers—1000 tons of steel-work were used—rest on massive blocks of concrete. All the same, you want a steady head to stand on the outside platform of the carriage, and look around. The bridge is 860 feet in length, and cost close on £57,000.

A fleeting view of Ruapehu is obtained by looking eastwards up the gorge, while at the same place Mount Egmont's white peak is visible in the west. We were now 2600 feet above the sea. During the day the train passed picturesquely set pioneer townships, with their quaintly named stations. On asking for the translation of one,

Piri-aka, I found it had the poetic meaning "Where the woodbine twineth".

I also got some insight into up-country life, as we rumbled leisurely along, noting the tracks of the bullock wagons and, alongside the train rail, the primitive Maori "koneka" or sledge. We stayed so long at one place that I had time to walk down the street and see some of the typical bush-stores, with their disordered medley of merchandise, ranging from a pack-saddle to a concertina, or from a brightly coloured Maori shawl to a tin of sardines.

After this interval we started again with enough daylight due to us, to see the marvellous turns and twists of the spiral section. We apparently faced in turn all points of the compass, and doubled back on our own track, or made a circle, whilst all the time we saw far away beneath us, first to the right, and then to the left, Raurimu, the station which we hoped ultimately to reach. From thence it was only a short run to Taumarunui. There I found Meredith's Accommodation House, an excellent resting place for the week-end.

By Tuesday morning I was fresh and eager to enjoy the river trip to Pipiriki, and on to Wanganui. About fourteen passengers met at an early hour on a grey and misty morning, which developed into an English April day of sunshine and shower. Our expectations ran high, as we had heard much of this scenic waterway, eighty miles of which we hoped to cover ere night.

We first embarked in a Maori canoe, the only kind of craft in which one can steer a safe course over the first fifteen miles of continuous rapids. The shooting of these rapids—and we came to more later on—is not dangerous, but there is enough excitement about it to make it fairly thrilling.

After negotiating the troubled waters, we exchanged from the canoe to a small twin-screw steamer, which we found awaiting us. On the bigger vessel, and in calmer waters, we were freer to observe the beauties around us. It is hard to try to reduce to mere words the masterpieces of Nature. Pictures of surpassing beauty were focussed on

the memory in turn as we swept round a bend, or passed a fern gulley; here admiring a cascade falling like a strip of lace from the cliff; or there marking how the black water swirls and eddies near a deep cave-like opening in the banks; or again, marvelling at a perpendicular buttress of rock, thickly clad with shrubs and mosses; or a whole hill-side swayed, as it were, by the breeze among the plumes of a thousand tree-ferns.

This glorious river is famed for its wonderful reflections. Steep mountains, tall tree-ferns, with brilliant green fronds, and overhanging sprays of wild flowers, are all repeated in the mirror-like water, so that the pictures "on the line" are rivalled by those below it.

Ere long we saw on the western bank the flow of the Chura joining the main water-course over a picturesque rocky ledge, and a little farther down, on the right, was moored in the river a commodious house-boat, which serves as a luncheon station for the travellers down stream, and offers night accommodation to those going up. It has two decks, the upper one containing dining, social, and smoking rooms, etc., and the lower, sufficient two-berth cabins for about fifty people.

After a pause of little more than an hour, we continued down stream. The Kirikikiroa reach is particularly fine. A cliff that stands out like a battleship's ram is known to the Maoris as Koinaki's Leap. In former days there was a good deal of active campaigning in the vicinity of the river, and one can picture the enemy working his way, silently gliding through the gorges, until a concealed force on land rushed out from some hiding place, hurling stones and logs down upon the canoes, the occupants of which, if captured, would probably be killed and eaten.

Among such scenery as this every season has its charm, but for my part I should choose Christmas time, when the scarlet rata is at its best. At the risk of being hypercritical, many of us felt that a little touch of colour here and there, of a flower—or a Maori shawl—would have enhanced the beauties of the country a thousand-fold.

Very little life indeed is encountered on these upper

reaches of the river. Occasionally we came across a native canoe, its owner waiting to deliver a package to the steamer, or we would pass another, paddling his way home after perhaps leaving a letter stuck in a slit on the end of a long pole.

These poles are fixed in stated places; for example at the junction of a stream, or near a native settlement. When the Captain sees a missive so placed, he heads his steamer to pass close to it, and without stopping, nimbly transfers the exposed letter to the safety of the mail-bag. Thus is the work of His Majesty's post-office simplified in the antipodes.

After eleven hours on the boat, our energy was fairly spent, and we saw with joy the welcoming lights of the hotel.

The sun shone brightly next morning as we resumed our journey on a larger boat, on which we could move about more freely. This portion of the river scenery was not to be compared with what we had already seen, but there was more Maori life to be noticed, as village after village lie on either side.

The steamer called at several busy wharves, and either embarked or disembarked small companies bound for a tribal meeting, or a "Tangi," or maybe on their way to friends. Generally speaking, they are somewhat frowsy in appearance, and there is always a slovenly feeling, in my mind, about a shawl-covered head. However, among these shawls one often catches sight of a bright bit of colour. Now and again one sees a pretty young woman who, if of any standing, has her chin and lips tattooed. In any case much "hongi" or nose-pressing is indulged in.

Wanganui is a pretty township situated on the banks of the river, five miles from its mouth. It has about 11,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a thriving district. I was predestined to have an enjoyable three weeks with most hospitable, and what is more to the point, congenial people. I went to them a stranger, and think I may venture to say, I left a friend.

My next move was in a north-westerly direction, to the

LUXURIOUS VEGETATION IN NEW PLYMOUTH BOTANICAL GARDENS

Taranaki district, whose outstanding feature is Mount Egmont, 8260 feet high, at the foot of which is situated the attractive little town and port of New Plymouth.

New Plymouth has one of the most artistic and delightful natural Botanical Gardens I have ever seen. There are also some pleasant walks by the sea on paths amid green-covered sand dunes, and over gentle slopes. I came across a lady here whom I had met in Masterton, and she and I, with two resident ladies, formed a "hen" party, and choosing a fine day, started in a motor for the mountain.

It was a delightful run of fifteen miles to the boundary of the Forest Reserve. After crossing the line beyond which the Government is endeavouring to retain the pristine beauties of bush and fern land, we toiled up and up, waiting now and again to cool off the water, until we reached an elevation of 3200 feet at the Mountain House, whence a commanding view is obtained over the country, and Ruapehu is seen within bowing distance.

The party had been a great success, so we arranged to join forces for another day to motor round the base of the mountain, but this time we were not too fortunate in the weather, as the summit was enveloped in cloud all the early part of the day.

After a few miles we diverged from the main road in order to visit Parihaka, one of the largest Maori villages in New Zealand. I was a little disappointed to find it all so new-looking and modern—pipe-water supply, and up-to-date conveniences taking the place of thatched "whares" built of tree-fern trunks and manuka. Blankets and mattresses were hanging in the open air in the most approved hygienic fashion. In the centre of the square stands a fine monument to the great chief Te Whiti.

A few miles beyond Opunake we had trouble with our motor, but the chauffeur managed to get it to Hawera. Here it was tinkered at in a garage for some hours, and off we went again.

The cloud had now cleared from the mountain, and its outline was sharply carved against the dark blue evening sky. We had made the complete circuit of the mountain

practically on a level road, which goes to prove how this reputed perfectly shaped volcanic mountain rises from its base among the green trees with almost as much regularity of shape as a sugar-loaf.

I left New Plymouth early one morning for Turakina where I spent a few days with some English friends who had just taken up land, and were starting a farm. From thence I had to hurry on, via Marton, to Nelson, in order to keep my promise of being there for Christmas.

CHAPTER XI

NELSON TO REEFTON

THE "Takapuna" for Nelson, left the wharf at Wellington shortly after midday. A fairly rough sea was running, and we got a good tossing across the Strait, until we ran into the sheltered waters of Queen Charlotte Sound. The rain, which was incessant while we were steaming up the fiord, entirely veiled its beauties from our gaze. It is a grand stretch of water, and as the guide-book says, "all the ships of the world's navies might simultaneously shelter therein".

This northern coast of the Sound is notched and serrated with delightful waterways, not perhaps quite so magnificent as those at the southern corner, but still beautiful enough in which to while away many a happy day. It is a splendid yachting ground, and good fishing can be obtained, as the Sounds swarm with cod and other fish, and the rivers are well stocked with trout. Red-deer are also abundant around Pelorous Sound.

We passed the entrance to Pelorous Sound, which on the map looks like a jigsaw puzzle, and has a coast line of 300 miles; then rounding Cape Jackson, or Kupe's Great Spear (Te Tao-nui-a-Kupe) as the Maoris call this high promontory, and clearing the Chetwodes, we ran into the French Pass.

It is about here that the world-renowned dolphin, Pelorous Jack, may be seen. This marvellous fish is unique in being the only Government protected fish in existence. It is the invariable custom of this singular cetacean to meet every steamer passing in either direction. He is a dolphin of a bluish-white colour, with a suspicion of purple and yellow, the upper surface of his body being

streaked with brown-edged lines. He has a blunt nose and a humped forehead; and it is estimated he is about fourteen or fifteen feet long. He is a queer spectacle as he makes straight for the steamer's bows, and after the usual salutations to the Captain and passengers who crowd the deck, he follows alongside for two or three miles, crossing and re-crossing the steamer's course, sometimes diving below, at others leaping out of the water like a porpoise.

The passing of the steamers is probably the only diversion he has, and he apparently enjoys it to his heart's content. He follows pretty much the same distance every time, so that the sea-faring folk know, not only where they may expect to greet him, but also where he will, as some one puts it, wave his tail *pour prendre congé*.

It is known that these cetaceans live to a great age, often considerably over a century, and were we to believe the Maori legends with "Jack" as the hero, he would be a centenarian three times over at least.

We ran along the quay at the head of Blind Bay in the small hours of the morning.

A couple of miles inland, Nelson stands quiet and composedly, protected on nigh every side by green hills that are good to look upon. In charm of environs and soft sunny climate, it is an idyllic spot for a *dolce far niente* existence, although housekeepers, owing to the dearth of servants, find it the reverse.

It stands in the midst of a garden land of fruit, hops, and flowers. The sportsman can find on the hills both red and fallow-deer, and the angler can add eye-openers to his répertoire of fish stories.

I spent some weeks in Nelson with relatives, and our time was divided between social functions, bridge, croquet, morning teas, walks, and country excursions; and I much enjoyed what to the inveterate wanderer is the infrequent luxury of a few consecutive nights in the same bed.

After Christmas I again started forward bound for the west coast. The train is requisitioned for a few hours, and runs through the lovely Waima Plains. The hop-gardens on either side of the track are pretty, reminding one of

Kent. At Kohatu we found one of Newman's coaches waiting for passengers. It takes nearly an hour to get all the impedimenta stowed away, and I verily believe economy of space is carried farther, if possible, on a coach than on board ship.

In consideration for tourists who all want to be outside, there are three rows of seats rising one behind the other, all facing forward.

These were all filled, and after a keen survey, to make sure everything was in order, Mr. Newman mounted to the box, took the reins, and with a heigh-oh! off went the splendid team, with the swingle-bars clacking, and the coach swaying easily on its thorough-brace leather springs.

After a little interchange of conversation, we found the party consisted of six Australians, two New Zealanders, and three English. The road was excellent; so was the weather, and the spirits of the company.

We followed the winding course of the beautiful Buller River, a swift-rushing body of water coursing to the sea from its source in an alpine lake. The road rises and falls; at one time we were nearly on a level with the stream, and anon we looked down upon it from a giddy height. The mountain chains roll back, one behind the other to infinity, or so it seemed. Their summits vary in height from 5000 to 8000 feet, and many are snow-clad for the greater part of the year. Others are densely overgrown with trees, shrubs, and ferns, to the water's edge.

Presently we descended, winding round the hill-side, ducking our heads beneath the over-hanging branches, or rumbling over rustic bridges and crossing narrow cañons. The horses were changed frequently, and each fresh team was as good as the last. I cannot call to mind ever having seen better animals in a public coach. They would pass muster at a Four-in-hand Meet in Hyde Park, and went as if with sheer delight. For a day and a half, while Mr. Newman was driving, I never saw as much as the tip of the whip flick their glossy coats.

After eight enchanted hours we drew up at Murchison for the night. I should never become accustomed to the

colonial habit of sleeping in the same room with utter strangers, which would have been my fate here, had I not waited patiently, and with a little diplomacy persuaded the proprietress to rig me up a bed in the parlour.

At eight the next morning we were on the road again, and if the scenery was fine the previous day, it was now still finer, positively defying description. It must be seen and not described. The whole world seemed crowded with glorious tree-clad hills, the sun bringing into relief, or casting into deep shadow, the masses of greenery.

Beneath us we could see Lyell, an old mining settlement, merely one corrugated-iron street clinging precariously to the rocky mountain side.

At Inanguhua Junction the road forks, that to the left leading to Reefton, that to the right to Westport. The coaches from these two places had arrived before ours, and their passengers had been served with lunch, with the result that we were obliged to take their word for what the vegetables and sweets had been like. They had been good enough to leave us some very tough indigestible beef, and bread.

Our party divided here, some proceeding direct to Greymouth, via Reefton, and we others going through the lower Buller gorge to Westport.

We soon rejoined the river, and ran parallel to it over a road carved out of the perpendicular wall of rock, in places consisting simply of a groove in the face of the cliff, and those on the inner side had to be careful to duck their heads as we passed along. We drove under rough-hewn arches softened by trailing greenery, or through short tunnels, marvelling at the amount of labour expended on the making of such a road.

Superlatives have run short, and I can only say the scenic beauty we travelled through in the afternoon equalled, if not surpassed, in every respect what we had seen in the morning.

Creature comforts, or the lack of them, it must be confessed, make a more or less vivid impression on most of us, and now quite a different set of superlatives is required to

THE BULLER GORGE

describe the hotel at which, for our sins, we were forced to stay the night. The paper in my room was by slow degrees rolling itself off the wall; the appointments of the whole place were in the same shabby condition, and as I washed my hands, I read from a notice on the wall something to this effect:—

"Owing to the Labour Laws, on Wednesday dinner will be served in the middle of the day, and tea at seven o'clock."

Of course Wednesday was the day the coach arrived, so after a very poor lunch, a nondescript meal washed down by tea was all we could hope for. Colonials are more or less used to this sort of repast, but one of the Englishmen of the party was quite unaccustomed to such treatment, and audibly expressed his dissatisfaction. His anger knew no bounds when, on our return to Inanguhua Junction next day, he was served with a piece of the self-same beef which had nearly killed him the preceding day.

It is quite true that when travelling one must rough it at times, and most people do so with equanimity when necessary, but in very many cases out there it is gross carelessness. New Zealand has a fine asset in its glorious scenery, but if it wishes to tempt tourists from Europe or from home, it must take a leaf from the book of a Swiss hotel-keeper, and see that visitors at least have simple and comfortable housing, and civilized meals.

Well, as the mention of beef brought me back suddenly to the junction, I will continue my narrative from there.

The heat of the day was terrific, and when we stopped or moved slowly, it was almost unbearable, but anything is preferable to rain. From Inanguhua to Reefton the scenery is pretty and nothing more. We arrived there at 4.30 in time for the train to Greymouth, which all but myself took. Being of opinion that when fatigue sets in enjoyment ceases, I decided to remain where I was for the night.

Reefton is a quaint little gold-mining town which has seen better days. There is a medley of stores, all with wooden verandas projecting from the first floor over the foot-path beneath. No two adjacent houses are of the same

height, but all show a wanton degree of individuality in no way compatible with architectural beauty.

The hotel was in a typical street of this kind. It was evening, and close at that, and as I sat lazily looking from the windows of "The Empire," the hills that surround the town were all ablaze with burning trees, forming in the twilight a weird and awe-inspiring picture.

CHAPTER XII

REEFTON TO HOKITIKA

REEFTON is on the threshold of Westland, and as the train passes Brunner, travellers get an inkling of the industrial life of the people from the coal mines, belching chimneys, and smoke-blackened hillside, looking like a midget "Black Country".

This littoral of Westland, 250 miles long, with only an average width of twenty-seven miles, probably possesses more marvellous scenic elements in juxtaposition than any like proportion of land in any part of the world: illimitable forests; lovely lakes; glacier-reft mountains, and immense ice-fields.

Greymouth is a thriving coastal town with a long tidal river frontage. I spent only a few hours there on my way to Hokitika, a few miles farther on, the capital town of Westland. Formerly it was of considerable importance, but alas, its pristine glory departed with the gold. But although now, from a business point of view, it wears the air of a "has-been," nothing can rob it of its glorious surroundings.

The giant Mount Cook, 12,349 feet in height, and Mount Tasman, 11,473 feet, keep their watch over the town, although they are sixty miles away. The snow-clad ranges are equal in beauty to those in Switzerland.

A lady and gentleman staying in the hotel invited me to join their party for a day on Lake Mahinapua. We set forth in an oil launch, and had a slight tossing as we crossed the mouth of the tidal river, but this was of slight duration, as we soon ran into a flowing stream whose low banks were fringed with kahikatea bush, backed by clumps of tall flax.

About five miles brought us to the lagoon. We landed at a shed, and while the men were unpacking the luncheon

hamper, we women sauntered up as beautiful a bit of bush track as one could wish to see. Directly the midday meal was finished, we rejoined the boat and crossed the lake to Mirror Creek, justifiably renowned for its perfect reflections. It was very delightful gliding through the water, under overhanging foliage, and only by reason of the view being topsy-turvy could we distinguish which was reality and which reflection.

I was now bound for the Franz Josef Glacier, and a run of an hour by train brought me to Ross, where I slept the night, in order to be ready for the early start of the coach the following morning. It is only since the improvements in the main South Road that the beauties of this part of Westland have become accessible to the ordinary tourist, and even now it is not all plain sailing, especially in the summer season, when the rivers are swollen with melted snow.

Every one was now praying for a break-up of the drought, but I sincerely hoped their supplications would not be answered until I was again on the northern side of the turbulent unbridged Wanganui.

It was a glorious morning as I mounted the coach at the post office. We halted in our trot down the street to pick up a woman who was waiting for us, and just as we were leaving the last place of call, a jovial old Irishman, after an invitation to the driver to join him in a drink, got up alongside of us.

We made good progress, and the scenery was fine. The old Irishman, who proved to be one Mike Murphy, was returning home convalescent from the hospital. He hailed from Okarito, a decayed old digging town on the coast. In the heroic days of '65, when thousands of men flocked to the alluvial rivers, and golden-sanded sea-beaches, numbers came overland from Canterbury to Hokitika, by way of the rugged alpine passes, and many who started full of hope lost their lives in the snowy rivers ere reaching the goal.

The lucky ones are said to have come to the Okarito gold-buyers with "billies" full of gold-dust, gained from the sand of the auriferous beaches. I expect nowadays

Mike would be satisfied if he got a little pannikin full. At any rate, he and a few others still remain, and eke out a living somehow.

They work on the beach "combing" up the black sand, or titanite of iron, with which the flour-like gold dust is associated. This gold-bearing sand is washed down to the mouth of the rivers, and then tossed back up on to the beaches by the unceasing surf.

Mike could neither read nor write: he would not trust his money to a bank, but preferred to store it in tins which he secretly buried. He had been in hospital longer than he had calculated would be necessary, and had thus run short of money. He consequently had to divulge to a friend the location of a hidden tin, which was duly found and sent on to him. He wore a watch as part of the outfit of a self-respecting man, but its face was to him as a hidden problem of Euclid.

The woman at my side had been on a visit to her mother, who had died. She was well known all along the route, and friends came out at every stopping-place to offer a little sympathy. It was quite affecting at first, but after a time her constant repetition of the same response made it almost ludicrous.

As soon as the approaching friend was within ear-shot, my neighbour would murmur, "Yes, poor mother's gone". She kept this practice up for a day and a half, and towards the end of that time, it was as much as I could do to refrain from making a duet of it, for the sake of variety.

The day wore on, the greatest excitement being the crossing of the rivers, and how thankful we were that they were not in flood! The Wanganui, even when not in that condition, is not considered safe enough for passengers to cross on the coach. So we took a short walk through the bush, and presently arrived at the bank where we found a boat to ferry us across at a favourable point. Even that I should not care to do at all times. The force of the rapid current was truly terrific; we started up-stream, and were rushed across at an angle of about thirty degrees, and were thankful to grip the land on the other side. At times vehicles

cannot cross at all, and an old coach is kept on this side for cases of emergency. In such a contingency, passengers, unless sorely pressed, would not venture to proceed, but His Majesty's mail must be carried at all hazard.

No doubt by now the beautiful bridge which was then being constructed to span this dangerous river is finished, and one of the greatest risks on the route removed.

Hari Hari was our destination the first day, where "Yes-poor-mother's-gone" was persuaded to spend the night with a friend, and after letting her down, the coach drove on to the Accommodation House, two miles beyond the town.

We had heard a great deal about this "beautiful house". Well, it was like a third-rate little suburban residence on the outskirts of London, and the food was such as one might get at one of Lockhart's establishments.

My bedroom, the best in the house, was filled with all kinds of unnecessary and hideous dust accumulators in the form of antimacassars, "art" draperies, bead mats, china ornaments—one a wolf or a dog, I know not which, with a square hole in his back filled with dirty paper flowers.

The sitting-room was in the same style, with the addition of a few family memorial cards, framed and hung on the walls, and a volume or two of highly coloured and common "valentinish" picture post-cards on the table.

When will such people discover that what the traveller most appreciates is simplicity and cleanliness? In Norway, for instance, there would be a simple bed, a plain wooden table and chair, perhaps only a small mat by the bed-side; but then the floor of the room would be so clean and white that one never thought of its bareness.

There had been some ominous clouds visible on the horizon over-night, so I was agreeably surprised when I awoke in the morning to find the sun shining, and all as bright as ever. I could hear the voice of "Yes-poor-mother's-gone," so I knew there was no fear of leaving her behind.

By eight-thirty the horses were inspanned, and we were on the road again.

In these parts, where railways are unknown, the little public interest that exists centres round the weekly passing

of the coach. The people are on the watch, and come out to receive or dispatch letters, and incidentally to garner any news that may be going. The driver was an adept at throwing letters, or as is often the case, papers, into the appointed spot where the absentee will find them on his return home. The speed of the horses is not slackened as he swoops down, and snatches a letter from an extended hand, or whips a bundle of missives into an open box raised to a convenient height on a post, or nips a mail-bag from a nail at the side thereof. Tent-pegging or cutting off the Turk's head would be child's play to these sportsmen of the road.

At noon we drew up for the midday halt. The house seemed to be a holiday resort; anyway, there were two young girls, evidently visitors, sitting on the veranda, and by the time we gathered for the meal there was a goodly company.

"Yes-poor-mother's-gone" was left here with a further drive of some miles in store for her before she finally reached her home.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at the Forks, and it was here that Mike took his leave of us, and continued his journey on the Okarito coach. I hope he found all his tins where he left them.

During the morning we had picked up another passenger, an Inspector of the Postal Department, who sat on the box-seat beside me. Mike's departure started him off talking about West Coast experiences: one story I remember rather amused me.

It was the custom, he said, for an itinerant clergyman to visit now and again these mining centres, and hold a service. On the occasion in question the raconteur attended, but for some unaccountable reason the expected miners and diggers never turned up, so that he was the only one in the congregation besides the girl at the harmonium.

The service began, and then, explained the inspector, "I felt the clergyman was having it all his own way. But when we came to the reading of the psalms, then I was able to give him back as good as he gave. He read a verse at me, and I threw one back at him. But the starch was

soon taken out of me when I heard the parson whisper to the girl—'Can he sing?'"

Another of his stories was of an old coaster, under whose displeasure he had fallen. The old fellow was admonishing him in a strong Irish brogue, and wound up with the culminating accusation: "Lor, you're as bad as Julius Cæsar, who betrayed his Master with a kiss".

I hope it will not be inferred that while we were talking in this trivial manner the scenery was unheeded; it was far too attractive for that. Bush and mountain alternated with exquisite woodland lakes, and for miles we were on a road skirting either Ianthe, Waihapo, or Mapourika. I am sure any one of them would have repaid a closer inspection, but as the mail only passes once a week, a delay is not practicable.

Soon after leaving Mapourika, a view of an enchanting beauty was revealed as we turned and entered the Waiau Valley. With almost startling suddenness, the Alps in all their grandeur were spread before us. In the central gorge is seen between rocky scarps an immense down-sweep of glittering ice, no other than the Franz Josef Glacier.

Good hospitality awaited us at Batson's Accommodation House. Refreshed by a night's rest, I was eager to be off to explore the lovely surroundings, and having refused the company of a guide, I started alone. I very soon came to what was, to me, an almost insurmountable obstacle, in the form of a foot-bridge across the Waiau, more generally known as the Waiho, or "Swirling River".

The bridge is fragile in the extreme, 298 feet long, and between fifty and sixty feet above the water. The footway consists of two planks suspended by iron ropes and, as may be imagined, it sways considerably. Fortunately the planks are enclosed in a wire netting reaching up about three and a half feet on either side, and but for that I could never have contemplated crossing.

Once on the other side, I tried to banish the disturbing thought that I should have to re-cross on my return.

I passed a cottage or two and crossed a farm, and then encountering a track through the virgin bush, I wandered

MOUNT COOK

THE FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER

along the sylvan pathway, feeling as though I were in another world.

In places the sun penetrated, and lit up the foliage on either side. Here and there the forest opened out and, enframed by trailing greenery, could be seen lofty ranges shining in the burning sun, and enchanting peeps of the glacier.

In less than two hours I was at the usual hut to be found for the shelter of climbers, and gazing on a scene of indescribable grandeur. This flood of ice is only one of many which during centuries have gouged their way through the rocks from the ice-field above, which is one of the largest in the world.

The Fox Glacier lies about seventeen miles distant, and the distinctive feature of these two glaciers is the unusual contrast of the exceptionally white ice with the densely foliaged walls enclosing them, thick with white blossomed ribbon-wood, alpine broom, tree-ferns, pine-topped neinei, half-shrub, half-pine, and masses of flowering rata.

A short rest, with the delightful air from over the ice to freshen me, and I descended to the terminal face, only 700 feet above sea level, where the glacier breaks off suddenly into a high cliff of solid ice, 100 feet deep and half a mile wide. There is very little moraine, and one is at once on the broad white wavy field of ice.

One need be no climber to go about half a mile up, but of course a guide would be necessary. I strolled hither and thither to get different views, and as the sun got higher in the heavens and melted the ice, I could almost see the river getting fuller and more rapid. In summer it usually rises a foot during the daytime.

I sat in the shelter hut enthralled the whole afternoon, and did not move until the peaks of the distant mountains were enveloped, as in a night garment, by the misty clouds, which I took as a warning hint to be off.

On the way back I looked once or twice behind me, and caught the topmost snow-clad peaks pushing their heads through the clouds to have just one more peep of the world before finally retiring for the night, just as children who

love to come and have another "good-night" after they have donned their "nighties".

I neared the bridge, and pulled myself together for the crossing. This safely accomplished, I was soon at the hotel, having had a day after my own heart, alone with Nature.

The driver of the coach, which goes no farther than Batson's, has to proceed on horseback with the mails, to the Fox Glacier district. It takes him a day to go, and another to come back, thus giving passengers two days if they return by the same vehicle, or nine if they wait for the next.

Batson's had been quite full over-night. Mr. Seddon, son of the famous Premier, with a party of men, had ridden in the day before. They were on a parliamentary canvassing tour, and were to return as far as the Forks by the mail. The inspector was still with us, besides two tourists, so that we started for the first lap with an over-crowded conveyance. I, being the only woman, was unanimously allotted a box-seat, and the inspector, by virtue of his office, claimed the other.

Punctually at eight-thirty the driver took the reins, and off we went. The weather was glorious, and we had a good run to the Forks. There the Seddon party connected with the coach for the coast, and after a short pause to take on the mail, we were on the move again, and duly arrived at the midday station.

The girls we had seen here on the outward journey were now to join us on their way home. They gave quite a fillip to the spirits of the men-folk, and livened things up a bit for us all.

We again spent the night at Hari Hari and fared better. The next day the mails filled the coach, and the passengers were sent on in a large and comfortable wagonette. We again negotiated the rivers in safety, and I had a delightfully satisfied feeling of being on the right side of them when I was awakened that very night at Ross by the noise of torrential rain. But it proved to be only a spasmodic effort as the next day was as fine as ever.

By noon I was once more amid the comparative comforts of Hokitika.

CHAPTER XIII

HOKITIKA TO MOUNT COOK

A FEW hours by train brought me to Otira which is either the end, or the beginning—according to the direction in which one happens to be travelling —of the famous transalpine coach route connecting Westland with Canterbury. One can get from Greymouth to Christchurch in a day, but it is rather a long, tiring one, so that I preferred to spend a night at Otira, in order to be quite fresh and ready for the drive over the pass.

This is quite a frequented route, and on the arrival of the train towards noon, six coaches started with their full complement of passengers.

The road follows the tortuous course of the mountain torrent, crossing and re-crossing it over airily hung bridges. It is a tedious climb for man and beast, for of course all who are able to do so, walk. It is a marvel how the horses keep going at all, for notwithstanding the zigzag, it is an almost sheer ascent for three miles.

As far as the tourist is concerned the marvellous beauties of the gorge would compensate for much: the mountains on either side are densely wooded, much as they were on the Buller, and every turn of the snake-like road revealed a fresh picture. Here was a tangled mass of bush; there a slanting bank of shale and stones; now one saw limpid waterfalls and slopes of stately birch with perhaps a snow-capped peak towering over all, and glistening in the sun. Or we could look below, into a deep ravine, with lichen-bedded rocks overhung by ferns and creepers, and see the water rushing with all its might, lashing itself to a white foam of fury at being delayed in its course to the plains by so many rocks and boulders.

As we toiled upwards and approached the summit, the surroundings became more austere and barren. All around us were the alpine peaks topped by Mount Rolleston which soars above them all to a height of 7496 feet. Its side is scored by an immense glacier. Majestic high mountain cones are clearly cut against the blue heavens, and a keen air from the ice-fields greeted us as we reached the summit of Arthur's Pass, 3083 feet above sea level.

Curious dwarf trees are to be seen ; also gentians, the *celmisia* or mountain daisy, and *ranunculus lyalli* or mountain lily.

We all got aboard, and were warned to sit tight, as the driver gathered up his reins, and put his foot ready on the brake. Away we went, down the well-graded road on the other side of the divide.

We soon came to a part where workmen were blasting a tunnel through the mountain, which when finished will be five and a quarter miles long, and will form one of the points of interest on the train journey of the future.

From a slight eminence we could presently see the Waimakariri River, and the driver wisely took the precaution of seeing that all was securely in order before we descended to make the tedious crossing. The water is as nothing to the almost interminable river-bed of boulders. We rocked and swayed, and every moment seemed about to topple over, but at last our persevering exercise of limpet-like qualities was rewarded by a safe arrival on the other side.

Then, after a brisk run up an incline, we drew up at the Bealy Accommodation House. I went to see if my luggage, which was attached to another coach, was safe, and to my horror discovered that my holdall was missing. My inquiries were received somewhat jocularly, and I was cheerfully informed, as if it were a pleasant little joke, that "it fell off in the gorge". However I made a rumpus, and the proprietor of the coaches wired to Otira for a man on horseback to be sent in search of it. Fortunately it contained nothing of which I was in immediate want, and it was eventually discovered and returned to me not much the worse for its adventure.

The usual rough-and-ready meal was served and disposed of by the hungry crowd, and when all had finished, the journey was resumed to Springfield, where we entrained.

For about an hour the scenery was glorious. From the outside platform of the carriage exquisite peeps could be obtained of the rocky, rugged gorge through which we were passing, and of the intensely blue water in the depths below. Nature continuing in a prodigal mood, the day was brought to a close by a gorgeous sunset.

In a few hours we were at Christchurch, having journeyed in one day from the wildwooded hills and valleys of the west, over the glacial back-bone of the island, through one of the finest scenic routes in the world, to the well-settled pastoral lands of the Canterbury Plains. By many the Otira gorge is considered to surpass in beauty the Buller. Certainly it has more variety, but where both are so grand, if I were the umpire, I should certainly give it as a dead heat.

After an excellent night I set forth to the town on business intent. On my way out I passed the hotel proprietor lounging on a settee in the hall. With no pretence at rising, he nodded me a nonchalant good-morning, which aptly exemplified what my cousin's chauffeur once said to me in Wellington. He was a young fellow recently out from London, and sitting in front with him one day, I asked him how he liked the Dominion. "Very much," said he: "among other things, the conditions of life are easier, and *the social distinctions are not so marked.*"

That afternoon I had a six hours' journey by train to Fairlie, where I had promised myself two days' rest before setting off by motor for Mount Cook.

I learned during Monday that the passengers expected for the next day's motor trip to Mount Cook were friends from Dunedin.

We started at eight next morning and were soon jolted into place as we motored along at a rapid rate over—at any rate in the meantime—an excellent road. We were "the mail," so that bags were distributed along the way; in the early stages at offices, and afterwards thrown down on the

roadside, or, as in one instance, picturesquely hung on a peg formed by a horse-shoe nailed to a post. Once we halted at cross-roads where there were several people waiting for us, doubtless having come some miles from the outlying stations.

One pretty girl of about fifteen, the picture of health, hatless, and sitting astride a bare-backed steed, was the centre of attraction. Our chauffeur hung on to her reins, and chatted with her for some time after he had delivered to her the "station bag". I often wonder if the senders of these missives realize how they are received at the more remote outposts of the Empire.

We made the first real halt at Tekapo, and soon got over the forty miles to the next glacier-fed lake, Pukaki. Here we seemed within touch of the ice-clad mountain peaks, and were the Pukaki River bridged, we could soon have been at their base. However, as it is not, we were obliged to make a détour almost entirely round the lake.

When at last we turned our backs on the water we sped directly up the valley, which to the east and south is walled in by the Sealey Range, rising abruptly from the plain to a height of some 3000 feet, and culminating in Mount Sealey, 8631 feet. To the north-west, the ice-hung crags of Mount Sefton rise to an altitude of 10,000 feet.

Farther away to the right, looking as if it were suspended between heaven and earth, is seen an immense snowfield, which is known as Mount Cook, but which is more aptly and poetically named by the Maoris, who bestow on it the descriptive title "Aorangi"—"Bright Light in the sky".

We were fortunate in the day, as every crag was silhouetted against an azure blue background. After a while we came in sight of the "Hermitage," a Government Accommodation House, cosily sheltered against a wooded hill, which was our destination, having covered in almost record time the ninety-six miles from Fairlie.

We were now in the very heart and centre of this alpine paradise. Mount Sefton towered above us, and the distant roar of avalanches thundering down its snow cornices echoed and re-echoed among the mountains at all hours of

LOWER END, OTIRA GORGE

LAKE WANAKA

the day and night. One never tired of watching the "quick-change" turns, if one may so term the varying aspects of Mount Sefton, brought about by the diversity of atmospheric conditions. Its summit might be invisible for a time, owing to a passing cloud; then the next moment it would emerge in a rosy garment; or possibly present a hard and white outline against a metallic sky, but in all its multifarious aspects, it was never anything short of beautiful.

The Tasman Glacier, one of the largest outside the Polar seas, is like a colossal cascade of ice, more than a mile wide. It is a beautiful sight, and one that can be obtained fairly easily. From the Ball Hut, the first resting-place, one can proceed the next day up and across the gentle slope of ice for another eight miles to the Malte Brun Hut.

The Hooker Valley and Glacier can be explored, but of course the one crowning feat of all is the ascent of Mount Cook. Government guides are in readiness to conduct the visitor whither he will, and all the paraphernalia necessary is to be found on the spot. The atmosphere is extremely clear, and the air invigorating.

The scientific observer finds endless sources of interest, and the botanist is enchanted: yellow shamrocks, daisies, masses of chaliced lilies beside the running creek, rounded knobs of bright veronica, dwarf totara, and a thousand others, not forgetting the edelweiss which clings to the giddiest of brinks.

On the Sealey range, a botanic freak is found—the vegetable sheep. I was given a piece of the growth, and it was wonderfully like the wool of that animal. This shrub, really of the daisy family, is found on the shingle slips; it does not grow on the shingle, but on rocks which the stones have nearly covered. It has a thick woody stem, and strong roots, which spread over and penetrate the rock crevices. The stems branch and branch again, and their extremities are covered with tiny woolly leaves and all are pressed and tangled tightly into a convex mass.

Large examples form great hummocks, six feet long by

three feet across, and seen at a distance in numbers, a shepherd might be excused for taking them for his flock gone astray.

After four delightful days the time came for departure, and I left the Hermitage early in the morning with two other visitors. It was hard to tear oneself away, and we sat in the motor facing backward, so that we might see to the last all that was soon to be hidden from our gaze. We were now returning the way we had come, but I had decided not to retrace my steps farther than Pukaki, and from thence to branch off and motor to Pembroke on Lake Wanaka.

CHAPTER XIV

MOUNT COOK TO QUEENSTOWN

THE motor bound for Wanaka got away about four-thirty, traversing a flat plain for miles. The chauffeur was quite companionable, and could tell me all I wanted to know of the country we passed through.

We got to Omarama fairly late, and although the chauffeur had omitted to let the proprietress of the Accommodation House know that a passenger was on the way, she soon prepared me a good repast.

The chauffeur appeared with the motor promptly at eight o'clock next morning. After rushing over another ten miles of flat country, we were at the foot of the ascent over the Lindis Pass. Our forty-horse-power Darracq bore us bravely up some thousand feet to the summit, whence there was a marvellous view in every direction.

I had now motored over 200 miles without once hearing the hooter, which may give some slight idea of the solitude of the roads.

We passed many large and flourishing stations, the homesteads, more or less hidden in the trees surrounding them, looking like oases of human beings in this sparsely populated country.

We ran alongside the Lindis River through the gorge, presently noting the district where the first gold ever found in New Zealand was discovered. The fluming following the wall of rock still remaining, although in a very dilapidated condition, testified to the activity which once enlivened this locality.

We next became acquainted with the Clutha River, winding its way towards Cromwell. With Lake Hawea on our

right, we came to Albert Town, where our motor suffered the indignity of being taken over the Clutha on a punt.

Half an hour from this point we turned a corner, and the southern end of Lake Wanaka came in view, with the little settlement of Pembroke on its shores.

We alighted at the hotel, and I was shown into a very comfortable room, which opened into an old-world garden full of trees and shrubs. In the shade of an immense outspreading willow were placed lounge chairs, hammocks, and like temptations to idleness. Flowers made their fragrance felt, and beyond a walnut grove, one could see vegetables and fruit growing for future consumption.

Nobly resisting the whispering call of the leaves, I explored the neighbourhood. The lake is so land-locked at the Pembroke end as to appear quite small, although in reality it is thirty miles long. The little settlement is rather straggling and disconnected. It has, of course, its post office, library, and reading-room, also a hall in which, no doubt, anything of public interest takes place. There are one or two stores, and here and there a few private houses. These are all cosily grouped together. Then, quite aloof from all, standing in the middle of an empty plain, is the little English church and belfry. Again, a little farther back, among some trees, nestles the Presbyterian church with its red roof. These two places of worship were built in an optimistic spirit, which expected the town to grow and surround them, but that expectation has not eventuated.

I was anxious to see the whole of the lake, and if possible, stay a night or two at the farther end, but had not the time for an entire week, which could not be avoided if I went by the mail. Fortunately a new boat was just completed, and about to take some cargo up the lake, though not yet licensed to carry passengers. However, I was told I might go at my own risk, and in that way I could return on the mail after a couple of days.

I closed with this offer, and on a perfectly charming morning I took up my position in the bows, to see all there was to be seen. The "Kura" was a fifteen-ton boat, fifty-

six feet long, and eleven feet six inches in the beam, driven by a thirty-five break horse-power globe engine, worked by producer gas. It was the first boat driven by this power in New Zealand, and possibly Australasia.

There is much of Alpine beauty about Wanaka: the shores break abruptly from the deep blue water, and the mountains, 5000 to 8000 feet in height, are devoid of bush, so that after an hour's rush through the water, it was a pleasant change to see Pigeon Island, a long, well-wooded piece of land.

About eleven o'clock we turned into a small bay on the left, to call at Minaret station for some luggage. The proprietor had just died, and it was changing hands. The Captain told me the station consists of seven miles of lake frontage, and as far back as you please for a rental of £7 annually. It is leasehold property, held for perhaps twenty years, and then reverts to the Government. Its cheapness, he explained, was on account of the rabbit pest, and the distance from any market for the sheep.

While he was telling me these details, two small boys, who would have been in the nursery at home, were seen driving with all their might down the hill from the house, and over the beach to the landing-stage. This latter was truly primitive, and consisted of about six upright beams in the water, on which were placed a few planks. One of these nearly gave way, and I heard some one ask if there was a nail about. It struck me that if there were, it would be about as inadequate as a pin.

The young fatherless lads had been thoughtful enough to bring us down a large biscuit tin full of beautiful peaches, which were very acceptable.

The rest of the journey up the lake was extremely rough, and I was pleased to feel I was on the bigger boat. The configuration of the snow-tipped ranges, receding up the ravine, became wild and picturesque, the dark purple sides riven by water, and a madly rushing snow river flowing into the lake.

We landed at Makarore, and found Mr. Ewing with his cart awaiting me. After a drive of five miles up the

valley, we reached the little homestead of "Beachmont," named after the old home of my host in the north of Ireland. It is a charming little wooden house, obviously enlarged, but in such a way as to make it picturesque.

A veranda runs along one side, and my hostess, who met us on arrival, showed me into a spotlessly clean room at one end of it, and I inwardly remarked: "This is an ideal Accommodation House such as I have long been seeking".

I had breakfasted soon after seven a.m. and as it was now three p.m., the "inner man" was more than ready to be dealt with, and was satisfactorily restored after sampling some delicious home-cured ham, new-laid eggs, supplemented by home-made bread, butter, and jam.

Towards the cool of the evening, the two young girls of the house took me for a lovely walk through the bush to Fern Gulley, an enchanting spot which I should never have reached without their timely assistance.

A picnic was organized for the next day, when the cart was requisitioned and filled by the family including the daughter-in-law and her three small boys. We were able to drive about five miles, and after that there was only a bridle path, which by the way continues, under the name of the Haast Pass, to the West Coast, and comes out in the vicinity of the Fox and Franz Josef Glaciers. It must be an exquisite journey.

Leaving the cart, several of us walked on along the pass for a few miles, through just such another track as I have often described, and which I will not make boresome by repetition; but I cannot resist mentioning the profusion of ferns, and among them the umbrella variety, as well as the Prince of Wales' Feathers, which I cannot recall seeing elsewhere.

On our reunion we formed a merry party as we sat around the steaming "billy" amid the loveliest scenery imaginable. Mount Stewart with its perfectly white snow was alone worth coming to see.

The daughter-in-law was the Diana of the party, but she was not in luck that day; the wild pigeons did not show up, and the wild duck were difficult.

I sat with the family in the evening and enjoyed talking with them of the larger and outer world, about which they had kept themselves well informed. It was indeed good to meet with such a family right away in these back blocks. This peaceful home and all connected with it will long remain in my memory.

It was Saturday when I left, so the young school teacher from the neighbouring little settlement, who lived with the Ewings, was at liberty, and she and one of the family drove to the lake with me. The former, a girl in the very early twenties, was earning £96 per annum as teacher of the small school numbering sixteen or seventeen pupils, and £14 per annum for post-office work, which was not strenuous. The mail arrived and was dispatched once a week; and besides that she further had to attend at the post office for one hour per day, in case of a telephone message.

We and the "Elswick" arrived simultaneously at the pier. The Captain came ashore, and had an "al fresco" meal with us before we started.

We had a delightful run down, passing quite close to the narrow neck of land that divides Wanaka from the sister glacier-formed Lake Hawea. Both these lakes teem with brown trout, and in the vicinity of either the stalker finds excellent sport, but differing considerably from that enjoyed in Scotland, in that here the quarry often has to be pursued in thick forest.

We landed, in passing, at Pigeon Island, in order to see the remarkable phenomenon of a lake covering ten acres raised 500 feet higher than the water surrounding the island. The larger lake rises and falls with the season, but the upper one never varies its thirty-five feet of depth. It is also curious to learn that this little lake, fed from some subterranean source, has no visible outlet beyond an occasional and scarcely perceptible trickle.

The Captain guided me to the top and back, and after the walk of an hour and a half, we were both glad of the cup of tea which the engineer had prepared for us.

After this refreshment we made straight for Pembroke, and received a hearty welcome on our return to the hotel.

On Monday, the coach was timed to leave early in the morning, and those who were going, and those who were not, assembled in the yard, and watched the four good horses brought from the stables and inspanned. The chief excitement of the place is the arrival and departure of the mail.

The passengers took their seats, the driver counted his mail-bags and other parcels, drew on his over-coat as he issued all kinds of orders, and then mounted to his place, picked up the reins, and with a shout to the man at the horses' heads of "Right oh! let 'em go!" and a crack of the whip, we ran clear of the side-posts, and were out on the road and away.

For miles we traversed a flat road, crossing and recrossing a nearly dry river-bed. After a few miles, I turned and got a last lovely view of Mount Aspiring, 9995 feet high. Presently we stopped to put down a passenger, and picked up two wee children, the younger aged seven. We carried them four miles to school, and for the rest of the day I kept picturing the children tramping eight miles each day, week in and week out, in all weathers, over a rough and muddy road, in order to get the necessary schooling, and I wondered how fit they would be, after such fatigue, to receive it. The coach, during the summer months, can pick them up one way, three times a week.

About ten a.m. we drew up at the wayside inn at Cardrona, once a very busy gold-centre. The old woman who welcomed us had been in the place for forty years, and at the inn for twenty, so she could hardly be called a roving spirit. She recalled the days when there were at least 500 Chinamen alone in the place, taking all the gold they could, and, as she said, leaving very little behind. Their tea and stores they had brought with them from China. She was also sore on the point that opium, and not whisky, had been their particular fancy.

The scenery was now very barren naturally, and made more so by the scars and seams inevitably left where gold has been sought and found. After covering another stage of some ten miles, we came to three little wooden shanties,

which the driver called a suburb of Cardrona, and a few miles farther we passed a glorified bathing-machine, on which was written in white chalk, "Angel's Rest—To Let".

All this time we were plodding on to the top of the pass, over the Crown Range, and at last we reached the summit at an altitude of 4000 feet. One solitary man is stationed here to provide a change of horses. In response to my query as to how he liked the place, he summed up the situation in these words: "Oh, it ain't too bad: no one to growl at, at any rate, and plenty of fresh air".

The view was superb, and we started down with a unicorn team. The wind was high, and the gritty dust most trying to the eyes. How the driver managed to see where he was going was a mystery. Every mile we covered proved the wisdom of forbidding motors to travel over this pass. It was one of the most nerve-racking drives I have ever taken, and I do not think it kind or Christian-like for some pious person to take advantage of a positively sickening curve to paint in capital letters on the rock, "Prepare for Eternity". Lower down, the exhortation, "Go to Spinks for a hair-cut," was much more reassuring.

The driver also did his best to heighten the general effect by telling me tales of his experiences on this road: how on one snowy night the leader had slipped; or how another dark night it had stepped over the side of the road, and only by a miracle had the coach been saved from a plunge into the valley below. He expressed a hope that the "unicorn" would not play up to-day, a wish in which I heartily concurred.

About mid-way down, 2000 to 3000 feet above sea level, we came to the Terraces, immense fields of flourishing crops, and about the highest cultivated land, I should think, in New Zealand. The day was fine, and the view of the "Remarkables" and other mountains surrounding Lake Wakatipu was grand in the extreme.

On we went, and descended at last to Arrow Town, where we remained some time for the midday meal, after which we rattled along by the Shotover River and across the

bridge over the gorge. Then we ran smoothly along between acres of beautiful wheat and turnips, and approached the outskirts of Queenstown. The driver and the horses pulled themselves together, and arrived in great form at the post office where the mail was deposited, and a few minutes later we were at the door of Eckhardt's Hotel.

CHAPTER XV

QUEENSTOWN TO INVERCARGILL

LAKE WAKATIPU is the most accessible of the Southern or, as they are more generally termed, Cold Lakes, in contradistinction to the Northern or Hot Lakes.

These cold lakes are immensely deep, and their colour at times intensely blue. Wakatipu is fifty miles in length from Kingstown to Glenorchy, serpentine in form, and never more than three to three and a half miles wide. Like the other Southern lakes, it is supposed to fill a vast hollow formed by an ancient glacier, but unlike its near neighbours, Manapouri and Te Anau, its shores are not wooded, but have all the austere characteristics of Wanaka.

The range of mountains, seamed with a thousand dark ravines and sharp, jagged, snow-clad precipices, appropriately termed the "Remarkables," dominates Queenstown. This city of the lakes is picturesquely situated at the elbow mid-way between Queenstown, whence it is usually approached, and the head of the lake. The town enjoys a peculiarly dry and pure atmosphere, and is a capital centre for either walks, climbs, or drives.

We left it one bright, sunny morning by steamer for Glenorchy, at the head of the lake.

At Kinloch at the west side of the head of the lake, we had to take on various large pieces of furniture, which delays, combined with a slow boat, gave us plenty of time to enjoy the scenery, and instead of arriving at Glenorchy at eleven o'clock, it was nearly two before we got there.

The usual Accommodation House lunch was awaiting us, and as soon as this was disposed of, two or three other tourists and myself, who were going to Paradise House,

took our places on the coach for the twelve miles' drive thither.

After such a dry spell, neither Earnslaw Creek, nor the Rees River, presented any difficulties, and we were soon on the other side of both. We passed the marshy flat forming the mouth of the river, and across the valley we saw the rugged Humboldts, with a terminal face of glacier seen above the bush line beneath. In due time we reached a five-barred gate, which swung back on its hinges and gave entrance to a wood. Passing through this "Gate of Heaven," we travelled through an enchanting piece of birch bush, skirting the shore of Diamond Lake, whose waters we could see through the trees, shining in the sun. On its placid surface were reflected the protecting mountains which tower above it.

"What's in a name?" is often asked. I am persuaded that there is a good deal, and in support of my belief I will quote what I was told about a party of rather jovial tourists, who up to the time of their reaching "Heaven's Gate," had been singing loud and boisterous songs, but after passing the portal, they quietly subsided into a few hymns sung with much feeling.

On emerging from the bush, a villa of truly suburban aspect met our gaze, and we were told it was the newly erected and rival Accommodation House. Why, I wonder, do not people build, especially in such picturesque spots, something more in keeping with the glorious surroundings?

A little beyond this grandiose mansion, we could see nestling against lofty birch trees the grey roof of a long, low building, not obtruding itself to the detriment of its environments, but looking as if it had grown with its surroundings. This was Paradise House, our destination, and we were pleased to know that we were to be housed in harmony with the sylvan atmosphere of the place.

The four horses were soon brought to a standstill at a little white wooden gate, and descending, we walked up a path bordered with flowers of various hues, bushes of white daisies, chrysanthemums, Japanese anemones, roses, and many other flowers in the greatest profusion.

THE "REMARKABLES," LAKE WAKATIPU

Turning to the right we got a near view of the aforementioned grey roof and what lay beneath it, namely a low building of light yellow painted wood, with a pretty veranda, and on entering heard the cheering announcement that "tea will soon be ready".

By and by I was installed in a delightful little building standing by itself in the garden. It consisted of one room and a covered veranda, and was known as the "Honeymoon Cottage". I felt I was taking rather a mean advantage in accepting the luxury without the drawbacks of the accepted conditions associated with the room.

I was warned of the possibility of harmless nocturnal intruders, and I was told I must not be surprised if an opossum entered my room, or wandered underneath the flooring at night. I must confess that when I heard the deep breathing, and felt the proximity of one of these animals in the seclusion of my room, I was tempted to feel that a "drawback" might after all have been of some service.

From my open door I could look down the garden-path when daylight came, and see a wealth of trees and bushes behind the flower borders: laburnum, walnut, purple and white lilac, red hawthorn, laurustine and rhododendron bushes, barbary and holly. And among fruit trees, pears, apples, currant bushes, and everything in the greatest profusion.

The season was drawing to a close; nevertheless there were still many visitors staying at Paradise. Among them was a lady who, with her husband, many years ago really discovered the charms of this beauty spot, and chose it for a residence, in fact the nucleus of the present building was their own little country home.

I had had the pleasure of meeting this lady in Dunedin, and it was delightful to find her here, where she knew every inch of the ground, and we had many fascinating walks and talks about the enchanting place.

The present proprietor, Mr. Aitken, and his wife were formerly in the service of this lady and gentleman, and waited upon them when in residence. After many years

the original owners, needing it no longer, conceived the idea of converting it into an Accommodation House. They therefore passed it over to Mr. and Mrs. Aitken, in whose hands it has developed into the present successful tourist resort.

They had two sons and one daughter. One son was drowned in the lake so near his home: the other is still with his parents, and so is the daughter, Poppet, who is now married, and a little boy toddles after her wherever she goes. Born and bred in the place, Poppet, as may be imagined, knows every creek and cranny for miles around. She is as good a guide up Mount Earnslaw as any man, and has driven the mail to Glenorchy through biting winds and flooded rivers without turning a hair. The Aitken family seem part of the place, and I trust their name will be connected with it for many generations yet to come.

I found a congenial spirit in one of the visitors, and provided with sandwiches, we started out one day for a long walk. Immediately in the rear of the house we entered the beautiful bush, where foot-tracks lead to various nooks and points of view beyond. A winding path to the right tempted us to wander on under the tall and stately birch, or mountain beech trees, whose uplifted canopy of green afforded us a cool shelter from the fierce rays of the sun.

It matters not how hot it may be in the valley; in these sylvan alleys it is always cool and delightful. An all-embracing peace possessed us. Not a footfall was heard as we wended our way over paths made soft and silent by much fallen beech-mast, leaves, and twigs. If it is early morning when one wanders forth, an aromatic fragrance exhales from stem and leaf so recently bathed in mist. It is equally delightful to stroll about after dark, and find a world of beauty in the favourite haunts of the dryad, lighted by myriad glow-worms.

The hours passed swiftly in the lovely glade, and we were reminded that the sun was getting high when we looked up and saw that it was finding its way through a break in the branches above, and throwing a golden shaft of light

athwart our path. The silence was scarcely broken by the rustle of a falling leaf, or the movement of an insect in the jungle undergrowth. The only really arresting sound was the liquid note from one of the many birds who find a home in this enchanted wood. These birds are remarkably tame, and will sometimes perch on an umbrella, or on a stick one may be carrying over the shoulder.

There is something particularly fascinating in a forest of birch trees. When we raised our eyes skyward, the branches appeared like giant sprays of maiden-hair fern, and the general effect of this light and delicate foliage is exquisite in the extreme, and a pleasant contrast to the heavier and darker foliage of other bush.

Yet with all its glory, we were ever and anon reminded that there was old age and decay even here, when we came across some huge fallen giant, and noted how kindly Nature had hastened to cover his discomfiture by a checkered robe,—lichens—silver, orange, and lemon—with the most exquisitely vivid emerald green mosses. Even the tenacious "bush-lawyer" has done his best to help, by trailing backwards and forwards, and throwing forth his light-green leaves and yellow flowers.

Other trees, mortally wounded by long past storms, were lying prone against a younger generation. On every hand in this prolific country are seedling birches, fragile saplings which one day will fill the spaces above when the parent tree has fallen before the stress of weather.

"The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees," although it predominates, is not the only kind growing in these parts. For instance, there is seen at intervals the iron tree, or rata, the broad-leaf, on which the cattle feed, the totoran, and the celery, as well as pines which grow to a great height.

All this time we had been getting nearer and nearer to the river, and when we re-emerged into the open, the whole valley of the Dart was spread out before us. We saw a track through tussock and green bracken, leading to Mount Alfred, from the summit of which a scene of wild magnificent beauty is revealed. Five lakes, besides rivers and

valleys, all hemmed in by stupendous ranges; peaks and summits 6000, 7000 and 8000 feet above the valley, are included in the wide view one gets from this altitude, but it is a full day's excursion to the top of Mount Alfred, and in the meantime we only followed the track for a short distance, and mounted an eminence whence we got a fine view up the valley.

In the foreground at our feet stretched a flat expanse of silver sand, its surface broken by serpentine streaks of milky blue water, some wide, some narrow. The eye, following well-wooded peninsulas jutting out into the sand, is gently led to the source of these streams, rushing with tremendous force from the ice-fields beyond.

The farther banks are densely wooded far up the rocky sides, and beyond, alluring in their majesty, stand Mounts Chaos and Knox on the one side, Mount Earnslaw and the Barrier Range on the other, and the Cosmos Peaks straight ahead. It is a view that would be difficult to surpass in any part of the world, and withal so easily approached. I revisited the spot several times, and never tired of watching it in all its varying moods.

Another day I joined a driving excursion up the Rees Valley, where we got a magnificent view of Earnslaw's highest peak, which is not visible from Paradise House. We returned thither through "Purgatory," i.e. the riverbed. Just before regaining the main road we saw a solitary house, and the driver volunteered the suggestion that the owner would be pleased to see us, so we paid him a visit, which proved to be of unexpected interest. This lonely New Zealander farms the land around him, but his chief interest is collecting curios. His wooden house is somewhat dilapidated, and from the outside one would never guess it harboured such treasures as we found inside.

He possesses a marvellous collection of Maori chisels, battle-axes and clubs, numberless pieces of greenstone, precious coins, and a string of bone rings from a moa's wind-pipe. (The wind-pipe of other birds is formed of gristle.)

Our host, a bachelor, lives entirely alone, but he hospit-

ably offered us tea. Our time, however, being limited, we accepted instead a dish of beautiful peaches, pears, and apples which he hastily gathered from the trees, and then, bidding him farewell, we were soon on our way back, through the Gates of Heaven to Paradise.

Paradise is every inch worthy its name, and weeks could be agreeably spent in exploring the beauties either far or near. One feels sorry for the ill-advised or hasty visitors, who are brought up from Queenstown on over-crowded conveyances, and are given about two hours in a place where at the very least they should stay as many days, or better still, weeks.

They should be wise, and select the old and ever-delightful Paradise House, with its attractive situation. There is an old-time feeling about the place which at once attunes one to the surroundings. Everything is in harmony : even the horses I saw in the paddock were born in the " Garden of Eden," and marked in large letters on their cloths were the names " Adam " and " Eve ".

Fresh milk, eggs, chickens, bread, and Devonshire cream made by Mrs. Aitken, a Devon-born woman, are among some of the more material delights of the place.

The summer was now drawing to an end, and before its close I had promised myself a visit to Stewart Island. I had therefore, very reluctantly, to take my leave of Paradise, and find my way by boat to Kingstown, and thence by train to Invercargill and the Bluff.

CHAPTER XVI

STEWART ISLAND

THE most southern of the New Zealand pleasure resorts is Stewart Island. It is so beautiful that as I approached it towards the end of my tour of the Dominion I felt inclined to apply to it Kipling's description of Auckland; and I still think of it as "the last, loneliest, exquisite apart".

It is separated from the Bluff by some twenty-two miles of sea known as the Foveaux Strait. This water can make itself as unpleasant as the British Channel at its worst, and the disagreeableness is intensified by the inferior and inadequate boat service. For the greater part of the year there is only a weekly service of a tug, with practically no provision or accommodation for rough weather.

A story is told of a lady asking another if she knew the Bishop of Dunedin. The answer came thus doubtfully: "Do I know the Bishop? I wonder? At any rate I have shared a tin with him crossing to Stewart Island."

However, personally I had a delightful passage in both directions, so I was saved from participating in any of the harrowing experiences which I had heard were common on an average trip.

Soon after leaving the Bluff we saw a few miles eastward the historically interesting Ruapuke Island, once the gathering place of the Southern Maoris in time of war. Here may be seen the grave of Tuhawaiki, or "Bloody Jack," the last of the great Southern Maori chiefs.

Passing other less interesting islands, the stretch of land which at starting was difficult to trace, assumed more definite form: mountain peaks were outlined against the sky; promontories and craggy cliffs were distinctly seen;

HALF MOON BAY, STEWART ISLAND

sparkling sandy beaches became visible, and soon we entered the beautiful harbour of Half-moon Bay.

Winding our way between schooners, ketches, cutters, and other small craft, we noticed, backed by beautiful native bush, the little township of Oban, with its semi-circular street following the outline of the bay. Dotted promiscuously about are residences, boarding-houses, shops, school, and post office.

Erected each on its respective hill, one to the right and one to the left, stand like sentinels the Anglican and Presbyterian churches.

While we were mentally imbibing all this, the Captain brought us alongside the wharf, crowded—if one may use the term regarding such a sparsely populated locality—with the major part of the inhabitants, to whom the arrival of the tug is the event of the week.

Raki-ura, "Isle of the glowing sky," is what the Maoris call Stewart Island. To me it was an emerald isle set in an opalescent sea. It is vaguely triangular in shape, its extreme length and greatest breadth being respectively thirty-nine, and rather over twenty miles. Roughly estimated, it contains some 665 square miles, densely wooded, and in parts mountainous. The energetic traveller, who wishes to scale Mount Anglem, an extinct volcano with a small lake near the top, must land at Christmas Village, fifteen miles west and north of Half-moon Bay, whence there is a good tourist track to the summit, 3200 feet high.

"The island is rich in history of the old adventurous days, when trading brigs and schooners from Sydney-side lay with boarding-nettings up, and loaded carronades run out for fear of the cannibal savages; and when more than one European crew were cut off, clubbed, and eaten; when whalers and sealers from overseas scoured its waters and off-shore islets, and came to a cautious anchorage in many a secret cove.

"All along the coast there are names of romantic and suggestive import, names in which the writer of 'Treasure Island' would have revelled, such as 'Hidden Island,'

'Murder Cove,' 'Port Adventure,' 'Fright Cove,' 'Misery Bay,' and many more in the same strain."

Some of the ex-whalers and sealers are still to be found in the neighbourhood, but the ancient industry is now extinct. Fur seals are occasionally seen, but the reckless slaughter that went on in early days well-nigh exterminated them.

As far back as 1809 vessels returned to Sydney from South New Zealand with cargoes of from 10,000 to 13,000 skins each.

In 1823 a New South Wales Government vessel, the brig "Elizabeth Henrietta," was wrecked on Ruapuke, and the wreck is said to have been the means of introducing mice into the Island. The Maoris had never seen this agile little animal before, and to this day it is quaintly called a "henrietta," or as the native tongue puts it, "hinereta".

The fishing station of Port Pegasus, named after the sealing ship "Pegasus," a vessel from Sydney which was in these waters in 1809, is about forty miles east and south of Half-moon Bay. Here is situated one of the two Freezing Works on the island, run by water-power, the frozen fish being sent to Australia in great quantities.

Among minerals, gold, tin, and scheelite are to be found.

In one of the bays of this deep, land-locked harbour, surrounded by weird and magnificent scenery, Captain Nias of H.M.S. "Herald" in 1840 hoisted the British flag, and proclaimed Queen Victoria Sovereign over Stewart Island, in virtue of the discovery of this part of New Zealand by Captain Cook in 1770. Captain Stewart, after whom the island is named, was the "Herald's" pilot.

There are innumerable places of interest round the coast, but unfortunately I was not able to go so far afield, as it was late in the year, and most of the boats were employed by the fishing fraternity, it being the height of their season.

Nevertheless it was possible to make some interesting excursions in the near neighbourhood. No matter which way one turned, the path without fail led to some delightful spot, and each walk possessed a distinctive charm.

One especial excursion there was which stands out from

all the others in my memory, and that was a day spent in Ulva Island. I had remarked one morning to the engineer of the little launch which carried the local mails and ran pleasure excursions, that the hasty visit usually paid to Ulva Island was not long enough to allow one to see the beauties of the place, and that I should like to spend a whole day there.

"Well," he said, "if you are remaining here over next mail-day, I can take you over when I fetch the bags, and leave you there until I return with the incoming mail."

This I thought an excellent idea, and closed with him at once. When the day arrived, I was glad to find that two other ladies from another boarding-house were also going to take advantage of the arrangement.

The morning dawned bright and promising, and we set forth gaily to traverse the narrow neck of land lying between Half-moon Bay and Paterson Inlet. On descending the hill to the other side, we came upon the little wharf of Golden Bay, and alongside the "Moata" was waiting for us.

A little throbbing movement, a slight puffing from the engine, a sharp whistle, and we had left the wharf behind us, and were cutting our way in fine style through the waters of the inlet. I had many excursions on this delightful piece of water, and it always reminded me of the inland Sea of Japan on a small scale. It is reputed one of the finest harbours in the Dominion, and is twelve miles long with an average width of three miles.

Our course was directed to that part of the "Neck"—a settlement of about a hundred Maoris and half-castes—where the mail is left and collected. We sped right up to a rocky landing, and found the mail-box enclosed in an erection somewhat like a glorified meat-safe. The important correspondence was soon safely on board, and the nose of the "Moata" pointed to our destination—Ulva.

This beautiful island lies a little within the inlet, and covers an area of about one square mile. On it is situated the most southern post office in Australasia, if not in the world. It is a Crown scenic reserve, with the exception of a section owned by Mr. Walter Traill, one of the old resi-

dents of these parts. It is also a sanctuary and happy breeding and feeding ground for native birds, being rich in the berries that they love.

After disembarking at the landing-stage in front of the post office, the most important matter was the mail, and while that was being attended to, we made a cursory survey of the near surroundings. We passed down an avenue over a path thickly covered with pine needles to one of the many dainty little beaches which break the outline of these picturesque shores.

We had been warned that the only resident of the island was not always profuse with his welcome to strangers, so that we were anxious to open our acquaintance with him in the gentlest possible manner. As we re-approached the house, we saw the owner strolling about with a pipe in his mouth. This latter we took to be a good omen: salutations were exchanged, and we felt at once that the ice had been broken in a satisfactory manner.

As it was scarcely time for lunch, the Solitary One suggested, or on second thoughts, perhaps we did, that we should like to see the whale which we were told was on the shore, and which our olfactory organs had assured us was not far away.

Lady No. One only got a few yards on the road, when she felt she was near enough ; Lady No. Two went about as far again, when she confessed to a diminution of her curiosity about the matter ; Lady No. Three boldly passed the putrifying monster and got to windward of it, where other senses than the olfactory could have their turn.

The Solitary One had driven in stakes and made a temporary stand on which he was erecting the skeleton of this erstwhile denizen of the deep, which had been washed up on to the beach. I noticed that some of the joints, which I expected to see smooth, were quite rough, and was told they had been gnawed by rats, which accounted for the tin cans which had been flattened out and nailed round the stakes, so that the rodents could not climb up for the appetizing meal.

The Solitary One had nearly completed his gruesome

task. The whale measured fifty-one feet long, and its jaw was eleven feet seven inches in length. Everywhere the Solitary One went, he was accompanied by the odour of the whale, indeed he seemed saturated with it. Later in the day he told us he was not feeling quite up to the mark, and he wondered if the whale was proving too much for him. We thought it quite likely.

We had our picnic lunch under a tree overlooking the water, and afterwards our host started us on a walk to Boulder Beach. He accompanied us some way, explaining to us the different trees and plants, whence brought, and when planted.

He pointed out a glorious *Pinus Insignis* of only twenty-nine years' growth; a beautiful palm, *Cordyline Indivisa*, or "Titoi" as the Maoris call it, very like the cabbage palm; a stately *Panax*, or lance-wood, which makes excellent walking sticks; a beautiful shrub with a bell-shape heath flower, and many others too numerous to mention.

He then left us, and we wandered on by ourselves through the most perfect bush track imaginable. The undergrowth is very dense: luxuriant tree-ferns have pushed their way through it, and stand erect and beautiful. Part of the way lay over a ridge whence one could look down on either side, into the depth of this diminutive primeval forest.

The path was covered by an endless variety of moss and fallen leaves. Here and there were patches of growth carrying a bright red berry, and ever and anon one would step aside to avoid crushing the sweetest little lavender-coloured fungus, and perchance at the same time the homestead of a happy fairy family.

The moon was full that night, and I longed to lie hidden and watch to see how the inhabitants of this eerie world would deport themselves. It would be no great stretch of imagination to picture a silver carpet o'er-lain with dew, and on it forest fairies revelling and holding their elfin court. In fact, I could almost hear the weird music of the woods, and follow the movements of a thousand tiny feet flitting hither and thither in wild delight. One is almost

compelled to picture something of this kind: it is so difficult to believe that such beauties were created for the ordinarily indifferent and unappreciative human; or for those who can enjoy it, but only get the chance at rare intervals.

Amid all this beauty there is also a touch of pathos on this small island. In a little sequestered spot one can see the last resting-place of the two former residents. The grave is marked by a neatly cut stone, shaped and the inscription carved by the hands of the loving and devoted husband who now lies beneath with the partner of his solitude.

On arrival back at the post office, we were regaled with tea accompanied by gramophone music, whilst we sat in the hall in close proximity with a pickled lizard, hermit crab, stray apples, tobacco, the leg-bone of a moa, and of a South American rhea. Underneath the bench over which these curios were distributed were three empty packing cases, lined with sacking for the three pet dogs.

Stored more carefully was a very valuable collection of minerals: amethysts, opals, onyx, agate, amber, beryl, bismuth, jasper, gold-ore, garnet, mica, lapis lazuli, and countless others.

The Solitary One can evidently turn his hand to anything: I saw a sewing machine in the corner of the room, and I had previously noticed in his workshop an iron foot for boot-making or mending; and he is also furnished with a blacksmith's bellows. The house is kept in perfect condition, and it is hard to believe that all is done by masculine hands.

The boat from the Bluff that day was late, so that it was quite five o'clock before the "Moata" returned with the incoming mail. We had no regrets on this account, the time spent on the island being all too short as it was.

Mails and a few stores being expeditiously landed, we were forced to make our adieux and depart, leaving the Solitary One to the companionship of his thoughts. He had been very agreeable, and made our short visit a delight. We left convinced that the reports of his disinclination for visitors was in a great measure due to the character of the visitors themselves.

As we started, the engineer suggested that instead of being immediately landed at Golden Bay, we should go with the mail to the North Arm Mills at the far end of the inlet. This required thought, and pros and cons were debated. The only point that weighed with me was whether the moon would clear itself of the clouds at that moment enveloping it, as otherwise it might not be worth while. I saw the others were anxious to go, so the decision was made to prolong this delightful day's outing by another three or four hours on the water.

First we had to deposit the mail-bag at the Neck, and when we turned our course, everything became enchanting. The moon exerted herself, and getting clear of the clouds shone forth in her full glory, shedding a light almost equal to that of day.

On we glided, past islands designated by such benign names as Faith, Hope, and Charity; small bays, coves, hidden creeks, peninsulas, and rocks only large enough to accommodate three or four trees. All these were reflected in the calm and placid water as though it were midday.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten evening.

The Mills are situated nearly half a mile from the wharf, and owing, I suppose, to the lateness of the mail, no one was down to meet it. We knew there were two or three people remaining there over the Easter holidays, and we tried in vain to attract their attention. Either they were too soundly asleep, or our Coo-ees had not sufficient carrying power, although their echo and reverberation among the surrounding hills seemed loud enough to awaken the dead.

While we were still coo-ee-ing for the mere pleasure of hearing the echoes, the two men-folk were conveying the week's freight and mail up a very dilapidated ladder with only the two top rungs left, an awkward proceeding at low water. Once on the wharf, it had to be carried to some sheds and placed under cover.

This done we began our return journey, and in about an hour and a quarter, we drew up and landed at the wharf of Golden Bay, which we had left just twelve hours earlier.

During the last few minutes on the water, the moon had shown signs of mistiness, and as we landed we fancied we felt a few spots of rain, but luckily it was a false alarm, and we arrived home perfectly dry.

Another well-remembered day was when the Rev. and Mrs. Goertz took me for a cruise in the little Mission electric yacht "Columba". We sailed north-westward, past Horseshoe Bay, to Port William, a famous old whaling rendezvous described by Mr. Frank Bullen in the "Cruise of the Cachalot".

It was here that English, American, and Colonial whalers cruising in the Foveaux Strait were wont to tow their catches and "try out" for a spell. On one occasion, between thirty and forty years ago, as many as eight whaling vessels were anchored together in this sequestered harbour, and Mr. Bullen was then serving on board one of them.

Stewart Island Mission includes work done for both white and native population. It is supported by the voluntary offerings of the Anglican residents, and by grants from the Maori Mission, and General Church Funds. The priest in charge is expected to visit all centres of population whose distance does not make it impracticable. Ruapuke and the Neck are included in his sphere, so that it was very fortunate, as well as economical when he happened, as this one did, to hold a Master's certificate.

The church is endowed with fifty-six acres of land fronting on one of the loveliest beaches in Half-moon Bay. This land, in future years, is likely to become a valuable endowment, but at the present time it is unleased, and burdened with a mortgage.

On Te Marama Island, shaped like a mummy, and Bunker's Island, lying off the entrance of Half-moon Bay, are a few houses, owned, and in the mutton-bird season, inhabited by natives, and these also have to be visited by the Missionary.

On the chance that the great majority know as little as I did about these birds, I will devote a short space to the subject. The birds, I was told, visit the various islands in

October, put their old nests in order, make fresh matrimonial arrangements, and then leave again, returning on 26 November to lay their eggs in holes like rabbit-burrows, and Maori lore has it that they never fail in this home-coming, any more than the pekaha fails to join, if possible, the family circle on Christmas Day.

The native avers that year in and year out, the females begin to lay their eggs on the date mentioned and the young birds are with equal punctuality hatched on 25 December. These remain in their warm nests well supplied with food by the parent birds, and become extremely fat, so fat that they cannot fly. The parents know that this will not do, as they will have to migrate to warmer climes later on. Therefore about April the youngsters are put on short commons, so that they may consume their own fat, and be in a fit state to use their wings by about the middle of May. At that time they swarm north by millions, and the islands are quickly deserted. From 17 May to the following October not one is to be seen, which shows how methodical this palatable bird is.

The natives, knowing so well their customs, begin about March to take up their abode on the islands apportioned to them by the Native Land Court. Men, women, and children go mutton-birding, as our east-enders go hop-picking, and the expedition is one prolonged picnic.

The fowlers, after preparing their camp, set to work to gather large quantities of giant sea-kelp, and by splitting the thick leaves, form kits or baskets in which to place their victims. The birds, when caught and killed, are preserved by salting and smoking. They are then packed tightly in the baskets, the interstices of which have been filled by mutton-bird fat. The kit is then sheathed in totara bark, and thus dealt with, the titi or birds will keep for months.

Being taken when they are so fat, they make very rich meat, in fact far too rich for most Europeans. The flesh has a strong fishy flavour, but well cooked makes very good eating. In form they are rather like large plump Bordeaux pigeons. It is a paying industry: while I was at Invercar-

gill there arrived at the Bluff a boat which had gathered in from five islands thirty mutton-birders with a cargo of kits containing 77,000 birds, which at the current market quotation of 4½d. each, represents a value of £1443.

The whole season's catch, when all told, they expected would total 115,000. They reckoned this fairly satisfactory, although they said the birds had not seemed quite so plentiful as in former years.

The fortnight which I allowed myself for Stewart Island sped away all too quickly, and taking advantage of the fine weather, which might at any moment break up, I took my leave of the enchanted isle.

The strait was like a mill-pond as I returned to the Bluff. From there I journeyed eighteen miles by train to Invercargill, where I had a hospitable host and hostess awaiting me.

I met very pleasant people here. One lady, who with her husband and family lives half the year on their station at Mount Gambier in South Australia, kindly invited me to visit her there, and I sincerely hoped my plans would allow of it. As events turned out they did, and the time I spent there will be described later.

Returning to Wellington I was in a whirl of entertainments: bridge parties, teas—both morning and afternoon, motor excursions, and so on; but I felt I must really pull myself together and make a start for Australia.

It can easily be imagined that after eighteen months' complete enjoyment and pleasant intercourse with interesting residents throughout the length and breadth of the land, it required a strong effort of will to break the chain of friendly links. But a day came early in August when I said good-bye to a host of relatives and friends, and my steamer drew away from the wharf and made for the ocean.

I like to think that on leaving this England of the Southern hemisphere, feelings of friendship and regard were established between myself and others that, at all events as far as I am concerned, neither time nor distance can obliterate.

We left New Zealand on Friday afternoon, and by sunrise on the following Tuesday we were all on deck to see the beauties of one of the finest harbours in the world.

Sydney, the Queen of the South Pacific, lay just ahead, and we were soon alongside one of her busy wharves.

AUSTRALIA

CHAPTER XVII

SYDNEY TO WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND BACK TO ADELAIDE

TO Australia—by far the largest section of Australasia—belongs the distinction of being at once an island and a continent; and further, we are told that it can claim seniority of existence, in that it has stood longer above water than any other known portion of the habitable globe.

Roughly speaking, rather more than half the country lies within the temperate zone. Consequently, the variations in climate, customs, and produce, are very marked; and I travelled from the land of the apple, apricot, plum, strawberry, currant, and blackberry, to that of the pine-apple, mango, vanilla, coffee, cocoa, and sugar-cane.

One passes almost imperceptibly through this diversity of climatic conditions, for there are no natural geographical boundaries in the way of gigantic mountain ranges or colossal rivers to bar the way.

It is by comparison with what we know that we reach a juster estimate of the unknown; and it brings home to us the immensity of the continent when we remind ourselves that there is as much difference between the South of Australia and the North of Queensland, as between, let us say, England and Ceylon.

Formerly the insufficiency of water was a great drawback to the progress of the country, but since it has been discovered that large quantities can be found at a depth of less than 200 feet, artesian borings have been very generally resorted to with marked success.

AUSTRALASIA (EXCEPTING NEW ZEALAND)

On my first visit to Australia, fifteen years previously, we landed for a few hours at Albany, and one feature of the place that stands out in my memory above all others is a monument at the Cross Roads, which marks the grave of a man who was executed—or put to death—for daring to wash his face or person with the precious water so much needed for the preservation of life. Such laws are not entirely obsolete, even now, in the Never Never Land.

The continent is divided into six States: Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Northern Territory, with their respective capitals, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, and Port Darwin.

By comparison with the towns of New Zealand, Sydney and Melbourne strike one as quite bustling places, as indeed they are, Sydney being about as large as Birmingham or Baltimore; and Melbourne is not far behind.

Sydney is the commercial capital of Australia, and by virtue of its extensive trade, the fifth port, in importance, of the British Empire after London, Liverpool, Cardiff, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. What effect Canberra, the new Federal Capital, will have on these two cities is impossible to predict.

Sydney has an exquisite and unique situation. Its water-side suburbs are spread over the harbour, and many fortunate residents have their lawns sloping to the water, with boat-houses and private landing stages.

Circular Quay is the centre of the ferry and tram systems, both of which are excellent. The harbour by moonlight is enchanting: the lights of the city gleam brightly, and the powerful electric arcs which outline the maze of the Quay are repeated in the water. A huge liner or two along the wharves add their illuminations, and the ferry steamers, ever hurrying to and fro, crowded with pleasure-seekers, are brilliantly lighted, and their broken reflections colour the water.

The immediate surroundings of Sydney are delightful. Six weeks soon fled, leaving behind reminiscences of much friendly hospitality. I made many excursions to beauty

spots in the near neighbourhood, reserving those farther afield for my return. Business was not neglected, and two lectures worked to a successful issue. Galleries—and there are some fine pictures—Museums, Libraries, Public Schools and Institutions were visited, and my dissipations included operas, one being the first night of Melba's season.

The queue for the gallery at 7s. 6d. was a compact mass of humanity, patiently waiting for many hours before the crowd was admitted at two o'clock in the afternoon. In the evening, when I arrived, I was amazed to hear the notes of an ordinary piano, and thought, "Well, this is a fine prelude to Grand Opera!"

And then I discovered that earlier in the day, a piano had been taken to the gallery, and the occupants had whiled away the hours by singing and playing popular music. The management also served round afternoon tea, which was doubtless much appreciated. Then followed a threepenny bit (these coins abound in the Colonies) collection, with which a bouquet was bought, and I was just in time to see it let down from the gallery, by a wire, to an attendant below, to be handed, at a fitting opportunity, to the Prima Donna, who at the end of the evening made her final thirty or forty bows behind a veritable wall of flowers.

The opera was "La Traviata" with McCormack as the tenor. Melba had for many years desired to produce Grand Opera with a worthy caste in the land of her birth, and I think her public-spirited efforts were a complete success, and met with the support the enterprise so well merited.

At the time of my visit, Sydney was well favoured with "stars" both in the musical and theatrical worlds. Besides the Grand Opera Company, H. B. Irving and Dorothea Baird, Miss Ethel Irving, and a little later, Ben Davies, were all delighting crowded houses.

The Queen Victoria Club, or "Women's Liberal League," entertained Miss Ethel Irving and myself, as guests of honour; and be it known that, out there, opposing political interests are represented by Liberal versus Labour, and not Conservative versus Liberal as at home.

Western Australia was my next objective: it is famed

for its wild flowers, so as the spring was advanced I forswore the allurements of Sydney, and hastened thither in order to see them at their best.

The ss. "Malwa" was calling in on her way home, and I took passage in her to Fremantle. She was timed to leave at noon, and we got away punctually, but notwithstanding many warning bells, and orders shouted round the deck of "All for the shore!" one woman remained behind, and although we were well away from the wharf, the huge mail steamer was backed again for this one irresponsible person. We all thought the Captain very gallant for not taking her on, and making her leave later by the ladder with the pilot.

The ship, which was due in London on 5 November, was nearly empty, it being the slack season for home-going passengers. The weather was kindly disposed, and the next day I fraternized with some fellow-passengers, and we sat on deck enjoying the view of the distant coast-line.

Towards evening we were in the Bass Straits, with Tasmania south of us, and the next morning by sunrise we were at Port Melbourne, where we remained until the evening of the following day.

A further run of thirty-six hours brought us to Adelaide. There is no train service beyond this, so that all the mails from as far as Queensland are picked up here, and they are generally fairly heavy. Immediately after their arrival we started.

The Bight, which is *the Bay* of the Southern Hemisphere, behaved extremely well during the next day and a half. We continued westward until we passed Albany (which was formerly the port of call), when our course was directed north to Fremantle. It was a matter of three and a half days' steaming from Adelaide to the mouth of the Swan River, whence it is possible to proceed to Perth, the capital, either by steam tug, or more expeditiously, to cover the ten miles by train.

Western Australia, founded by free settlers from England in 1829, is the largest State in area in the Commonwealth, and has naturally a variety of interests. Many parts are admirably suited for agriculture, horticulture, and stock

raising; the eastern part of the State is rich in minerals; the timber trade is a prominent economic resource, and possibly on our way across a London street, this very day, we may have trodden upon timber produced in some great forest of hardwood, sawn and prepared by a handful of our fellow-countrymen in this distant part of our Empire.

Neither must the pearling industry of the north-west coast be forgotten: many a lonely life is spent seeking this hidden treasure. Some of the finest gems come from Western Australia, and in 1910 £346,068 worth of pearls were exported, so that it is a lucrative if precarious avocation. The shells are used for various purposes, but 90 per cent of the mother-o'-pearl is used in the button-making industry.

Perth is a charmingly situated town, and with its splendid climate makes a very agreeable place of residence. The view from the veranda of the hotel was very attractive: the river encircles the town to the north and east, opening out towards the south almost to the proportions of a lake, and then pursues its way westward to the sea. In the foreground are green recreation grounds, and the near shore-line is broken by the projecting buildings of the Sailing Club and boat-houses. On the farther side are the Botanical Gardens, and residential houses are visible among a profusion of green trees, while some ten miles away in the background, rise the Darling range of mountains, all forming a picture which was beautiful under any condition of light.

At midday on Saturday, for instance, the view was full of life, for the pleasure grounds were occupied by energetic youths savagely kicking a football amid the cheers or hoots of the gaily clad crowd assembled to watch the game; while over yonder, the sun was whitening the already snowy sails of the pleasure yachts, which were gliding hither and thither like great white swans.

Again, at sunset, all was quiet and restful, the sky aglow with glorious rosy tints, and the mountains purple beneath.

But perhaps the scene put forth its most attractive charms

when lighted by the clear rays of a full moon, and one gazed into the depth and intensity of a violet sky sparkling with stars.

The flowers at this time of the year are so abundant, and so much appreciated by the people, that cheap "flower trains" are advertised to run on stated days. A fellow-passenger on the "Malwa" joined me one fine day, and we went to the Mundaring Weir, whence by an amazing feat of engineering, the water is carried all the way to the gold-fields of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie.

If I were a botanist, I would write a whole volume on flowers alone, but as I am not, the names of a few must suffice.

The most familiar and characteristic is the *acacia cyanophylla*, or West Australian wattle. This flower, in some form or other, is found all over the continent, and has recently been unanimously adopted as the national flower of Australia. It is what we in the old country know as mimosa. Then there is the star-like cowslip orchid, or *Caladenia flava ; Pterostylis turfosa*, or green bird orchid ; *Lyperanthus nigricans*, very much like the last-mentioned one, but having no English name. A group of *caladenia* include the *Patersoni* white spider orchid. There is also a pink myrtle, *Hypocalymna robustum*, and the pretty red *Templetonia retusa*, with no English name. But that one which stands alone in my memory is commonly known as the Kangaroo Paw, which I believe is only found in Western Australia. There are four varieties, the *Anigozanthus manglesi*, red and green ; *viridis*, green ; *humili*, orange ; and *Macropodia fumosa*, black.

The last mentioned one I only saw when plucked, and how glad I was to see it! I was calling on a lady whose husband had just returned from up the Midland line, I think she said—at any rate from the particular part where these flowers are found, and he had brought some back with him. They filled two large bowls, and looked absolutely regal. The stems were as though formed of thick black plush, rich in texture, and the "paw" which, if it were an ordinary plant, would be the flower, was a deep rich green. I was

immensely struck with the effect, and wish I could convey in words even an approximate idea of its beauty.

I decided rather hurriedly to go to Kalgoorlie. Consequently I found I was too late to secure a lower berth in the sleeping-car, and I refused, very wisely as it turned out, to be booked in an upper one. Eventually I took a seat in the ladies' compartment, and presently sauntered along to see what the sleeper was like. I encountered two women and three babies with innumerable bundles filling the lower berths, and I was truly thankful I had not paid ten shillings for the privilege of sleeping above them. As it happened, I had the whole of the compartment I had chosen to myself the entire way, and was most comfortable.

We started sharp at 5 p.m., and I sat and watched the outskirts of Perth gliding past. When we were a few miles out, the wild flowers began to show themselves, and until dusk I gazed spell-bound. Luckily, for a time the gradient was steep enough to retard the speed of the train, so that I could see them perfectly ; but when we came to level ground the pace became much faster, and the individual flowers merged into mere masses of colour—red, orange, brown, pink, lavender, and patches of blue, the pale Cambridge at first getting a long way the best of it, but every now and then the darker shade would show that Oxford was a very formidable rival.

I had an impulse to put my hand out against some stationary object in order to arrest our progress through this Paradise of flowers ; it was so tantalizing to be hurried through them.

After enjoying an excellent dinner served in the dining-car, I returned to my seat, and sat for some time at the window, the moon making the surrounding country perfectly visible. I then lay down and snatched a few hours' rest, but every now and then during the night, I would sit up for a time, and watch at the window.

The track was a sandy strip, straight as a dart through the stunted scrub, and, I hardly know why, but I felt as though I were going through the Suez Canal. I think the association in my mind was the moonlight on the sandy

waste; it was under much the same conditions that I received my first impressions of the Canal.

Parallel with the line the whole way, a distance of more than 200 miles, are the huge pipes conveying the water from the Mundaring Weir to the gold-fields. This made me reflect on the early days, and the terrible hardships endured before the water was supplied.

It is easy to picture the first rush for the gold-fields. Well in the fore-rank were the cyclist prospectors, with their tin cylinders of water strapped to their machines; followed by horsemen, men in buggies, or anything on wheels, and last of all the swagsmen. How pluckily and full of hope they pressed forward, afraid to take even necessary rest, lest they should lose the chance of a bit of luck.

Occasionally we passed little shanties, which were hardly worthy of the name "station," but nevertheless that is what they were, and usually one saw near them a few little buildings which pass for houses, and their corrugated zinc roofs looked in the white light of the moon as if they were covered with snow.

I was dozing again, when I was roused by the terrific ringing of a bell, loud enough to waken the dead. I looked out, and found we had drawn up at one of the afore-mentioned shanties, and further discovered that it was called "The Southern Cross," and in truth no other name would have suited it so well.

It was a picture to arrest the most casual observer. Night robbed the view of the little detail it possessed: all that one saw was simply a boundless desert, met—north, south, east, and west—by a glorious southern blue sky, and myriads of the brightest stars, paying their homage, as it were, to the ruling constellation.

The station and our train seemed an intrusion; and what a strange combination it was—the Southern Cross, and tea and cake! But I can vouch for it that each was excellent in its own way.

The carriage I was in drew up opposite the buffet, where a man was doling out the refreshments, so that I easily obtained what I wanted through the open window, which was

just as well, as I was in rather a loosened condition as to garments.

About 8 a.m. we ran into Coolgardie station, and took on a few well-dressed people going out for the Sunday. They made us poor folk who had slept in our clothes feel like tramps, but this trouble was of short duration, as in another hour we reached Kalgoorlie, and were soon at the Palace Hotel, enjoying a much-needed rest.

As the day wore on the heat became intense. Up, up rose the temperature until it reached 98° in the shade. In less than twenty-four hours, it had risen quite unexpectedly 30°. This, combined with the night's journey, reduced me to the limpness of a rag, but I survived the day, and after eleven hours of solid sleep, felt like a new creature.

I sallied forth, and found the place a typical mining town, which is often built in a hurry, with nothing much to regret, if it is also left in a hurry. Another township a few miles farther, but connected by a good tram service, is Boulder. Although so near, each township has its town hall, public library, mechanics' institute, theatre, and so forth.

The well-known mines at work are the Great Boulder, Ivanhoe, Golden Horseshoe, Lake View, Associated Kalgoorlie, South Kalgoorlie, North Kalgoorlie Perseverance, etc.

I spent a couple of hours in looking about above ground at the Great Boulder. My guide informed me that, roughly speaking, it treats 17,000 tons for a yield of £45,000 worth of gold. The depth of the Edwards shaft is 2879 feet, and there are about twenty miles of driving, and seven and a half miles of drilling. Firewood costs £2800 per month, and for the same period, £7000 is paid in wages.

Day and night, the ceaseless thud of the quartz batteries is heard, and the precious metal in bars and cakes is quickly conveyed by train to the capital. I believe it is a grievance that most of the dividends are paid away to the old country, and that it is only the wages that are spent in the place.

One afternoon, Mrs. Hamilton of the Great Boulder took me with her to the opening of the children's fête on the race-course—for, of course, whatever else may be lacking,

you are pretty sure to find a race-course. In this instance it was an extremely pretty one, a perfect oasis in the desert. The roses and other flowers were beautiful.

It seems a rather far-fetched idea, and is certainly difficult to explain, but the mounds, or rather low hills of tailings, with the outline of chimney stacks and machinery, the light and shade, and a general "je ne sais quoi," brought to my mind a view of Athens.

The fête was an interesting gathering. The children were nicely dressed, and both boys and girls had been well trained, as was evidenced by their exhibitions of drill and dancing, which were very effective. It was gratifying to see such fine little units of the Empire in this far-away mining centre.

I had only a short time to spare, as Mrs. Hamilton was to drive me back to Kalgoorlie in time for the afternoon express. Fortunately the heat had somewhat abated and become bearable, so that I had a very pleasant return journey to Perth. The Esplanade Hotel is quite one of the best I met with on the continent, and I was thankful to return to its comforts. Western Australia is certainly coming to the fore, and the contemplated railway from South Australia will greatly stimulate the progress of the country.

There was a little uncertainty about getting a berth on one of the big liners, as the traffic was all in the Melbourne direction, for the races. However I got placed on the "Otway," which was very full of Australians returning from Europe. They were a friendly set, and the three and a half days' passage to Adelaide passed rapidly.

The capital city of South Australia, called Adelaide at the request of William IV, in honour of the Royal Consort, lies four-square, and is surrounded by a belt of park lands a quarter of a mile in width, reserved in perpetuity for the health and recreation of the citizens.

There is a delightful club for ladies, and I was honoured by being elected a visiting member.

I took up my residence there, and was very soon quite at home. The one memory which, above all others, will

always linger with me in connection with this club, is a mental picture of the lavish display of flowers, which made the dining-room savour more of a garden in full bloom than a resort in which to indulge in the more material pleasures of the table.

The flowers were mostly brought in by members from their own gardens, and their beauty was further enhanced by the artistic manner in which they were arranged, the head waitress being a past mistress in floral decorations.

One morning, a lady whom I had met at an "At Home" 'phoned me to say that she was taking her cook, a live turkey, and a few odds and ends with which to open up her house at Mount Lofty for the summer, and if I did not object to this company, she would motor me up. I gladly accepted, and had a lovely outing.

Mount Lofty is the highest point of the range which forms the boundary of the Adelaide plains, and is the mountain health resort where well-to-do residents seek relief and shelter in the summer months from the heat and scorching winds of the lowlands. It is a glorious retreat amid lovely scenery, with extensive views.

Another day I was talking to a lady who sat at the same table with me at the Club about openings in Australia for women, and I remarked that I had seen an article in that day's paper about one who was running a vineyard. "I know her," was the reply, "and if you would care to see her place, I will ask her to allow me to take you there." So it was arranged that we should visit her one afternoon.

We travelled one part of the way by train, another by tram-car, and at the terminus of the latter the lady herself met us with a trap.

She was attired in business-like fashion: bloomers, gaiters, and a short skirt to the knees, and looked every inch suited to her part. On approaching her property, we could see in the distance the low homestead encircled by a veranda nestling among the vines. On nearer acquaintance it was discovered to be situated in the midst of a small flower garden. It also proved much larger than it appeared at first sight.

WATERFALL GULLY, MT. LOFTY RANGE

The owner, her own architect, had designed several rooms beneath the level of the ground, one a large, and always cool sitting-room. The kitchen was small and compact, and we were shown a wonderful cooking-stove, requiring only kerosene for fuel, and so far as I could understand, the food could be put into various compartments and left entirely to cook itself, as in some way the heat could be regulated to the time required. In this way the ladies (there is another as companion and fellow-worker, but she was away just then) can go out into the fields, and return to find their dinner cooked.

The only other member of the household is a "State-boy," or what we should call a foundling. He is placed in the situation by the State Institution, and it remains his home until he reaches a certain age.

We were also shown the larder and cupboards, well stocked with jars of home-made jams, pickles, and sauces.

The inspection of the lower regions over, we sat in the drawing-room, daintily furnished, and plentifully supplied with literature. Whilst regaling us with tea and cakes our hostess chatted, and in answer to our inquiries, gave us some interesting details about a rather unusual life for a woman.

She expended £300 on a certain number of acres of unbroken land, which she had reduced from chaos to a flourishing vineyard. She planted 14,000 vines, which were now in beautiful condition; also almond and orange trees. She had worked up the estate to such a satisfactory point that the land, for which ten years previously she had paid £300, was now valued at £3000.

At present she does not make her own wine, as most of the bigger vineyards do, but finds a ready market for her grapes, as they are considered very good.

The afternoon passed all too quickly, and our hostess drove us back to the tram. We heartily congratulated her on her enterprise, and wished her good luck with feelings of great admiration for our countrywoman's courage and skill in striking out an original line, and making it pay. With a flourish of her whip, she turned and faced the ter-

rific wind with the same determination with which she had faced life, and succeeded.

On reaching the Club I found a telegram asking me to give a lecture at Clare, some miles out of Adelaide, so I fitted that in with a visit to some friends on a station in the vicinity.

The 7.10 train the next morning carried me through some uninteresting country to Farell's Flat, where a buggy awaited me. It was a perfect morning, and I had an exhilarating drive of eighteen miles to the house, where I was welcomed by my host and hostess, each a representative of an early pioneer family.

The following morning we drove to the little stone church built by the family, where a service is held every Sunday, but only once a month in the morning. The clergyman in these parts has a very large parish, and drives or rides many miles for the different services.

Both the squatter and his wife are particularly interested in the science of chemistry as applied to cereals, and in pedigree breeding, which I should imagine would make life on a station doubly interesting.

They told me they had received as much as 120 guineas for two rams sent to South Africa, and a very ordinary price was from twenty to forty guineas each.

At the house I also saw how carefully specimens of different wool were preserved and classified.

A few more days would have quite converted me to the engrossing interests of station life, but I was due at Clare for the lecture, and the Rector had kindly offered to put me up for the night.

I thought it very enterprising of the naturally small Literary Society in Clare to retain me. The audience mustered about a hundred people, some driving in from long distances.

Early the next morning the Rector drove me to Blyth Station, as I was returning to Adelaide by a different route from that by which I came.

It was exquisite driving in the early morning, and the view of Blyth from the hills was fine. As it lay beneath

KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE

us, ablaze in the heat, it recalled in some way memories of Palestine.

Although the train left at 9.30 the heat was already intense, and we had a very hot four hours' journey to Adelaide. The next day a hot wind took possession of the town, and when that happens all windows are closed and blinds drawn, and by such means the rooms, even closed up, are a few degrees lower in temperature than the atmosphere outside.

The exhausting heat and enforced semi-darkness are very depressing, and one hails with delight a change in the wind.

The lecture given here was a great success, and was attended by what the papers described as a "large and fashionable audience".

I spent several happy weeks in Adelaide, and from thence went to visit the family whom I met at Invercargill, and who were now at Mount Gambier on the boundaries of Victoria.

CHAPTER XVIII

ADELAIDE TO MELBOURNE

I LEFT the busy Adelaide terminus by the Melbourne express at 4.30 p.m. Strange to say they run no dining-car on this train, and one has to get out at Murray Bridge and scramble for some food during the twenty-five minutes the train remains there.

I was told it would be quite a good meal that night, as the Federal members return to Melbourne on Mondays. Well, all I will say is, that if there is any favourable difference on Mondays, I am sorry for the passengers on other nights.

At eleven o'clock we came to Wolseley Junction, where I was to spend the night. Two little girls provided with a lantern met me, and lighted my path to the house.

I continued my journey next day on the narrow gauge line through rather flat and ordinary country to Mount Gambier—ordinary except for the lake-like inundations so common in these parts.

My friend met me at the train, and we drove out together to "Benara," several miles away. It was so delightful to be received into real family life with its attendant home comforts. It was dark on my arrival, so I did not see the homestead among the trees until we turned off the public road through the "run" and awaited the opening of a white gate that gave entrance to the private grounds.

The house is substantially built in the bungalow fashion with only one story: a broad veranda runs round it with creepers trailing from the roof, and forming a delightful shade.

The drawing-room overlooks a perfectly mown green lawn, and flower beds; and the other side of the house faces

the orchard and vegetable gardens. Judging by the near surroundings, I might have been visiting an old English home.

The next day we drove to the volcanic lakes which are distinctive of the place. The Blue Lake is so extremely blue, that it could scarcely be called by any other name. Neither could the Leg of Mutton Lake, owing to its shape, be described in any other way. It lay below the road, and we descended to its level, and wandered a little through the beautiful bush engirdling it.

On the high road between these two lakes stands a white stone obelisk known as Gordon's Monument. This brings to mind a very interesting personality, to whom I cannot refrain from devoting a few lines, if only to induce others to become interested in one who is generally known as the Australian poet.

He was not really an Australian, but a genius belonging to a Scottish clan, born in the Azores, and educated at Cheltenham College, where his father was a Professor of Oriental languages.

About the age of twenty-one he drifted to Adelaide, strangely enough in the same year, 1853, that Henry Kingsley arrived in Victoria. They both proved entire failures as colonists, but each immortalized his name in Australian literature.

Gordon was never long at any one occupation ; to-day a policeman, to-morrow a horse-breaker, land-owner, or a Member of Parliament. At one time he crossed into Victoria, and became a livery-stable keeper at Ballarat, the while he never ceased to record his feelings and impressions in verse.

His poems, "Bush Ballads" and "Galloping Rhymes," "How we beat the Favourite," "The Sick Stock-rider," and others, appeal not only to Australians, but to all high-spirited and untamable soldiers of fortune to be found the world over. It may not be very profound, but the philosophy of life expressed in the following verse is very moving :—

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone :
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in one's own.

Most of his poems were written in the Mount Gambier district, and it was while living here that he displayed his daring and prowess in horsemanship by vaulting over the rail by the road with only enough ground on the other side for the horse to alight, and had he not brought the animal to a sudden standstill, both would have been precipitated into the lake, 100 feet below. The monument stands to mark the spot, but chiefly, I hope, to keep fresh the memory of a great man.

Australia proved a harsh step-mother to the proud, shy, and sensitive poet, and in desperation at losing the Esslemont estate, which, owing to some alteration in the Scottish law of inheritance, never came to him, he put an end to his troubles in the very prime of life. His poems, which were of so little use to him in the hard fight for existence, have since become almost household words in the land of his adoption.

On another occasion we started early one morning to visit Coola, thirteen miles away, where the sheep-shearing of the "run" was in full swing. It was a lovely day; lizards and large iguana were sunning themselves by the wayside or on the wooden boundary fences.

We soon left the road and made across the paddocks, driving over miles of open country with no life to be seen, so that I was hardly prepared for the rush and bustle we found in the vicinity of the sheds. Twenty-two shearing machines were at work. The shearers are marvellously quick, and not a moment is lost.

The sheep are placed in pens inside the wool-shed, and the shearer grabs a terrified animal by the leg, and by a deft pressure of his knee keeps it quiet while he peels it, almost like a potato, and in a few moments a pink and shivering little animal is released, and makes its way to the pen in the yards.

The pickers-up gather the wool, and before you can

utter the absurd ejaculation "Jack Robinson!" another wriggling mass is under the clipper. Occasionally, through over-haste or carelessness, the skin is cut, and if badly, a boy with a pot of mixed tar and grease will quickly daub the wound of the victim.

A smart man will shear 200 in a day, but the average man does anything from 120 to 150. The standard rate of pay is £1 per hundred. It is hard work, and the perspiration was pouring from them in rivulets.

The shorn sheep are counted, branded, and dipped; and then their troubles are over until another crop of wool is grown. At one end of the shed, behind a long trestle table, stand five or six wool-rollers, who trim the fleece, removing the soiled edges, and rolling it up before it is passed on to the wool classer.

This expert soon decides on its quality, and it is quickly placed in the appropriate bin. The bins are rapidly cleared by the wool-pressers, who bale the wool by the aid of a big press, marking each bale with the quality of the wool, and the station brand.

The shed overseer is on the alert, and keeps the men up to the mark; and everything is so expeditiously done that the bales are loaded upon wagons, and on their way to market almost as quickly as pigs are killed and converted into sausages in Chicago.

We next passed out of the shed and glanced at the men's quarters. We walked through the kitchen, and exchanged a few remarks with the shearers' cook, who is undoubtedly a very important personage. He must be a competent man, and even then finds it hard to please his many fastidious clients. However he can afford to ignore a little grumbling, as he is the best paid man of the lot. He receives 5s. per week per man, and out of that he pays his two off-siders 30s. per week each.

On this particular occasion he cooked for seventy-five men, so received £93 15s. less the expense of the two off-siders who cost him £15, thus leaving him with £78 15s. for five weeks' work.

This is a typical sheep-station of the south-east of South

Australia, so I should like to insert a few more figures here for those who are interested. To the others who are not, I will say with the dentist: "Sit tight, and it will soon be over".

The station comprises 36,000 freehold acres, originally purchased sixty years ago from the Crown at £1 per acre, and to-day worth £6 per acre. Improvements include 300 miles of fencing costing £21,000; forty-four wind-mills, wheels, tanks, etc., £6000; buildings, yards, and plantations, £9000. Stock numbers 45,000 sheep, including 9000 lambs, 1200 cattle, and 400 horses.

During the busy shearing time, seventy odd men are employed, all of whom are fed by the proprietor at an approximate cost of 8s. 9d. per head per week.

The wool clip, sold in London, averages 1100 bales, at £15 each. Five hundred fat bullocks fetch £9 each, and 8000 fat sheep off-shears, 12s. each.

Now for taxes:—

Land-tax and graduated land-tax, and Income-tax by State of South Australia	£1400
Hundred Rates for roads, etc.	400
Commonwealth of Australia graduated land-tax	£1200
	£3000

The permanent staff numbers about thirty-five, and roughly speaking the women and children dependent on these men total 115.

The men's wages run from 25s. to £2 per week, and they are found lodging and food, which is worth another 8s. 9d. per week. Maid-servants at the homestead receive from 15s. to 30s. per week.

Now I have finished with figures, and kept my word as to brevity, so we will return to the kitchen, whence we strolled on to the manager's house, a very comfortable home with a prolific flower and vegetable garden.

Lunch was laid for the party from "the House" and a few others. I sat next to a very well-informed young fellow, who manages the engines, and is known as "the expert".

In New Zealand I was never lucky enough to be at a

station during the busy shearing time, so that I felt very glad I had had such a good chance here, and I was well content with the day's experience.

Mount Gambier is a flourishing township, composed chiefly of one very long principal street. The enterprising townsfolk mustered in goodly numbers to listen to my experiences in Central Africa, and I was told that still more would have availed themselves of the opportunity, had they had longer notice of my coming.

My delightful visit came to an end all too soon, and one fine morning my hostess drove me to town to meet the coach on which I had booked a box-seat to Casterton, a matter of some fifty miles.

I had been led to understand that, more often than not, there was plenty of room, and that probably I should be the only passenger. Alas! the fates had decreed otherwise. We turned into the stable-yard with an air of confidence which was rudely shaken at the sight of several men squatting on any kind of odd seat in the form of a bag, bundle, or the like, whilst the driver was vainly contending with multitudinous packages, and trying his hardest to make things fit in somewhere.

This was a difficult task, even before he became aware of my addition in the shape of a fair-sized trunk, followed by a holdall, hand-bag, etc.

As a matter of fact the "coach" was only a covered wagonette, and it also happened to be the smaller of the two conveyances on the route. There were seats for two on the box, and, if not filled with luggage, four inside. As it was, packages, cases, and boxes of all sizes and shapes were pushed away under the seats, others were suspended from the overhead cover or hung from the sides, till at last it looked more like a gipsy's caravan than His Majesty's Mail.

Five men had to travel inside, and one on the box. As events turned out, it was fortunate for me that he was the overseer, and superior to the others.

The unwonted rush of passengers was owing to the shearers on a neighbouring big station having "cut out" the day before. My experience of shearers on their way

home was then nil, but I should have been warned by the worried look of my little hostess, and yielded to her entreaties to return with her and wait another day. However, I decided to make the best of the situation, and go on.

The driver, who was something of a magician, had stowed my heavy belongings somewhere, and my hat, in a brown paper bag, was tied on the roof of the coach behind me. Later, when passing under some trees, I looked round anxiously, and audibly expressed the hope that my best hat would not be swished off by the branches, whereupon the driver exclaimed: "What! is that your hat? I thought it was a tea-tray; however it is awfully good of you not to have a great box for it."

Well, at last all was ready. The driver mounted to his seat, and with the inevitable clatter, and a flourish of the whip, we passed out of the yard into the road beyond, leaving my kind hostess with a distressed look on her face which I could not forget all day.

Before we quitted the main street we picked up the occupant of the front seat. He told me afterwards that he only got the advantage of it "as the others all fought shy of the lady". He and one other inside were the only ones sober.

During the day, the other four went through, not the seven ages of man, but the seven ages of drink.

First.—Extreme affability. Luggage was bulging over at least two of the seats, so that five men had to fit into places for two. However, it was: "Oh, yes, we can manage somehow, old chap. One sit on the step, and change and change about. You know."

Second.—Fairly on the way. Singing began, rollicking songs with a chorus being mostly chosen.

Third.—Not quite so amiable and obliging. Those in the more comfortable seats are accused of not being sympathetic enough to those on the floor or step. Presently we came to a short spell of sandy waste. The driver asked if some of them would get out to lighten the load, and got as response: "Not a bit of it; we have paid our fare and mean to ride". Consequently the wheels sank deeper and

deeper, till we were completely stuck, and all had to get down and—those who were capable—lend a helping hand.

The fourth age was marked by spasmodic efforts to render maudlin and sentimental songs.

Fifth.—Long intervals of quiet and drowsiness. The utterance of a few fretful remarks, punctuated by gory adjectives, followed, I imagined, by a nudge, and a side-way motion of the head in my direction, as the next remark was: "Go on, she can't hear out there". They apparently relied too much on the light piece of canvas between us.

Sixth.—A short revival of singing snatches of songs, and language getting decidedly stronger.

The seventh combined the worst points of the former ages, with a tendency to general collapse.

The first ten or twelve miles were over a fairly good road, and then we met the coach from the opposite direction, and exchanged drivers. We should also have changed conveyances, as the other was larger and had only two passengers; however, no doubt remembering the amount of luggage, the driver concluded there would not be time.

After a few hours we drew up at a wayside inn, and we sober ones were refreshed by some good tea and scones. The others drank at the bar, and then put in their pockets some bottles for the journey. I learnt later that these were fortunately lost on the way. The driver told me that before now, not only bottles, but passengers in a like condition to ours had been left on the road.

The country was not particularly picturesque, but the weather was glorious. Parroquets with beautiful plumage flew hither and thither, and the strange squat form of the laughing jackass was constantly seen perched on the gates and fences. He is a rather solemn-looking bird, but he can make the forest and hills resound as it were with human laughter.

The last change of horses took place at the bottom of a very steep hill, and some of the men were persuaded to walk on to save the animals. I did not get down at this stage while they were changing, and as I sat there one of

the party who had not walked on with the others came to the side and inquired how I was getting on.

I expressed myself as flourishing, to which he responded as well as his hiccoughs would allow : " I am afraid we are rather noisy inside, but there—we always try to be gentlemen ".

I laughed, and thought to myself, " you evidently have a rather hazy idea of a gentleman ".

Daylight waned before we reached Casterton. I had pictured to myself a disturbed and noisy night under the same roof with my fellow-travellers, but was agreeably surprised to find that there were several hotels and accommodation houses in the town.

The following morning we all met at the station, the men for the most part quite sober and self-respecting once more. We had two changes to make before the main line to Melbourne was reached. At Ararat we had a rather long wait, and as I sat in the station, two of the men came and sat down with me and chatted.

They said they had heard who I was, and one remarked : " But I guessed yesterday that you were an out-of-the-way sort of woman by the way you took the journey ".

At this point a boy appeared with cherries for sale, and I expressed a wish to buy some, whereupon one man quickly secured a basket, and with a fine display of gallantry, refused to let me pay for it, so we sat and ate the fruit together until the train arrived.

The heat by this time was truly appalling, and I was thankful that I had decided upon not going farther than Ballarat that day. The train for Melbourne was crowded, and I lost sight of my friends for a time, but just as I was leaving the platform at Ballarat, I saw some frantic gesticulations from a second-class carriage, and on looking again, saw it was one of the men calling to me. I went back, whereupon several sleeveless arms were thrust out of the window, and as I shook the extended hands, they all wished me good-bye and good-luck.

The hotel I chose was near the station, so I soon had dinner, and then as the heat was unbearable indoors I

thought the best means to get cool, and at the same time see something of the place, was to take a seat in an open tram-car.

In it I went to the western boundary of the city and saw the moonshine on the lake befringed with weeping willows, and backed by plantations of ornamental trees on a large pleasure ground, all of which had formerly been a dreary swamp.

On the other side of the road are the Botanical Gardens, at once the pride and glory of the city. In it, paths intersect velvet lawns interspersed with flower-beds bright with a profusion of the choicest blooms. The fernery at one end shelters an interesting collection, and the orchid house is a speciality. Two public-spirited citizens have caused the statuary pavilion to be filled, and the lawns graced by some beautiful statues, among which—to mention one only, the beauty of which particularly struck me—was Benozi's "Flight from Pompeii".

The main street is an avenue 200 feet wide, with a garden strip and a double row of tall oaks and eucalyptus trees down the centre. Seats are provided along the way, and white statuary of famous men, standing above various coloured flower-beds, make a very effective city garden, like Unter den Linden on a small scale, although I suppose I ought not to say "on a small scale" after a conversation I had with a woman on the car, who was evidently out like myself, for a cooling, with her two little girls.

I was remarking what a fine street it was, and she said: "Yes, I have been told by people who have travelled a great deal that it is the finest in the world".

This was said in such sweet simplicity that I had not the heart to undeceive her, and felt it would be rather mean to think of the Ring-strasse in Vienna or the Champs Élysée in Paris.

All the same, Ballarat is a beautiful city, and one that has gone through many phases. Called into existence during the rush for gold, the peaceful valley under the jurisdiction of an aboriginal chief was soon transformed into a busy hive of seekers after the precious ore. Mining

camps sprang up, and in ten years a hundred thousand diggers found shelter under canvas.

Ballarat developed and passed through all the vicissitudes of the golden age, but on reaching the stage when others of its kind sink into oblivion, it roused itself, filled up the worked-out mines, removed the "mullock-heaps," and generally healed the scars left by the diggers.

In the place of quartz batteries rose woollen mills and manufactories of agricultural machinery. Fine shops, banks, hotels, and pleasant suburban residences replaced the wood and canvas shelters. In fact it has emerged the flourishing and populous centre of a fertile agricultural district.

The next morning, through inquiring my way, I fell into conversation with a man who told me that in the early days, the chief activities of the mining operations were on the very site of the present shopping quarter. He pointed out the direction of the reef across the streets, and talked interestingly of "the Corner" where thronged the gamblers, after a rich discovery, to buy and sell the much-coveted mining scrip.

I was obliged to bring the casual acquaintance to an end, as I was leaving in half an hour, or I should have enjoyed hearing of the reckless men who lighted their pipes with five-pound notes, and hung virgin nuggets round the favoured barmaid's neck.

I left this green city of trees and gardens with regret, and took my seat in an empty railway carriage *en route* for Melbourne.

I hardly know how I survived the three hours' journey. The heat was intolerable; and being told that it had not been so hot in November for fifty-seven years failed to have any cooling effect on me, but rather made me chafe at my ill-luck.

I could not breathe without the windows open, and then I had to shield my face with a handkerchief from the scorching air that entered. I could only think that I had taken the wrong train, and that the station we were approaching would begin with an H and not with M. I after-

wards learned that the temperature at that time rose to 106·2° in the shade.

I got out of the train, crawled to a cab, and said to cabbie : "This is awful! Is it likely to last?" He looked round, in the direction whence relief might be hoped for and said : "No, I believe a change is coming now". And sure enough, about three o'clock, a cool wind sprang up, and in a few hours the thermometer dropped 30°. It is the rapid changes which make the climate so trying.

The next day people were wearing furs with comfort.

CHAPTER XIX

MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY

IN Melbourne, as in Sydney, the hospitality of the Ladies' Club, the Alexandra, was extended to me, and I much appreciated the privilege, as at such clubs one obtains all the conveniences of an hotel, with more freedom; and the chances afforded of congenial companionship are especially advantageous for a woman travelling alone.

There is no essential difference between the mode of life led by the people in large towns in Australia, and that of, say, the citizens of Liverpool or Manchester, but they have adopted shorter business hours, and have managed to introduce a much larger number of general holidays during the year than are known in the old country.

Cheap and convenient travelling facilities have extended the suburbs, and between 7 to 9 a.m. and 5 to 6 p.m. there is a continual stream of people going and coming from the metropolitan railway stations, or the main junctions of the electric cars which run in all directions.

The Australian loves the open air. From the Club windows I could see Flinders Street Station, and it was an object lesson to look out early on Sunday mornings, and see the thousands of people departing for a day in the open.

Here would be a family, perhaps the father and a big boy carrying a hamper with provisions for the day, and another child swinging the never-forgotten "billy". Or there, a number of young people in holiday attire, bent on a long walk; others with tennis rackets, on their way to a club. The Public Park, Recreation Grounds, and countryside would be alive with people.

The public is also well catered for at one and all of the

MELBOURNE FROM QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL GARDENS

many seaside resorts. St. Kilda and Brighton Beach, besides their clean sandy slopes to the sea, offer allurements —at least to the children—of merry-go-rounds, swing-boats, riding and shooting galleries, joy-wheels, and other amusements of a like description, while the older folk can hire a comfortable lounge chair and watch the fun.

In Melbourne, as elsewhere, I was the recipient of generous hospitality, and my time was fully occupied with luncheons, teas, receptions, motor excursions, picnics, and so forth. Sandwiched between these dissipations was the lecture work, which was the only object which kept me for any length of time in the towns.

Victoria is a picturesque State, so that the environs of Melbourne formed the excuse for many an outing. I was delighted to accept an invitation from a lady I had met on the "Otway," to spend a week-end at Mount Macedon, about forty-three miles from the city, which the well-to-do residents of Melbourne enjoy as a summer resort, in the same way as Mount Lofty is the health-resort of the same class in Adelaide.

I went by train to Lower Macedon at the foot of the hill, and was there met by a motor, which rapidly negotiated the hill, and in a short time brought me to "Duncraggan," whence there is a glorious view over the plain.

That afternoon I accompanied my hostess who was calling at the summer residence of the State Governor, whose house stands in a beautiful garden on the southern slope of the Mount. After signing our names, we passed through the grounds to another retreat quite as beautifully situated. The family was in residence, and one of them kindly pioneered me all over the gardens, and we thoroughly explored every nook and corner. There was hardly a yard of flat ground, and we wandered up and down winding paths between flowering shrubs and vivid green ferns, and through tiny gullies to the music of rippling water. It was a revelation in hill gardens.

Another afternoon, with the aid of two strong horses, we ascended to the Camel's Hump, 3294 feet above sea level, whence is obtained a truly magnificent view for miles

round. The summit of Mount Macedon itself is two miles farther on, but the view from it is not so extensive, as the timber growth intercepts the line of vision.

We drove back a little way till we found a suitable place to boil the "billy," and whilst we were having tea, my friend suggested taking me down through several gardens belonging to people she knew (but who had not yet come up) and sending the carriage on to join us later.

This we did, and it made a charming walk. Each garden possessed its own individuality, according to the location and the natural foundation on which it was made, and it would be hard indeed to say which was the most beautiful.

"Duncraggan," where I was staying, was charmingly situated and delightfully cool. We breakfasted on the veranda, a superb view aiding digestion; and how we congratulated ourselves that we were not in the heat of the city at our feet!

Before I left for town, my friend proposed coming in to Melbourne one day, to take me to Black's Spur. Since the advent of motors, such a trip is easily accomplished in one day, whereas previously it would have entailed at least a night on the way.

When the appointed day arrived, we set forth a party of four, and lengthened the thirty-nine miles to Healesville by another ten, in order to see more of the country. In so doing, we encountered some fairly rough roads, but we went bravely on, and continued through Healesville, and past Gracedale House, a favourite country hotel.

We had got two or three miles beyond it, when the motor refused to go any farther. The chauffeur tinkered for about an hour, and could then only make it move on one gear, which was not the one for mounting the hill. We were all very loath to give in, but at last decided that it would be better to return to Gracedale House, and see what could be done while we were at lunch.

The hotel is beautifully situated 700 feet above sea level, and commands a perfect view of mountains and valley. From the semi-circular range in the rear rise Mounts Riddel, 2750, Juliet, 3660, and Monda, 2974 feet.

It is an excellent centre for either walks, drives, or fishing; the latter includes trout and black-fish. And above all it would be excellent for *dolce far niente.*

However, we had not come for that just now, and were anxious to be scaling the mountain, and getting to our goal, the "Hermitage," belonging to Mr. J. W. Lindt, and described as "an artist's home in the forest primeval".

But alas, the motor could not be set right, so that any idea of reaching the Hermitage was at last entirely dissipated, and all we could do was to engage a trap to take us as far up the pass as possible, so as to be back in time to catch the evening train to Melbourne.

The road rises by easy grades through beautiful bushland. Eucalyptus trees 280 feet in height and forty-five feet in girth are common, while the Australian beech and the sassafras flourish to perfection. But what always delight me are the tree-ferns, and here they were marvellously fine and abundant, some thirty feet high. The gullies were filled with them as they followed the water-course to the valley.

We nearly got to the summit, when time, the relentless task-master, forced us to return. We took our evening meal at Gracedale House, then drove down to the station and caught our train back to town; and despite the disappointment of not reaching the Hermitage, we all felt we had had a truly delightful day.

Madame Melba was now in Melbourne with her company, and I attended a function arranged by the Conservatorium of Music at the University, on which occasion Madame Melba was to unveil a portrait of herself, given to the University by Madame Marchesi.

I happened to sit next to her father, one of the old pioneers of Victoria, who told me he had been in the Colony since 1850.

The ceremony was rather like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, as the portrait had not arrived from Sydney! However, the committee made the best of the circumstances, and playfully placed a veil in front of Madame Melba, saying they could now unveil the living model.

Another afternoon I was welcomed at the Women Writers' Club in the Block Collins Street, and met eight or nine women, all of whom are actively engaged in literary work, several of them being attached to the leading journals.

Every capital city both here and in New Zealand maintains two or more daily papers which compare very favourably with similar publications in other cities of the world. They supply the public with what they want to know in an accurate and dignified manner, and generally speaking, are not too sensational. Some of their weekly illustrated papers are extremely good. The bushman is kept abreast of the times by a résumé of the seven days' news of the world; agricultural and pastoral matters receive attention; public events of the week are noticed; and with London letters and serial stories, a budget of reading is provided for the lonely man, and those on stations or selections.

Another delightful little gathering that I call to mind was a "morning tea" in the Botanical Gardens. How lovely it was sitting under the shelter of the kiosk! The sun was shining on the lake, and the green slopes beyond carried the eye to the stately Government House among the trees. The guests were literary, and the conversation bright and animated.

Lest it should become wearisome, I will refrain from describing details of many similar happy hours, but will only say I was enjoying it all so much that I had made up my mind to stay over Christmas. However, when I heard that the Club was to be closed for a week or more from Christmas Eve, so that I should have to find fresh rooms, I felt I would rather break the spell at once, and get on to Sydney.

The sleepers in the trains were already booked, and the steamers all full, but one day, hoping against hope, I called in at the shipping office and luckily found that one berth ticket had just been returned, so I promptly took it.

The boat was timed to leave at four o'clock, but as I knew it would be crowded, I preferred to be in good time, and went on board about three. Later I had occasion to congratulate myself on this precaution, for much turmoil

was caused by everyone arriving at the last moment. But by degrees the passengers found their quarters, and got their luggage stowed away: not a berth on the boat was unoccupied.

We were a mixed company, and it interested me to observe the class of people who could afford to travel first class without feeling out of place, and behave with all the assurance possible or, in the words of the stewardess, "as if the ship belonged to them".

If the passengers were rough, the sea was calm, and in thirty-eight hours we ran alongside the wharf at Sydney at 6 a.m. on Christmas morning. I returned to the house I had left a few months previously, and soon settled in.

That afternoon Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Esta d'Argo were to sing in the "Messiah" at the Town Hall, so I went on the chance of getting in. The Town Hall is a particularly fine building accommodating nearly 4000 people, and every available seat was filled. It need scarcely be remarked that Ben Davies sang with his wonted finish and artistry, and the Philharmonic Society also rendered their part exceedingly well.

The next few days I spent at the shipping office, working out my plans for visiting New Guinea, now called Papua, and making arrangements for my return to England via China and the Siberian Railway, so that I began at last to feel I was really on my way home.

The scheme of my journey being laid, I now had the chance, through the hospitality of friends, of two visits in the Blue Mountains, under the most favourable circumstances. At Leura the view over the Jameson Valley is truly grand; in the early morning the prospect is one mass of grey mist, but by degrees this rises, disclosing the deep, wide valley carpeted with green trees, and walled in with red rock cliffs, the niches of which are green with shrubs and ferns.

There is still more to be seen when the sun has conquered the mist. If the watcher waits patiently, tier beyond tier of blue gum and eucalyptus covered mountains will stand revealed in all their glory; and behind them, a mass

of hazy blue, darker than the azure of the sky against which they seem to rest.

One hot morning we went a few miles up the line to Blackheath, and thence by motor to Govett's Leap, and in a few minutes we were at the "look-out," gazing across the grand and deep cañon of the Grose Valley. One never tires of looking at the vastness of these silent bush-clad mountains and deep gorges, and we stayed as long as we dared.

We then went one station back on our tracks in order to visit Medlow Bath. We intended to eat our modest lunch before visiting the hydro, so we sat down on a tree-trunk by the wayside, but ominous clouds were rising in the distance, with rumbling thunder, which made us hasten to get to shelter before the storm overtook us.

This gave us more time there than we had intended, but we were not sorry as the place was interesting, and the people amusing. The establishment is called the Hydropathic Majestic, and was decidedly up-to-date.

The views from the windows and terraces at the back are indescribably beautiful, and alluring winding paths could be traced meandering between the shrubs to the valley.

The grounds are tastefully laid out, and there are tennis and croquet lawns. It is quite a show place, and visitors are admitted to view the grounds and public rooms in the afternoon on payment of a shilling. It was this shilling's worth that we were taking advantage of.

It was just mid-summer and the height of the season, so that the place was crowded; but judging by the people we saw, I should say the beauty of the place, beyond the dining-room, was too good for many of them.

About four o'clock we wended our way towards the tea-room, and sat down. No obsequious waiter bowed and attended, but when we caught the eye of a waitress, she approached us with the question :—

"Are you casuals?"

I smiled and said: "Well, this is the first time we have been called so, but no doubt we are, and we should like some tea".

We were evidently a little early, but soon the people

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

began to arrive, and the tables were all occupied. Presently some other "casuals" passed through the room, and the conversation we heard from the next table was anything but flattering to them, or to us, who were in the same category.

One over-dressed lady remarked: "How horrid it is, letting these people in; going all over the place, and into our bedrooms." (This latter was not true.)

"Yes," said another old grumbler; "and I have left my jewellery lying about too."

I should have thought she had it all on, but anyhow we felt we had better make a move, or we might be searched, and in any case Nature unadorned made the stronger appeal to us. We set our imagination to work, and I think we formed a fairly accurate picture of the assembled throng after dinner in their evening war-paint.

From Leura I went a few stations down the line to stay with my friend at Wentworth Falls, which place, though slightly enlarged, is still quiet and reposeful. A couple of miles from the station brought me to "the Cottage," a perfect little sylvan retreat, standing with its back to a private road. It is where my friend and her husband flee during the hot months, but he, being a busy man, only gets up for week-ends.

Through a little wooden gate we passed down the side of the dwelling to the front veranda, and I saw a row of doors giving entrance to as many cosy little rooms. A flower garden lay spread before us, beyond that the orchard, and ground sloping to the level of an artificial lake which supplies the railway with water.

In all directions were beautiful wooded hills, and I could not but think, that for a short spell, it was an ideal anchorage for an indefatigable traveller where, while chewing the cud of past experiences, she could gather in fresh strength and energy for further journeys.

It was delicious to be spoiled, and have breakfast served in my room. As I lay in bed with my door open, I could enjoy the view, and see the sunlight literally dancing among the flowers.

In the cool of the evening, after our *tête-à-tête* little dinners, we would take our lounge chairs from beneath the shelter of the veranda to the garden, and there sit steeped in the soft radiance of a full moon.

At this time of year one would hardly expect to see falls to any advantage, but happily the water is not all that there is to be seen; there are the surrounding beauties which are ever present.

We drove to the Wentworth Falls, which drop over a thousand feet in three cascades, and spent a morning descending some distance by the rocky steps carved in the bald face of the cliffs leading to the track in the National Pass which, when once met with, follows the contour of the cliffs about mid-way down, and connects the main falls with the Valley of the Waters.

It must be a grand walk, among luxurious ferns and undergrowth, with trickling streams and babbling water here and there crossing the path; while all along stretches the magnificent panorama of the Jameson Valley.

We went down and down, always anxious to get to the next corner, heedless of the fact that every step would have to be retraced in an upward trend beneath the blazing sun. I wish I could convey an idea of a tithe of its beauty, and you would then understand how hard it was to turn back.

Looking up we saw towering above us the wooded and vine-tangled cliffs, and beneath us was a sheer drop of several hundred feet, seemingly into an abyss of trees.

Next day we drove in another direction for a general view, and on our return we visited the Queen Victoria Sanatorium for Consumptives (men). It is a splendid building, or perhaps one should say group of buildings, as it consists of detached blocks of houses, distributed about the extensive grounds. The patients' sleeping rooms were of the airiest type, the walls being made to let down, and a wide veranda was available, on which to wheel out the bed during the day.

Dotted about the grounds were also single shelters, all sides of which could be opened or shut at will.

Under the shelter of shady trees the convalescent men

sat laughing and talking to one another, and it was difficult to believe their health was in any way affected. I spoke with several men who had fought in the Boer War, and they were glad to relate their various exploits to one who knew the country.

It is said that many of these men avail themselves of the sanatorium in time to make the cure possible. The place stands on the King's Table Land, and commands superb views on every side; and as we felt the immensity of space, it was borne in upon us how pure and peculiarly exhilarating the air must be.

The Blue Mountains, forest-clad from base to summit; the deep valleys, the verdure-grown ramparts, and the sweet glens; the leap and thunder of many falls,—all combine to make a wonderfully attractive holiday resort and refuge from the heat and clamour of the city. Good and reasonable accommodation is to be found anywhere on the mountain. The few excursions I took could be multiplied almost indefinitely, and then the beauties of the locality would not be exhausted.

Sydney is certainly rich in temptations to natural pleasures. To go no farther than its harbour would be sufficient for the most exacting, and the lover of aquatic pastimes finds it a paradise. On week-end holidays and summer evenings the white canvas of many a sailing craft is seen flitting hither and thither, gaining what breeze there may be; oarsmen can explore quiet nooks of bush and fern, or propel their boats through the upper reaches of Middle Harbour, the Parramatta, or Lane Cove, after which a headlong plunge can be taken into the safe waters of a commodious swimming bath. Picnics can be enjoyed at any spot chosen at random, and pedestrians can find more than enough to do.

Going farther afield, within a few hours by train, are seaside retreats without number. I had promised to go for a night to some cousins who were spending their summer holiday at Thirroul, a rising health-resort on the South Coast, so I left Sydney one morning at 9.10 and travelled in a very crowded train for two hours through interesting scenery.

After the train had passed through the darkness of Otford tunnel, we emerged to find a scene of startling beauty. On one side the blue Pacific Ocean undulates and forms for itself a fringe of whitest foam; on the other, mountain and forest stand bathed in the sunlight.

From this point onwards the line skirts the coast as far as Nowra, but my journey was soon over, and I found my cousin and her husband waiting for me as the train drew up at Thirroul.

He walked, and she drove me the short distance to their cottage in a buggy drawn by a smart little pony. When I had been refreshed by morning tea, my host took me for a short drive, while my cousin and the girls—just returned from a bathe—prepared the midday meal, and made ready the hamper for our promised tea on the Bulli Pass.

It was a glorious afternoon, and we started a merry party. The elders drove, the others walked all the way, or utilized their bicycles to the foot of the hill.

Two miles along the coast from Thirroul is the little township from which the pass derives its now historic name; leaving it on our left, we went inland, and soon began the steep ascent. It was a steep pull up, but the beauty of the road dissipated all fatigue.

I notice that when walking up hills, one is easily persuaded that there is a beautiful view which calls for a pause in the climb, but here was no make-believe. The views were there without doubt, so we were justified in calling a halt as often as we liked.

The "look-out" is a railed platform overhanging the perpendicular sides of the precipice at a giddy height. Nerving oneself to stand there, an indescribable view is obtained. The abyss is a riot of sub-tropical vegetation of many brightly coloured bushes, trees, and shrubs, which make a striking contrast to the sombre grey foliage of the gum-trees.

The mountains terminate in striking promontories, and the waters of the ocean can be seen lapping the shores of many a bay and islet. It would certainly be difficult to exaggerate the almost bewildering charm of the outlook,

DOUBLE BAY, SYDNEY

VIEW ON THE SPIT ROAD, MIDDLE HARBOUR, SYDNEY

and had I seen nothing more, I should have been well repaid for the journey from Sydney.

We returned to the shore, as the girls were anxious for their evening bath.

Surf-bathing is an innovation for the Australian. Hitherto the mighty ocean waves, which roll in after an unimpeded course of thousands of miles, had been deemed too dangerous, and the probable presence of sharks was another deterrent. The latter, even with a noisy crowd in the water, make it unsafe for a stray bather to go far out.

I remember when at Sydney going one morning to Coogee early in the bathing season. There were some thirty or forty people in the water, and from the parade we could distinctly see a shark quite close in. The water was smooth and clear, and we watched the movements of the monster for some time. The bathers of course were warned, and there was great excitement, boatmen hurrying out in the hope of harpooning it. I think it would be a hungry shark who would dare to approach such a crowd as was in the water at Thirroul.

The visitors lead a very simple life here. The small wooden cottages are filled to overflowing, and a bed or two could be seen on most verandas. My shake-down was very comfortable. I was warned before going to bed that I might hear footsteps in the night, but that I need not be alarmed; it would only be the horse on the back veranda.

There were several families of cousins scattered over the place, and the next day we were quite a large party for a picnic on the rocks. I always thoroughly enjoy these open-air entertainments, and the place we fixed upon this time reminded me of a like spot we used to visit from Bayeux, with beautiful rocks and cliffs green to the water's edge.

I left that evening with a feeling that I had not wasted much time, and that every moment had been delightfully occupied.

CHAPTER XX

QUEENSLAND

I TOOK my departure from Sydney towards the end of January. I was booked for Brisbane on the ss. "Nikko Maru" of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line, and never shall I forget my embarkation. Docks in any country are not very satisfying to the æsthetic sense, and Sydney is no exception to the general rule. Added to this was the fact that for a year and a half I had been sojourning in a land where personal attendance is looked upon as a favour, and usually very grudgingly administered. Consequently it was a moment of joy and relief when, as I approached the ship, I was met by a bevy of spotlessly white-clad little Japanese stewards, more than anxious to do my behests.

As I saw them with smiling faces grappling with a trunk weighing about as much as any two of them, I could not help contrasting their cheerful alacrity with the loath-to-do-anything-willingly demeanour of the Colonial steward.

On boarding the "Nikko Maru" I felt in a moment transferred to another world, a world of art and politeness. On entering my cabin, the first thing I noticed was the artistic arrangement of the extra blanket. This in other boats is usually folded square and placed at the foot of the bed. This would not satisfy Japanese ideas: here it formed quite a pretty decoration down the centre of the bunk. It was cleverly folded, with the red border utilized as a pattern, and made to stand up, much as a dinner napkin might be placed on the table.

Outside one's cabin in the morning may perchance be seen the steward's neat little dustpans and brushes, each ornamented with some Japanese writing, doubtless only

denoting the name of the owner or the particular use of the article, but as far as I was concerned it might equally well have been a line of poetry. At any rate it was soothing to the artistic eye.

Occasionally on coming to dinner one finds, placed for each person, half a dozen picture postcards, prettily encased in a rice-paper envelope. The menus were always tasteful, and often made to fold into dainty letter cards to be forwarded to friends, to make them envious of the good things being enjoyed by the passengers of the ss. "Nikko Maru". In one's finger bowl there floats the merest suggestion of a tooth-pick, which obviates the prosaic detaching of one from a bundle of wood, as it were, in the middle of the table.

I may have more to say about Japanese boats later, when another one takes me up the coast, and as far as Hong-Kong. This "Nikko" was only transferring me from Sydney to Brisbane, a matter of two days.

We got off punctually at noon and passed out of the harbour, getting a fine view of the Majestic Heads before the luncheon gong called us to the saloon.

The boat was not crowded, so that I was given a cabin to myself, and revelled in the luxury. The sea behaved its best, as it usually does with me; we had a delightfully smooth passage past a picturesque coast, and entered Moreton Bay early on the morning of the second day.

The bay is picturesquely studded with islands, and was looking all aglow in the brightest sunlight. The Pile light indicates the channel leading into the river. The Japanese boats, however, do not ascend it, but disembark their passengers at Pinkenba, so one misses the interesting eighteen miles of "silver ribbon" which winds past graceful curves, revealing the hills in the distance; factories; wharves; and beautiful villas, to the heart of the metropolis.

Just before we landed I saw my luggage (without a word from me) being brought from the cabin and placed in readiness on the upper deck, and I had no qualms as to whether it would be myself or the stewards who would take it ashore. How much easier the wheels of life move when lubricated with civility!

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, is one of the most picturesque cities of the Australian Commonwealth. It is a busy port with excellent wharfage facilities, and ships of the largest class can discharge their cargoes at the city wharves. It is also the trade centre of a rich area of country. The agricultural and dairy produce of the famous Darling Downs and the Moreton districts, the golden fleece of the West and South-west, and the coal of West Moreton, all claim Brisbane as their port of shipment.

The State seems fully alive to the importance of easy access from the agricultural and dairy lands to the neighbouring market towns, where the settler can readily dispose of his produce, and has therefore built branch lines of railway in almost every direction.

Queensland possesses a delightful climate, and is admirably suited to an outdoor life. It must be healthy, as at the end of 1909 the population of Brisbane, including South Brisbane and the suburbs, was roughly 143,077, with a death rate of only 10·84 per 1000. Its people are very hospitable, free and easy in their ways, and one is not fretted by the fetters of conventionality.

Queensland, I think, savours rather more of England, perhaps, than the other States. At any rate, I had much the same feeling on my arrival as I experienced in Natal, where I seemed to breathe the sentiment of England the moment I landed. Some of the buildings are really fine, and would be creditable to any European town. The Executive Buildings—one of the finest structures in the Commonwealth; the Treasury; Parliament House and the Customs House; and among ecclesiastical buildings are two fine Cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic. There is also a good Museum with a remarkable collection of butterflies.

As a Londoner, however, brought up amongst bricks and mortar, I am not specially attracted by buildings and indoor interests, but find my chief delight in nature in all its beauty, and all growing things, whether wild or cultivated. Thus one of the first places I visited was the Queen's Park and Botanic Gardens, a blaze of colour and glorious with many flowering trees quite new and unfamiliar to me.

I had the good fortune to be escorted round the gardens by the able and efficient head, a privilege which rendered my visit doubly interesting. Unfortunately the Government grant is not enough to enable him to keep the gardens as he would wish, but there—Rome was not built in a day, and no doubt as time goes on a larger sum will be voted for the purpose.

What we should call hot-houses are here simply shade-houses, where the plants and ferns are protected from the too scorching rays of the sun. In these houses are some magnificent specimens of staghorn ferns which seem to be quite a speciality of the place.

During the first few days I was in Brisbane I saw a good deal, and later developments made me very glad I had been so energetic.

Australia in general, and Queensland in particular, is looked upon as, and called, the working-man's paradise, but alas, even here the maggot is at the core, and eating its way through the luscious fruit. The seeds of discontent are easy to sow, but the grown weed is not so easily eradicated.

Several people sympathized with me for visiting Brisbane at such an inopportune moment, and when I queried "why?" the answer was: "you see we are having a little trouble with the tramway-men, and our usual good service is not maintained".

Then I remembered I had noticed there were always two motor-men in front, one evidently teaching a new hand; but still I failed to see that there was much to find fault with in the service, as it seemed to me equal to that in most of the other towns I had visited. Later I learned that Brisbane boasts one of the best electric tramway systems in the world. It is controlled by a private company under the management of Mr. Badger, whose name henceforth will never be obliterated from the annals of strike history.

One of the conditions upon which the men entered the tramway service was, that no badge of any description should be worn on the Company's uniform. It was

thought that the display of distinctive tokens might breed dissensions, and be provocative of ill-feeling among the men themselves.

Notwithstanding Mr. Badger's reputation as a kindly and considerate master, the fact that the men at the time had no particular grievance, and that they were neither asking for shorter hours nor more pay, the feeling between employer and employees became so tense over a claim recently put forward by a section of the men to their right to rescind the clause against the wearing of a Trades Union badge, that it was thought advisable to place the question before the Federal Arbitration Court for decision.

It was at this critical time that the fates had ordained I should arrive in Brisbane.

I had been given to understand that the Queenslander was a particularly peaceful, law-abiding citizen, and so I believe he is under normal conditions, but I was to see him under extraordinary provocation.

Before the Federal Arbitration Court had time to give its decision, agitators from the South precipitated matters, and persuaded the men to take the law into their own hands. Thereupon a certain number of the men donned their badges in defiance of the Company's regulation, which they had promised to obey. These men were at once suspended, but even then a chance was given them, within a time limit, to think the question well over before they were finally dismissed, and their places filled by others.

At this stage the men applied for counsel and help from the Trades Hall, with which their Union was affiliated. This resulted in a threat of a General Strike, unless the desired permission was given.

Mr. Badger refused to deal with any third party; his agreement, he said, was with the men, and with the men alone he would settle it.

On an eventful Sunday, 28 January, 1912, a mass meeting of all the forty-three unions controlled by the Trades Hall was held to consider the question, and

whether they should call for a General Strike of all trades or not.

The following morning the daily papers were eagerly scanned by the anxious public, who were horrified to find their worst fears realized by the announcement that unless Mr. Badger gave his permission for the wearing of the badge by 6 p.m. on the following Tuesday, a General Strike would be declared.

Mr. Badger saw no reason to alter his decision, so at the time appointed the General Strike was entered upon.

During Tuesday the streets began to assume an unwonted appearance. A number of extra police were placed on duty, and most of the trams were guarded by mounted constables. I came back from a suburb on one of the last cars, just before 6 p.m. By that time there were ugly groups of people about the streets, and one did not feel too safe.

Next morning no trams were running; consequently the non-union shop assistants, clerks, etc., found great difficulty in getting to their posts.

The opening scenes were peaceful enough. A procession was organized, and paraded the streets in the morning. Some of the business houses were open, but there was not much work done. As the day wore on, some of the thousands of idle men and boys were bound to get into mischief, and by the evening events had taken a more disquieting turn. Peaceful shop-keepers were intimidated, several had their windows broken, and the "hands" were jeered at and called "scabs". Everywhere a good deal of horse-play was indulged in.

The next day still more disorderly scenes took place; stray carts and wagons were overturned, a constable dragged from his horse. One man was knocked down, and the contents of his barrow thrown into the river. The procession waxed more aggressive, all the shops were closed, in fact trade and business of any kind was at a standstill.

The crowds who filled the streets wore the red ribbon of the Socialist Party, and the hooligan element was not

absent. The youthful Australian is rather an irresponsible person, and I verily believe that for the first two days a large proportion of the crowd looked upon the whole business as a holiday spree. The maids from the hotel would scurry over their evening work, and urge one another to "hurry up and come along and see the fun". In a few days they had bought their experiences rather dearly.

The regular police force, amply sufficient in ordinary circumstances, was entirely inadequate to the occasion. All it could hope to do would be to stem the rising tide of lawlessness until further help was available. Thus for two days the town was practically at the mercy of the Trades Hall. The leaders granted "permits" for the carrying on of certain business. Ice was *graciously* allowed to be delivered at the hospitals. A well-known medical man was stopped and told he would have to get a "permit" to visit his patients. "I have it," he promptly replied, and therewith produced a trusty revolver with which he proceeded on his rounds. Certain members were given badges of authority, and requested to keep order in the streets.

I was furious, and wondered what kind of a Government I had come in contact with, and what, at this rate, the end would be. But while my indignation was rising to boiling point, the powers that be were quietly but surely laying their plans and thinking out the best course to be pursued. They wisely waited until they were strong enough not only to reassert their authority, but also to maintain it. Police from other quarters were hastily summoned, and large numbers of volunteers from the warehouses and Government offices were sworn in as special constables.

In the meantime the fears of the public were in a measure allayed by an announcement in the daily papers that the "Government had resolved to use all its power to preserve order, and to prevent any repetition of the intimidation and disorder which had been carried on". This was followed by a proclamation prohibiting, among other things, all processions.

One morning, on our way to get a glimpse of the movements at the Trades Hall, we had to seek shelter from a

heavy shower, and were soon joined by a working man. During a little chat, he remarked anent the crucial question of the day, "And why not? *He* wears a badge." "What do you mean?" I said, "what kind of badge?" "Well, he wears one with a triangle and square"—meaning the Freemason's token.

This is only one illustration of how little the situation is understood by the average striker.

The Trades Hall was the radiating point of the strikers, and here at 10 o'clock each morning the people would congregate to be regaled with the usual type of professional agitator's rhetoric. The kind of thing may be imagined. Good specimens have been heard quite recently at Tower Hill.

Fortified in this way, they started out for the day in a state of mind hardly conducive to peace and order. The ordinary citizen gave the centre of the town a wide berth, not wishing to increase the number of loiterers in the street, or hamper the police in the performance of their already too arduous duty.

We have just emerged from a piteous time in London, in fact almost a repetition of what I am trying to describe as occurring in the Antipodes. One great difference between London and Brisbane, however, lies in the fact that in the former, unless one had the daily papers, millions of Londoners would never have had a suspicion that anything untoward was taking place in their midst, whilst in Brisbane the situation was by comparison in a nutshell. There was not a member of the community but felt the least variation in the pulse of the body corporate.

From the hotel we could distinctly hear the angry roar, or shouts of approbation which greeted, particularly at the commencement of hostilities, any specially appealing remark from the Trades Hall platform. Certainly the applause grew weaker as events developed, and it became apparent to the dullest mind that in all these arguments there is a third party to the dispute, viz. the public; and the public, on this occasion at any rate, took up the cudgels in their own defence with no faltering hand.

An atmosphere of suppressed excitement pervaded the early hours of Friday, 2 February. The first adequate show of resistance by the Government was about to be experienced, and no one would dare to predict what the day might bring forth. Fortunately the tussle proved short, sharp, and decisive.

The Trades Hall was early surrounded by an enormous concourse of humanity, all flaunting the red ribbon. The Unionists who had mustered in such numbers displayed the manifest intention of organizing a procession, but the police were determined to prevent anything of the kind, and to use the strongest means at their command, if necessary. They guessed the processionists would march into Market Square, and thence round the city, so to impede their advance, a double line of mounted men, and a few yards in front of them, a double line of foot constables, were drawn up. The latter were armed with carbines, and to make the position more impressive bayonets were fixed.

The appearance of a squad of special constables, fine athletic-looking men, selected from the Volunteer Forces and officers of the Public Service, caused a hostile demonstration; some ugly rushes were made, and men and women surged across the roadway, shouting invectives against the "specials," and throwing stones at them. Women stabbed the horses and officers' legs with their hat-pins, and the locality became a regular pandemonium.

In the face of these preliminaries, it became apparent to the strike leaders how serious and also how futile it would be to attempt to organize a procession. This opinion they announced to their followers, and desired them to disperse as quietly as possible. But it is not so easy to assuage a crowd worked up to fever point by inflammatory speeches, and the reiteration of wrongs, real and imaginary.

A woman, Mrs. Miller by name, and a septuagenarian in years, had mustered about a hundred women and marshalled them to the bayonet line amid great cheering. Needless to say, even gallantry did not obtain her a passage. An inspector induced her to return with him up Albert Street, and the women were followed by hundreds of men, amid the wildest

excitement. The police were not sorry to see a thousand or two dispersed in this manner.

But there still remained huge crowds to be dealt with in various parts of the town, particularly at any open spot or intersection of the streets. Portions of the crowd were sullen and difficult to treat with, and now and then a very serious affray was only narrowly averted by the determined attitude and well-organized arm of the law. The ambulance brigade was busy attending to the injured. It was imperative that the police should break up the crowds, and keep the public moving, but happily the rifles and bayonets were efficacious only as a show of force, although batons were pretty freely used.

In an hour from the time the command was given to clear the streets, comparative order was established. Only an hour! But an hour pregnant with tragic possibilities: a little less restraint on the part of a constable; a heavier blow from either side than was intended; a little more resistance to the inevitable; a stray shot such as happened the previous day,—who can say what the outcome might have been?

In fact, feeling ran so high that the slightest error of judgment might have been the precursor of slaughter and bloodshed. Mercifully, as it was, no lives were sacrificed, and the casualties were surprisingly few. Friday, 2 February, 1912, will long be remembered in the annals of Brisbane. No such determined effort at mob rule could possibly have been preconceived by the hitherto peace-loving and law-abiding community of Brisbane.

The touch of humour which is often present at the grimmest moment was supplied on this occasion by the sight of hundreds of people, men, women, and boys, flying helter-skelter before the show of cold steel, and, in the true spirit of "I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir," tearing off their red ribbons as they fled. After the turn of the tide, the red emblem was much less in evidence. It is so nice to be on the winning side!

Having followed events up to this point, we will cast our minds back, and look a little behind the scenes, and

try to get some idea of the difficulties that beset the State Government, and the measures they took to restore order.

Brisbane covers a considerable area, and it was not deemed wise to deplete the protection that might be required at any moment in the suburbs, or to withdraw more than a limited number of men from the country districts. What then was to be done? The various States possess no military forces of their own. All troops are under Federal control, and receive their orders from Melbourne.

Deeming the situation serious enough, the Hon. D. F. Denham, Premier of Queensland, wired to the Federal Authorities at Melbourne for permission to call out the local troops. The Prime Minister, Mr. Fisher, representing an important Queensland constituency, and a Trades Unionist, found himself in an awkward position. Naturally his sympathies were with the strikers, but on the other hand, he had his duty to the State.

I will make no comment, but relate the facts as they occurred. Assistance was refused under the plea that "The condition of affairs existing in Queensland does not warrant the request".

This was the answer the State's Government received. The answer the strikers got was a donation, and "I am delighted with the way the men are behaving in very trying circumstances, and long may they continue to do so. That is my personal opinion and of course does not involve the Government."

These two answers left it clear to the State that they could not rely upon what they considered their legitimate protection, but must seek it among themselves, and nobly the Queenslander rose to the occasion. Men and youths in every walk in life were sworn in by hundreds as special constables. These were soon supplemented by contingents of hardy squatters and bushmen, who rode in from the surrounding country. A good many of them had loyally answered the call to guard the Empire's honour some twelve years ago, and thus possessed more than a passing acquaintance with military training. Though they had to be careful to come merely in their civilian capacity, this could

not rob them of their experience; neither could the Federal Government deny them the right to use the baton of the civil guard.

The first to arrive was a contingent from the Beaudesert district on Saturday night, 3 February, and these were promptly sworn in. The Lockyer men appeared next, and made a never-to-be-forgotten picture as they entered the town on Sunday afternoon. These bronze-faced sturdy sons of the soil left their farms at the busiest time of the year without hesitation: within a few hours of the call for help they rode out of Forest Hill, and avoiding the troubled Ipswich country, journeyed sixty miles by as bad a bit of road as there is in Queensland, and never drew rein until they arrived in the Metropolis. Their tired horses and dust-besmeared clothes were eloquent of what they had gone through. Yet withal they were so physically fit, and possessed of so much grit and determination, that had it been necessary, they would have answered an immediate call to duty with alacrity.

Early on Monday, Mr. E. Lord of Eskdale marshalled in 108 more, drawn from the Stanley electorate, and their entry was greeted by the populace with ringing cheers. The following are some verses written for the occasion by Mabel Forrest, an Australian writer: they appeared in the Brisbane "Telegraph" on Friday evening, 9 February, 1912.

SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

Down the street, down the street,
Come the specials marching in,
Brown and beardless, tall and straight,
Rowers from the champion eight,
First-class bowlers from the team,
With their honest eyes agleam!
From the warehouse and the stool,
Adding figures, classing wool,
Something else for hands to do,
Something to help Queensland thro'.
Older men with steady gaze,
Veterans of the strenuous days,
Strife to quell and peace to win,
Come the specials marching in.

Raise a shout, the squads to greet,
All adown the sunny street!

Down the street, down the street,
Come the specials riding in,
With a gum leaf for a token,
By the ranges scarred and broken,
From far plains and river bank,
Sturdy, fearless, rank by rank,
Thro' the dry reeds in the swamp,
Thro' the scrub tracks, mossy, damp,
Underneath a paling moon,
Or a red gold afternoon.
North and south and east and west,
Bushland gives you of her best.
Quick to help the right to win,
Come the specials riding in.
How the women's glad hearts beat
All along the cheering street!

While the gathering together of the forces from outside was progressing, the residents of the city were living more or less on a smouldering volcano, with the expectation of an eruption at any moment. The train service was reduced to a few trains run between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m.; trade at the Port was completely paralysed; shiploads of perishable goods were rotting for want of labour to clear them, and the whole industry of the town was at a standstill. Alarming rumours were afloat, and might be verified without warning. The strikers were said to be contemplating cutting off the water supply; the electric light might receive their attention at any time, plunging the city in total darkness, not a pleasant condition to picture with one section of the community almost on the verge of revolution. Food supplies were running short, and, in this respect, it was the very class responsible for making the trouble that felt the pinch most keenly. Those with ready money, or credit at their command, laid in a good store before hostilities began: in fact on the Tuesday evening most of the stores and shops were cleared out, and people could be seen carrying home armfuls of food-stuffs.

One night I heard an alarum clock fixed for two in the

morning go off, and discovered afterwards that it was to awaken a kind gentleman who had some secret understanding with a baker close by, which resulted in a sack load of loaves being placed at our disposal that day.

A doctor, whose motor was permitted to run, also had private dealings with a butcher, so that we could add to the bread some fresh meat. Luxuries can easily be omitted, but the staff of life must be forthcoming, especially to the poor. A baker in Paddington, aided by members of his family, worked his hardest at converting into bread a large quantity of flour which had been stored for an emergency. At dawn of day, crowds of all sorts and conditions of people rushed the place, and were only kept in order by the police. In a few hours, the doleful notice "No bread" was exhibited, and many of the late comers returned empty-handed to their homes.

Fortunately this condition of affairs was righted quickly. Towards the end of the first week the State had sufficient help to ensure the supply of the necessaries of life to its people. Hence the Government undertook to deliver flour, free of charge, at any depot, at cost price, and adequate police protection was promised for all concerned.

It was now becoming apparent to the Trades Hall that their original programme must be modified. They therefore issued the decree that certain trades, particularly those supplying food, should be allowed to carry on their business after obtaining a "permit" from the Trades Hall. This in reality was the beginning of the end. The splendid answer to the call for help from the country, and the practical way in which the citizens rallied to defend their own liberties, left no doubt that in an emergency the Constitutional Government had the country at its back, and had no mind to be dictated to by the Trades Hall.

From the moment that it became evident that not only the Government but the people were determined to uphold the law, the influence of the Trades Hall slowly but surely diminished. It was quite impossible for anyone, except perhaps the Trades Hall, to realize that with the first show of arms on Friday, 2 February, the fate of the

strike movement had been irrevocably sealed: therefore the events of the next few days were watched with considerable anxiety.

After such an upheaval, it was no easy task to re-establish peace in the community. A wise precaution was taken by the issue of a magisterial order to close all hotels until further notice. Small detachments of citizen guards were told off to enable the local trades-people to resume their ordinary duties. Butchers, bakers, and provision merchants were the first to be protected; more trains were started; a few ships unloaded by Government-protected men; and with much apprehension the tram service recommenced, served by what the Trade Unionists would call "scab" labour. And there was a free circulation of peaceful residents in the streets, until at last some degree of order emerged from the chaos of the last few memorable days.

The Trades Hall, loath to give in, kept up a certain amount of agitation until the last. The more they lost ground, the more violent were the speeches. A good many listeners were deceived by such boastful phrases as "winning all along the line," "two jokers in the pack," "victory assured,"—although the speakers knew it was all "bluff," and the game was up.

Thinking that the success of the first and second days would continue, the men at Rockhampton, Townsville, and Cairns came out in sympathy. In the early days of the trouble, the leaders had threatened that this would occur, and openly expressed their conviction that not only Queensland but the other States also would join them. But these men must have realized from the first determined stand made by the general community that this was quite hopeless. As a matter of history, we know now that nothing of the kind took place, and that the few who came out so prematurely were at work again within a week or two. In fact the progress of events was having just a reverse influence to that foretold by the strike leaders.

During the heat of the struggle, a general election took place in South Australia, and the Labour Administration

received its quietus. The majority of Australians attribute the defeat of the party to the effect on public opinion of the disturbances in Queensland, which shows that neither States nor individuals can live unto themselves. I think the decided manner in which the Queenslanders stood shoulder to shoulder in their hour of trouble, and dealt with its source, is worthy of the highest commendation, and they have given an object lesson in national duty to every other State in the Commonwealth, and not only to the Commonwealth, but to the world at large.

Although the town was slowly resuming its normal condition, the police in no way relaxed their vigilance. At short intervals, parties of three and four men on horseback continued to patrol the streets. To me, a stranger in the land, albeit a member of the Empire, it was a truly pathetic sight to see these hard-working, large-hearted, loyal members of the State, far from their homes and families, forced to spend their precious time and energies to maintain peace among their fellow-countrymen. The bushmen's camp was fixed in the Domain, on a large green sward by the side of the river, so that water for man and beast being easily obtainable it was an ideal place for the purpose.

On Sunday, 11 February, just a week from their arrival, I attended a morning service conducted in the open. A reading desk draped in the country's flag served as a pulpit and lectern. In front of this the men were marshalled with military precision. Here and there were groups of citizens, proud to identify themselves with the worship of these men. The Rev. Maitland Woods conducted the simple service, and Canon Garland spoke very much to the point from the words "Fear God, honour the King". It was good to hear the lusty voices of the men ring out in the clear air as they sang the fine old hymns beginning, "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us," and "O God, our help in ages past," and I venture to say I was not the only one to suppress a lump in the throat, as we listened, and thought how these men had been the chosen means of help during the dire distress of the last few days. Their ready answer to the call of duty gave one a comforting feeling that, however

slack at voting time, and however much they let things slide in prosperous days, they were still true men and patriots. While such men predominate to form the backbone of the country, the people may be sure of a defence against any infringement of their just liberties and rights, even if protection is denied them by their Government.

After the service was over, I had an interesting talk with various officers, and some sidelights were thus thrown upon the events of the last few days. The personal experiences of these men revealed in a striking manner the far-reaching hardships and disaster inflicted by the strike, and deepened my indignation against those who, by their lack of judgment combined with a wanton disregard of the rights of others, had brought ruin on thousands of their fellow-countrymen.

At this particular season of the year, speedy access to the markets for perishable produce was a matter of vital importance, and the lack of it meant incalculable loss to all, and absolute ruin to many.

As an instance, one young officer *pro tem.* was pointed out to me, who, I was told, had saved a few hundred pounds, and recently started farming on his own account. The result of his year's labour was just ready for the market; if it could not be disposed of before it was too late, it would mean a gigantic loss to him, and one from which he probably could never recover. There were hundreds in a very similar position, and to add to the general anxiety, there loomed darkly in the background every sign of a drought, an appalling catastrophe dreaded by every Queenslander.

One man described to me how he and his party were met on arrival by a large concourse of the red ribbon order, who took them to be shearers coming in on strike. He had forewarned his men, on approaching the city, to have no intercourse with any one, but to keep erect in their saddles with "eyes front". This order they carried out to the letter. The strikers, never questioning the accuracy of their own surmise, were jubilant, and accompanied them through the town, singing cheerful ditties to "buck them up," as they expressed it.

All went well until the turning to the Trades Hall was

reached, when, instead of following their deluded guides, the riders proceeded in the direction of the Domain, where in the grounds of the old Government House they were to pitch their camp. The bushman said that the disgusted expressions on the faces of the disappointed mob were good enough to wipe out the memory of many a weary hour of the march.

At first the men were a little sorry that they were not called upon for more active service, but when they realized that their very presence made for peace, they were satisfied to make a simple but telling display of reserve force.

When I talked with some of these men, I expressed the hope that they would not forget why they were in these difficulties, and that at the next election they would not fail to register their votes, even if it necessitated a two days' absence from their stations. "Never fear, you can trust us for that next time," was the reply.

They kept their promise, with the result that at the Queensland general election the defeat of the Labour Party was more decisive, the Liberal majority being increased from 8 to 22.

The strike dragged on until 6 March, just five weeks. Long ere that, in spite of the efforts of their leaders, many men had returned to work; or, finding their places already filled, had been compelled to go farther afield.

In the meantime, the Arbitration Court had given its decision in favour of the tramway men's claim, i.e. the right to wear their Union badges while on duty. Therefore, had they been more patient and waited for the judgment of the court, success would have been theirs. But now it was nothing but an empty triumph, as the award of the court carried with it no power to compel Mr. Badger to reinstate the men, who had placed themselves in the wrong by their precipitate action. Moreover, he had no difficulty in getting his complement of workers from among those willing to conform to the rules of the company.

The leaders and agitators were guilty of inflicting a double injury on their members. In the first place, by implying, if not actually stating, that the question was not

before the Arbitration Court; and secondly, while the workers were under this misapprehension, by hastily calling a "general strike," a drastic measure that had never before been resorted to in Australia.

Thus by overhaste they not only deprived the men of their victory, and were the means of many losing their work, but they brought want, starvation and misery to thousands of their innocent victims.

As the foregoing remarks are only the impressions of an eye-witness, I do not propose to go into the political side of the question, but of course there is a political side. No thoughtful person could imagine for a moment that the wearing or not wearing of a small metal badge was the real root of the trouble. No, it lay much deeper, and was far more significant than that. But whatever cause the organizers wished to further, it must have lost rather than gained by their tactics in the general strike in Brisbane.

The "Morning Post" of 26 July, 1912, published a short notice from Brisbane, headed "Anti-Strike Legislation in Queensland". In the Legislative Assembly a Bill aiming at industrial peace was introduced, providing among other things that "Strikes and lock-outs are unlawful until a compulsory conference has proved abortive, and a fortnight's notice has been given to a registrar, and the latter has taken a secret ballot of employers or employees, and such ballot has resulted in favour of a lock-out or strike". From this it may be seen that Queensland is making vigorous attempts to formulate laws to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of the "cat's-paw" episode of February, 1912.

Trades Unions no doubt have come to stay, and in so far as they make for fraternity rather than discord, they have an ideal task to perform. Unfortunately they will not keep within the sphere originally assigned to them. Instead of considering their members' final good; upholding their just rights; obtaining better conditions for the men as members of a Union than they could hope to gain individually, they have allowed socialism and politics to be the dominating influences of their work.

The amount of poverty, starvation, misery and ruin left on the trail after every agitation makes it difficult to believe that the lot of the working-man and his family is in any way improved by these spasmodic industrial disputes.

CHAPTER XXI

RISBANE TO PAPUA

BEFORE leaving Sydney, I had laid my plans for a short run over to Papua, formerly known as British New Guinea. Messrs. Burns Philp and Co. issue tickets for a round trip occupying about five weeks: their boat calls at several Australian ports on the way up the coast, if possible giving passengers time at Cairns to make an inland journey by train to the famous Barron Falls.

From Cairns the steamer proceeds directly through the Great Barrier Reef to Port Moresby, the capital of Papua, which is reached in less than forty-eight hours. Two days are spent there on the outward journey, and one on the return. The two other places visited are the Islands of Samarai, the trading centre; and Woodlark, the goldfield. Several days are spent at the former, and one at the latter. In addition to this, every alternate trip the boat runs west of Port Moresby as far as Yule Island, and remains there several hours. In this way, without leaving the steamer for a single night, one gets a very fair idea of this little-known British Possession and of its people.

It is not always possible to arrange one's plans so as to arrive at every place visited at its most desirable season; if it were so, the month of May or June would be selected for Papua. February happened to be the time that fitted in best with my itinerary, so I decided to chance it, and luckily all turned out delightfully.

Knowing it was not likely to be the calmest weather for steaming up the coast, I was hoping to do that part of the journey on a rather bigger boat than the "Matunga," and defer joining that vessel until she left the last of her Australian ports of call for the trip to Papua.

I have already described my experiences on the Japanese boat from Sydney to Brisbane: thence I was booked on an Australian Inter-State boat to Cairns, but alas! owing to the general strike, all vessels had ceased to call at Brisbane, and I was in dire alarm lest I should not be able to make my connexions. I had resigned myself to the necessity of going the whole way in the "Matunga," when it became a matter of speculation as to whether even she would be able to put in to take on passengers.

The company wired me to return to Sydney if I wished to make certain of my passage, but I hesitated to do that, not caring for the long railway journey it would entail, or for retracing my way along a very rough piece of coast. Therefore, acting on further advice from their Brisbane branch, I decided to chance it, and remain where I was. Imagine how thankful I was that I had come to this decision, when on boarding the "Matunga," I found she had encountered fearful weather on her way up. Side rails had been washed away; sheep lost overboard; and a flight of steps, leading from the upper to the lower deck, completely smashed.

However, she seemed to have weathered the storm and proved herself a good sea-boat. This gave me confidence, but, as I said before, my luck on the water is such that, from the time I joined her until we reached Australia again, with the exception of one or two rainy days, we were favoured with perfect weather.

At the last moment we got word to say that the "Matunga" would await her passengers and cargo at the Pile Light, the captain not daring to bring the vessel any nearer, lest his crew should be called out by the Strike Committee.

It was arranged we should go by train to Pinkenba, at the mouth of the river, where we should find a lighter to take us off to the "Matunga".

Early on a delightfully fine morning in February, midsummer in these parts, I found myself seated in a train, passing through small settlements, and getting exquisite peeps of landscape and river. While ruminating on the

exciting and sad events I had perforce witnessed in Brisbane during the last few weeks, and knowing how much hatred and bitter feeling had been lately aroused among compatriots, there kept recurring to my mind the line of a certain hymn running, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile". This I had never thought very applicable in its right context, and although it seemed to fit this occasion better, I was still very loath to apply it. My visit to Brisbane had certainly been unfortunate, and I trust I shall never again be caught in a like predicament.

The captain and the purser from the "Matunga" were on the station at Pinkenba to meet us, which was fortunate for me, as I could hardly have got my luggage to the lighter without assistance. With the aid of the station-master, and two male passengers who volunteered, they transferred not only the baggage but a van-load of mails from the train to the tug, and I was quite willing to lend a helping hand.

At last all was ready, and I joyfully heard the request to step into the lighter. After that all was peace, and we glided gently over the smooth water, following the channel through Moreton Bay to the Pile Light.

At Cape Moreton, on the most northerly point of Moreton Island, stands a fine lighthouse, seventy-five feet high. The revolving light is 400 feet above sea level, and is visible for a distance of twenty-seven miles.

Several islands in the bay are utilized by the State. On Stradbroke, an island thirty-three miles long and six broad, is Dunwich, the State Benevolent Institution, where the aged and infirm are sheltered, and their declining years softened by thoughtful care and home comforts. On St. Helena is the Penal Establishment; and on Peel Island, the Quarantine Station.

As we neared the "Matunga," a vessel of about 1000 tons, we noted how far she stood out of the water—another side-issue of the strike, as she was minus the heavy cargo she expected here, which could not be conveyed to her in the present crisis.

In such smooth water I found no difficulty in boarding

the little steamer, and in due time the mails were transferred, the engines put in motion, and we were on the move. An inspection of the boat disclosed a saloon amidships; cabin accommodation, as per advertisement, for sixty first-class passengers (but I should be mighty sorry to be one of that number); refrigerating chamber; and electric light and electric fans in the saloon.

On approaching the steamer, I had discerned the forms of two women, who on nearer acquaintance proved to be two married ladies who were returning with their husbands to Port Moresby, our first port of call in Papua. I, being the only unattached woman on board, was berthed by myself. The cabin was a good one on the upper deck, and for a single person very comfortable quarters.

The first afternoon I made the acquaintance of some of my fellow-passengers, and I retailed to them the miseries of the Brisbane strike, in return for their latest news of Sydney. Meanwhile we were working our way steadily northward, but not near enough to the rugged coast to mark its beauties. We knew that, in the distance, we were giving the go-by to Gympie, a mining city surrounded by a country rich in minerals, and good agricultural and dairy land; Maryborough, which is not only the busy port for Gympie but also for the coal-fields of Burrum, as well as for Kingaroy, an important timber centre; and Bundaberg, situated in a large sugar district, with twenty-two complete sugar factories, fourteen juice mills, and the great Millaquin Refinery, and Bundaberg Foundry.

We then glided into the calm water behind the Great Barrier Reef, which sheltered us until we passed out through it again, after leaving Cairns. For 1000 miles the eastern coast of Queensland is protected from the giant waves of the Pacific by this wonderful submarine coraline structure.

Having circumnavigated the globe once or twice, I had no difficulty in selecting a good position for my deck-chair on board ship. This calls for more judgment than might be thought at first. In the tropics—we had entered the Tropic of Capricorn between Gladstone and Rockhampton—the first desideratum is to be able to obtain any breeze

that may be going: the next, on such a glorious morning as followed our start, when one wishes to be left to indulge in silent meditation, is to choose such a position that stray passers-by cannot conveniently intrude their company and conversation for long. Nature is a shy maiden, and withholds her charms from the ordinary mortal, bubbling over with the latest tittle-tattle of everyday life at sea, with no eye for her beauty. But if one is alone, or can find a congenial companion who will join in silent adoration, she will display her charms unreservedly, and shine forth in all her beauty.

I found a place that would suit my requirements, and placed a writing-table and chair on the spot. The writing of course was neglected, which is hardly to be wondered at, seeing that the elements in their happiest mood were striving to surpass each other in beauty and charm, and unfolding to my enchanted gaze a perfect panorama of loveliness. We were threading our way through a veritable galaxy of islets, caressed by the vivid blue waters, and forming—*en bloc*—the Percy Group.

Straight ahead lay the Whitsunday Passage, through which we passed later, getting on the one side some magnificent views of islands whose wooded heights rise from the water's edge, and on the other, the mountain chains of the mainland, springing precipitously from the margin of the ocean. We ran through near enough to take a message from the lighthouse which marks the entrance. The continued course of the "Matunga" so near to the coast made the journey very delightful for the rest of the day.

I went to my bunk that night taking back all my unkind criticisms of what I had called the inflated advertisement literature with which one gets inundated before starting on such an excursion; on the contrary, I now thought the writers had but feebly described its delights.

Alas! I reverted to my original opinion when the following morning I awoke to find we were wrapped in a heavy mist, with a rain and wind storm in full progress. This lasted the whole day, and was one of the most

miserable I can remember. The "Matunga" was not built for a tropical climate, and the only air obtainable in the cabins was from either the door or port-hole; and when these both had to be closed, a necessity in bad weather, the effect is easier to imagine than to describe. The upper saloon suffered from the same want of ventilation: willy-nilly, one had to be inside, as owing to the narrowness of the deck and the faulty overhead covering there was not a dry inch to be found anywhere outside. No! Happiness on the "Matunga" undoubtedly depended entirely upon fine weather.

Our first port of call in an ordinary way would have been Cairns, but the captain knowing that some passengers, owing to the existing dislocation of the shipping service, would be unable to get there to join us, strained a point, and waited outside Townsville to pick them up.

As we approached Magnetic Island,—so named for its reputation of having disorganized Captain Cook's compass on his visit to these parts,—we could see a lighter sheltering near it. When we shut off steam, the boat came alongside, and we took on its occupants. They were mining magnates, and were most anxious to get to Woodlark on this trip. Two directors were taking out a new manager, who came with good credentials from Charters Towers. This town is situated eighty-two miles inland from Townsville, and is the centre of the premier goldfield of the State, so that a picked man from thence should be worth having.

Early the next morning, we ran alongside the wharf at Cairns. As I was returning here later, I did not make the usual rush to see the Barron Falls, but contented myself with a cursory survey of the town, which, surrounded by green hills, is rather prettily situated.

In spite of the ominous warning issued to the shipping fraternity of a coming cyclone, the weather was decidedly improving, and before we started that afternoon was once again in the best of humours.

Cairns lies some little distance up the river, and to reach the open sea we followed a long channel marked by

light buoys. On one was an ingenious apparatus with a clock-like face, indicating the depth of the water as it rose and fell.

A few hours later, we negotiated a passage through the Great Barrier Reef. This is attended by a certain element of danger when a rough sea is running, but in such smooth untroubled water as we were enjoying, nothing was to be feared. In calm weather, even the ordinary eye can easily detect the presence of the coral near the surface. Generally speaking, the water above it assumes the most perfect tints of pale blue and yellow, merging into emerald green, and the boundary of the reef can be traced by the narrow fringe of white foam.

When once through, no further obstacles stood in our way, and we made a bee-line for Port Moresby. The heat of the radiant sun was tempered by a strong head wind, making life very pleasant. Meanwhile there was nothing enthralling to be seen, and we marked time by lounging on our deck chairs, and sought interest and amusement among our fellow-travellers.

This was not difficult, as we were a motley company, and what it lacked in number was made up for by variety. Our table was headed by the commander, one Captain Rule, a good name for his calling, and the youngest captain I have ever met.

To his right sat a Government official and his bride. He was an Englishman, who had lived and worked for some time in North-West Rhodesia, where he became engaged to the lady of his choice, and soon after was appointed to a post in Papua. When they decided to be married, there was some little misunderstanding as to the time and place of their meeting. She, thinking she was following his directions, started for Papua, and by the luckiest possible chance reached there just in time to catch him before he started for Africa to fetch her. There was nothing left for them to do, but arrange a hasty wedding, and go together to enjoy his furlough in Australia. The Bishop chanced to be near at hand, and the nuptial knot was tied at Samarai. While waiting for the departure of the

steamer, they spent the first few days of the honeymoon on the adjacent quarantine island. I am inclined to think this was a voluntary sojourn, and not a precautionary measure to safeguard the inhabitants of Samarai from the possible danger of the matrimonial microbe.

Facing them at table was a bank manager, returning with his wife from a well-earned holiday. He was a New Zealander, and she an Australian.

On my left was a young doctor from Sydney, going up country in Papua under contract for a year. He had accepted the post rather hurriedly, and since his embarkation had gained some knowledge of the part of the country to which he was going. He had also got an inkling of the kind of life before him, and I fancy felt rather sorry for himself.

His *vis-à-vis* was a learned American anthropologist, who after spending some months in the Solomon Islands and German New Guinea was now going to extend his field of study to the Territory of Papua. He had a very congenial neighbour in Father Claussen, a bearded French Roman Catholic missionary, educated, intelligent, and broad-minded. One overheard scraps of conversation between them on science, art, or some classic work.

Immediately opposite to me sat a man of a different calibre, a rough-and-ready artisan missionary. He was ignorant of his final destination in Papua, but it would naturally be where some building was required, as his abundant religious fervour was to find expression in carpentry. His manner toward the steward was most deferential: every request was punctuated by "if you don't mind," which I think tickled the steward as much as it did me.

Another table, running along the same side of the saloon as ours, was chiefly made up of the ship's officers, with a few odd passengers, who sat at the end nearest me. One man, probably running an hotel or store in some small mining settlement, was very fond of airing his French, and was for ever talking of "mal de *mur*," until I felt that if the sea did not affect me in that way, a little more of his French soon would.

On his right sat a young fellow who, I learned afterwards,

had won a few thousand pounds at the Melbourne races, which seemed likely to be the undoing of him, for he was always in a more or less maudlin condition. He was a clever fellow, and one can only hope he pulled up in time. He got off at Port Moresby, and before we finally left there, he had got a billet to run an electric launch.

Opposite to these two sat a traveller seeking a market for jewellery. He had come on "spec," and from what he told me on the return journey, had made it worth while.

After leaving Townsville, a third table was filled entirely by the Woodlark mining interest. Besides the already mentioned manager and directors, were several ordinary miners on their way back to work at the Hulumdau Mines.

Their share of femininity was in the form of a miner's wife and young daughter returning from a holiday to the mainland. I asked the mother one day how they were getting on out there — meaning in Papua. "Oh, very well," she replied: "we're quite satisfied;" and I discovered afterwards that they were simply coining money. Her husband, it appeared, could make anything between £7 and £9 per week. She received £5 per week for cooking the miners' food at the hotel, and the daughter, a child of about twelve or thirteen years old, got £1 per week for waiting at table, and doubtless their "tucker" was included.

The meal hours are curious in these mining districts; dinner is served at eleven o'clock, and I believe the last meal cooked was about four o'clock in the afternoon, so if the lady were not satisfied, all I can say is she would be very hard to please.

Some years ago, when travelling from Australia to New Zealand, I was warned by a notice in my cabin not to go to bed in my boots. At another time, I was staying in an hotel at Wyoming, U.S.A., when, on going in to dinner, I was confronted by a notice to this effect: "You are requested to wear your coat in the dining-room". This of course referred to men. On so short an acquaintance I cannot say how far the first rule would affect the ordinary habits of the "Matunga" passengers, but I do know that the

captain insisted on the second being adhered to, at any rate during meal-times. More than once I saw the steward sending a man back for the necessary garment.

It is related that once a man so resented what he presumably deemed unnecessary "swank" that he declined to come to the table, and elected to be satisfied with what sustenance he could procure on deck. Certainly, in such terrific heat all are anxious to wear only the minimum amount of clothing compatible with decency. Personally, I have no objection to men in the usual full shirt and nether garment, if it is kept in place by a belt, but I draw the line at braces: why, exactly, I hardly know. It may be that they leave on the mind an idea of incompleteness of attire, as if the wearer had not quite finished dressing, an uncomfortable suggestion at any time to the onlooker, whereas the belt is perfectly convincing as a finish.

My artisan friend particularly annoyed me in the matter of braces, by always wearing the most conspicuous and "I-dare-you-to-overlook-me" type.

These few personal details will, I trust, be sufficient excuse for the use of the word "motley". After all, everything in this mundane existence is merely relative, and I had yet to learn that our company on the outward journey was propriety personified by comparison with the people we picked up on our return.

On the afternoon of the second day out from Cairns we sighted New Guinea. At first, to those who knew where to look, it was only a darkening of the horizon. This quickly developed into a distant line of land, and as we drew nearer, we could distinguish the vendure-clad hills, but the notched outline of the mountains was wrapped in a a pall of mist.

Carefully feeling our way through the ubiquitous reef, we passed to the left of Alligator Island, which is about the truest natural copy of a prototype that I have ever come across.

We were now in the harbour, margined by hills covered for the most part with trees, and the entire landscape was far greener than anything I had expected to see in this

island. It certainly makes a very pleasant impression in the wet season, and a stray arrival like myself finds it difficult to believe that for nine months out of the twelve it is burned brown and barren by the scorching rays of a pitiless sun, and had I come at the so-called right season, that is what I should have seen.

Looking along the curving shore we could see, merged into one, the picturesque native villages of Elevara and Humabada, both built on piles, and projecting far over the water.

On rounding a fine headland, the town of Port Moresby is revealed clinging to a narrow isthmus-like piece of land between two hills. We had all been in the fore part of the boat for hours, watching the approach to the land with very varied feelings. Those returning to their work knew the few joys and many drawbacks of the life there. Others with no such experience were hopefully picturing in bright colours what they thought was in store for them. The bride was anxiously scanning the landscape, and, following with her eye a spot indicated by her husband, she discovered the house which report said had been allotted to them, and which from this distance looked for all the world like a bathing machine set on a small hill.

Father Claussen, after six months' absence, was unfeignedly delighted to see again the country which had claimed his life's willing devotion.

As we approached the jetty, the residents could be seen making their way down to the boat from all directions, and by the time we were alongside and tied up there was a goodly crowd of both white and chocolate faces ready to greet us.

THE TOWNSHIP

THE INNER HARBOUR

PORT MORESBY

CHAPTER XXII

THE TERRITORY OF PAPUA

THERE is a pardonable pride in claiming membership of a mighty Empire that boasts of colonies encircling the globe, and I think one may justifiably find grounds for still greater elation when one realizes that some of these colonies have made such strides in the attainment of strength, wealth, and power, that they can come forward, if necessary, and proffer assistance and advice to the Mother Country.

Thus we find Australia acting, as it were, as guardian or foster-mother to Papua, the British section of New Guinea. If we call Australia the fifth continent, then New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It lies immediately north of Queensland, separated from it by 100 miles of sea at Torres Straits.

New Guinea was discovered as long ago as 1511, but until quite recent years it remained less known than any accessible portion of the earth's surface. This is the more extraordinary as it is a country of great interest, both as regards its natural productions and its human inhabitants.

Situated close to the Equator, and extending only a few miles south of it, the climate of New Guinea is hot and uniform, and the rains abundant. It is mountainous, and some of the highest peaks in the Owen Stanley Range reach an altitude of from 10,000 to 13,000 feet, while the summits of several in the Charles Louis mountains near Tristan Bay are snow-clad, and at least 18,000 feet high.

The forests are everywhere grand in the extreme, and these are a retarding element in the work of exploration. A mile per day in the virgin forest is considered excellent progress, and that is not achieved without considerable expense. Some writers think that these forests had the effect

of keeping apart the various groups of natives and primitive settlers from the adjacent islands. The almost impenetrable jungle formed a dense barrier between the small secluded communities, and they thus became shy and suspicious of one another. To this isolation may be traced the remarkable diversity of customs, dialects, food, and appearance, existing at the present time in the different parts of the territory.

The proximity of such a large island to so important a country as Australia opened up a vista of alarming possibilities in the event of it being occupied entirely by a foreign Power. The Dutch had long been in possession of the western portion, although they had taken no active interest in its development. About 1883, however, rumours were afloat that Germany was likely to annex what remained, and this so alarmed the Australians, that taking the responsibility upon themselves, they hastily sent an officer from Thursday Island to hoist the British flag at Port Moresby. This he did on 4 April, 1883. Unfortunately this action was not upheld at the time by the Imperial authorities.

Later in the year, the Inter-Colonial Conference met in Sydney, and resolutions were passed urging the annexation by Great Britain of at any rate some portion of the island. The Home Government yielded under such pressure of public opinion, and forthwith despatched H.M.S. "Nelson," and formally annexed the south-eastern portion of New Guinea. General Sir Peter Scatchley was sent as special commissioner to the newly acquired territory, but unfortunately soon after his arrival he succumbed to malarial fever, and with one difficulty and another four years elapsed without any great progress being achieved.

At the Colonial Conference held in London in 1887 the representatives of Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria expressed their mutual willingness to contribute between them the sum of £15,000 a year for ten years towards the maintenance of a Seat of Government to protect British rights in the territory, provided Her Majesty's sovereignty was proclaimed.

This was carried out in 1888 by Sir William MacGregor,

whom I had the privilege of meeting in Brisbane. He also defined the boundaries of the new possession, and New Guinea thus entered upon a fresh lease of life. But even then, there was a lack of enthusiasm, and things remained more or less dormant for another thirteen years.

In 1901 South Australia and West Australia joined the other three States, and United Australia then took upon herself the entire financial responsibility of British New Guinea, which was placed under Federal control by the Imperial Authorities. The transfer was effected by the Papuan Act (Commonwealth) of 16 November, 1905, and came into force on 1 September, 1906. The Federal Act accepted the control of British New Guinea, and re-named it "The Territory of Papua".

The Colony is divided into nine magisterial divisions in each of which there is a resident magistrate. In the larger divisions, he has an assistant magistrate or two to help him in the control of the natives. It may not be amiss if I make it clear that although the country we are speaking of is only a third part of an island, its area is very considerable. The total coast-line of the territory—I quote from the Year Book of Queensland for 1912—has been computed at 3664 statute miles, 1728 on the mainland, and 1936 on the numerous islands which form a part of the new possession. The total superficial area of the Colony is about 90,540 square miles, of which about 87,786 are on the mainland of New Guinea, and 2754 comprise many of the adjacent islands. Happily, it lies out of the cyclone belt, so that the work of years is not liable to be swept away in a few hours by the devastating winds which play such havoc in other parts of the tropics. It is bounded on the west by Dutch, and on the north by German New Guinea.

I trust these few geographical and political explanations will be enough to show the lie of the land we are about to visit, and to prove that the Papuan Territory holds an exceptional relationship to the Mother Country. In fact, the Cook Group governed by New Zealand, and Papuan Territory, may both be termed the grandchildren of Great Britain. The future alone will show what the Federation

will do with this her only child, and we query, will Australia "float with flag unfurled, a new Britannia in another world"?

After this digression we will now hie us back to the steamer, and take up the thread of our story.

The light was fast waning as we arrived at Port Moresby, on the eastern shore of the bay of that name, the capital and port of the Territory of Papua, and the only port on the chief mainland at which we disembarked, but aided by a few lamps swung on the pier, or carried by the people, we were able to see the mingled crowd of blacks and whites who had come to meet us.

The in-coming boat is always looked upon as a link with the outer and larger world, although it is astonishing how soon the feeling is acquired when living in any isolated part of the globe, that the tiny circumscribed spot of earth on which one finds oneself is *the* world. For instance, in London I am positively thrown off my mental balance for the day if the "Morning Post" is not awaiting me on the breakfast table. Whilst here, in the Antipodes, I can pursue the even tenor of my way without seeing a paper of any description for weeks together.

Those who recognized acquaintances among the new arrivals shouted their welcome from the quay, while "new chums" on the boat were cogitating as to which among those in the throng below might prove to be friends in embryo. None of these doubts and speculations were in my mind, for the white population was not so interesting to me as the native. The first thing that struck me was how diminutive were these in comparison with the Central African; the second was their resemblance to the Fijian, the marked characteristic being the marvellously luxuriant crop of hair projecting some eight or nine inches from the skull. These fuzzy mop heads brought very pleasant reminiscences to my mind of happy days in Fiji in times past.

At last the gangway is down, and the agent for Burns Philp and Co. leads the way to the deck, which is soon crowded. I move round and overhear snatches of talk and greeting.

"Hello, old chap, glad to see you back again." "How well you look." "Yes, we have had good rains." "No, he pegged out last week." "Where's the new Bank Manager?" "Who's the young fellow?" And doubtless had I been in the right place, I might have overheard, "Who's the stout party? Oh—ah, ahem! I see."

After a time a Government official, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was disentangled from the multitude, and presented to me; a fine athletic young fellow over six feet in height, and with none of the washed-out appearance usually associated with a residence in the tropics. He had roughed it too, for not so very long before he had been one of an exploring expedition, which had contrived to lose itself, and was only rescued from starvation in the nick of time. He kindly offered to pioneer me the next day through some of the sights of the neighbourhood.

When it came to fixing the time at which he should fetch me, my mind reverted to Calcutta, and I recalled hot restless nights spent in trying to get the right side of "Nature's Soft Nurse," and almost as soon as I had done so, being aroused by a rap at the door, followed by a friend's voice asking "Are you ready, Miss Hall? Your horse is here;" and there was nothing for it but to answer blithely, and dress quickly. I must say when once up, the early hours of the morning are just ideal for a gallop over the Maidan, and I was always sorry when my companion would suggest that "it was time we returned, as the sun was getting high".

Well, now I speculated as to whether this robust young man before me would consider six or seven a reasonable hour, and sincerely hoped it would not be earlier than the latter. Judge of my surprise then when he mentioned in a tentative, hope-you-won't-think-it-too-early kind of voice, "Ten o'clock?"

My after experience taught me that the Australian in Papua simply ignores the heat, and recklessly defies the sun. Many of them scorn the usual headgear of the tropics, and wander out under the vertical rays of the sun with perhaps a cloth cap, a straw hat, or maybe nothing at all to

cover their heads. The strange part of it is that apparently they are none the worse for this—what in ordinary parlance would be termed—foolhardiness. They adhere, even in non-tropical Australia, more closely to the customs of a hot climate than they do in Papua. For instance, I have been in many places where to keep the rooms cool, all windows were closed, and blinds kept down the live-long day, until I felt I was living in a house with a dead body with no prospect of a funeral.

After the interchange of news, and curiosity satisfied, the crowd on the jetty thinned as the darkness increased. It was Sunday evening, and the tinkle of the church bell could be heard in the distance. A few turned their steps in that direction, others loitered on the way home at a neighbour's veranda to retail any news they had gathered, and the lights of numerous hurricane lamps could be seen as they flickered, first here, then there, guiding the steps of the bearer to his destination.

The status of the hotels in the port may be imagined from the fact that it was thought advisable for those who were going farther to remain on the "Matunga" during her stay in port, and this custom was adhered to during the entire trip. The heat in the cabins was almost unbearable, but the wind being on my side reduced it sufficiently for me to become oblivious of my surroundings until awakened at six the following morning by the noise inseparable from the unloading of a cargo by natives.

They were a wild set, and their exuberant spirits seemed to carry them through the work. Heavy loads were carried, and trolleys filled, to the rhythm of a song. They delight in making themselves fantastic with anything that comes to hand. A quantity of coloured crinkled paper had escaped from some packing case, and this was eagerly seized upon: bits were pressed under their armlets, fastened in their hair, or hung round their necks, as individual fancy dictated.

By daylight I could trace a road winding round the hills, past the Government House, the "bathing-machine" now occupied by the bride, the London Mission House, and

leading to the two native villages of Humabada and Elevara, which were now perfectly duplicated in the transparent water over which they were built. They were our objective this morning, and considering the activity displayed in the port, I should have been disappointed but not surprised had I been expected a little later, to follow that path with my feet as well as my eyes.

But no! A much less prosaic and more characteristic means of progress was to be placed at my disposal. At the time appointed, my friend, who filled the post of Chief Inspector in the Department of Native Affairs, cleared a way for me through the perspiring and vociferous crowd of mop-heads who were working the cargo, and led me down a short flight of steps at the side of the jetty to his "Whaler"—I have an idea that is the correct term for the delightful boat into which I was assisted.

The anthropologist and Dr. Hamilton completed the quartet of whites. For some time my eyes were glued on the ten men who formed the crew. They were dressed in the Government uniform—tunic and knickerbockers of blue serge and white braid, which now, as I describe it, sounds rather like a costume for mixed bathing, but no such frivolous idea entered my mind as I sat and watched these fascinating black and chocolate individuals.

The early writers christened the people of New Guinea Papuas or Papuans, on account of their woolly hair. The Malay word "papuwah" or "puwah-puwah" means frizzled like wool, and "tana papuwah" the land of the woolly haired.

One half of the native police belonged to the "frizzled wool" and the other to the smooth-haired brotherhood. The natives generally, and these men in particular, pay great attention to their appearance. The hair is well dressed, the "mops" being combed with a four or five-pronged wooden fork, which is both useful and ornamental. When not in active service, it remains stuck in the wool as an ornament, in company with sticks, feathers, and other adornments. Some had pierced the sides of their noses, and wore in the aperture a piece of bamboo, or the tusks of the wild pig.

Their plaited grass armlets, bead necklaces and anklets, and savage ornaments of teeth or shell fascinated me until we glided up to the little wharf on which we were to land.

Nowadays we hear a good deal about garden cities, and I wonder if these will ever be followed by "water cities" such as are common to Papua. A short walk over the white sandy shore, now and again shaded by palms, brought us to Humabada, the first village, consisting of a number of houses, not picturesquely grouped, but running parallel to the beach. It is Elevara, a little farther along, that strikes the artistic note. It, like its twin brother, starts a short distance from the water's edge, but then it straggles out over the sea, and finally nestles up to a small island, unconsciously forming a picture that would gladden the heart of anyone with an eye for beauty.

We had not got very far when I saw the anthropologist, keen on his subject, followed by the doctor, scaling one of the rickety approaches to a dwelling. I, deeming discretion the better part of valour, was satisfied to remain below, and wait for their description of the interior of the houses, and the occupations of the people therein.

Mr. Bell continued with me to Elevara, and as he was well known, and could speak the dialect, we had a few words with those we met. They would answer any question put to them, and always wanted to know why I had come.

The shanties nearest the shore were built on the highest level, and had the most uncompromisingly difficult means of access possible. This is understandable when we realize that these villages, with a population of 1700, were built on the water in order to secure safety from the attacks of the more hostile people of the mountains.

From the shore to the island extends what we may by courtesy call a bridge. On either side of this main thoroughfare run side streets, flanked by houses of various dimensions. Standing well out over the water, it is no longer necessary to raise the buildings very high, so that two or three steps bring one on a level with the abode.

A walk over the bridge and its by-ways, if ventured on

HUMABADA

ELEVARA

by a person encumbered with European clothing, particularly boots, is like matrimony: "not to be enterprised, nor taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly".

Realizing the seriousness of the undertaking, I picked my way with extreme caution. When I became extra suspicious of a sliding plank, or maybe a space with no plank at all, I sank my pride, and accepted the assistance of a guiding hand until I reached a united company of planks, on which I felt I could balance myself with safety.

The almost amphibious little piccaninnies—and there are a great many of them—floundered about in the water like porpoises. They would drop from their back doors or front windows, or quite likely from a chance interstice in the dining-room floor, or in fact from wherever they happened to be; and then they would swim in and out among the crazy and tipsy-looking piles supporting their homes.

Tiring of this they would climb like monkeys up the nearest pole, and we had a very wet and shining little throng surrounding us, veritable children of nature, not harassed by "standards," or school attendance inspectors. They were intelligent looking, and there was no difficulty in making them understand the bartering value of the few coppers they received for posing to the camera.

Women left their occupations to gaze at the passers by, and I venture to say in a much more amiable spirit than we should display if a number of red Indians came near our homes and wanted, without as much as an understandable "by your leave," to poke round and find out how we got into this house, or into that room, or what the cook was doing in the kitchen—could they taste what she was making? However they were tolerant, so we gained a fair idea of their habits and mode of living before retracing our steps.

It was a decided relief when we regained the shore, and could get along without foreboding as to where the next step might land us. Off the water, everything was red-hot. The white sand—all ablaze in the scorching midday sun—made one's eyeballs burn like fire, but the interest of the whole thing made me callous to any personal discomfort.

How could one pause to consider the temperature, or its possible effect on the personal appearance, when, wherever the eye rested, it fell upon a veritable living picture. Now it would be a tiny mite, little more than an infant, crawling from one crazy stick to the one above its little black pate, and to yet another still higher up, while every moment one expected to see a brown ball tumble into the water with a splash. But no, the Providence that watches over all children, be they black, white, yellow, or any other colour, is vigilant here, so the babe arrives safely on his own platform, whence he can look down with confidence on the strange white intruders beneath him.

Then turning the head in another direction, may be seen advancing with jaunty gait, what at first sight looks like several animated pen-wipers, but when they get nearer, are discovered to be consequential, self-satisfied village belles, dressed in their best. The ballet skirt they affect consists of bands of long, hanging grass, like a deep fringe, fastened round the body some inches below the waist, and falling to about the knees. As many as the girl can afford are worn one over the other, until the top one stands out almost straight from the body, producing a quaint effect.

The girls were further bedecked with bead and other ornaments, and passed us with a coquettish air, and a side-long glance at my companion. Following them there is a young mother, who has other things to think of beyond personal adornment. She carries on one arm a tiny brown baby, and with the other a pot of some slimy, glutinous-looking concoction, which I am informed is sago. It certainly has no sort of even a family likeness to what we are accustomed to get at home.

The native people eat it after only the initial stages of preparation. It is made from a palm which only grows in wet places, generally near the sea-shore. It is a very thick palm, and generally from twenty to thirty feet high. When full-grown it is cut down, and cleared of its leaves and leaf-sheaths. A wide strip of the bark is then ripped off, disclosing the sago, a brown pulpy substance divided by fibrous strands. The pith is then hammered from the

bark by an implement called the sago-beater, which is really a long, narrow-headed hammer.

The sago proper is extracted from the pith by washing it in two troughs set one above the other. Lumps of the pith are kneaded in the upper one, while water is continually poured over it. This overflows into the lower receptacle, carrying the sago with it, and leaving the fibrous stuff behind. It is then shaped into cylindrical forms about thirty pounds in weight, packed firmly in the leaves of the palm, and carried to the village.

The woman we met was about to prepare the day's meal for the family. I was told she would roll this sticky stuff into fair-sized balls, and roast them in the embers of a fire, or tie them in banana leaves, and cook them on hot stones. One ordinary sago palm would supply a man with enough food for a year. So the happy people within reach of the necessary tree have little fear of being starved.

In the short intervals between these moving pictures, we can give our attention to the permanent one of the quaint houses (and their reflection) forming the village of Humabada, which we have now regained.

Over the water, parallel with the shore, and raised to a height of ten or twelve feet, runs what the Americans would call an elevated side-walk ; that is, a path formed by a long narrow platform built on poles and bamboos. This gives entrance to the row of houses erected on a level with it. Cross-bars from the poles supporting the path form a step-ladder to the houses above, up which the respective owners scramble. One must hope they are a temperate people ; such an approach must be a severe test of sobriety, and the waiting spouse would have no need to put the doubted one to the further test of walking along a plank when he had once reached his home.

The house itself has a slanting roof, falling over the sides, and projecting considerably at one end to form a covered veranda. The sides and roof are formed of "atap," which is made from the leaves of either the nipa or the sago palm. The stem is split into several sticks about an inch and a half in thickness, and five or six feet in length.

A leaf, usually about three inches wide and four feet long, is then taken and folded in the centre. The mid-rib of the leaf is freed for a short distance, and pushed into the soft substance of the stick in such a way that the two ends lie one over the other, and are clipped together with a short piece of the mid-rib. This process is repeated, each leaf slightly over-lapping the last, until the stick is completely covered with leaves, forming a solid surface the length of the stick, and about two feet wide.

These pieces are manipulated very quickly, and when ready, are fixed to the frame of the roof or wall by strands of rattan. The stick of the "atap" is always at the top, and the ends fall downwards. They are placed to overlap each other like tiles. This form of thatching is very efficacious, keeping the house cool in summer, and it is impervious to tropical rainfall.

I have to rely upon hearsay for the interior. It appears that the house may be of one room, or several, according to fancy. The floor is made of small saplings, so roughly hewn and put together that through the chinks may be seen the flowing water beneath. It would not be in accordance with our ideas of comfort, but as a matter of fact it is not disagreeable. In such a hot country, anything that suggests coolness is acceptable rather than otherwise.

The people are not given to much extravagance in the way of furniture. In fact the inside of the house is more of a store-room for weapons, nets, and their scanty belongings. What work they do at home is usually done on the veranda, where they also while away their leisure time.

As far as I gathered, the making of pots is their one and only industry. A few men and women are engaged in various capacities at the port: working in the stores; doing washing; and some have been taught to help in housework. The money they thus gain is generally expended in furbelows. It is only these created wants that induce the native to work for the white man at all.

By now we had picked up our scientist and doctor, and all repaired to the London Mission House, on a slight elevation to our left—I will not say primarily for a drink,

because frankly that would not be quite correct. Nevertheless we were in such a parched condition, that had we been dogs—at least I will answer for myself—my tongue would have been hanging far out of my mouth. So we were more than thankful when our host suggested tea. He also asked if we would like a preliminary cold drink while the tea was in preparation. We quite approved of the idea, which was rather fortunate, as the little black boy was very deliberate in laying the tea things; but having taken the edge off our thirst, we could with equanimity watch the process.

The missioner had only been here a few years, the greater part of his life and work having been given to Raratonga, farther south in the Pacific. He talked of his hopes and aspirations for the people he was now amongst, and gave the anthropologist some good hints for starting his study of the natives. In return we gave him all the news we could of Australia, and the recent Brisbane strike. Then, as it was already late, we were obliged to say farewell, and return to the "Matunga".

Such a morning as we had had would have been a fair day's sight-seeing in a temperate climate, but I was not to be let down so lightly, and it was arranged that a "boy" should be sent in the afternoon to show me the way to Miss Beatrice Grimshaw's house, situated on the saddle of the hill, and commanding a glorious view of the harbour and the open sea.

This lady has made the islands of the Pacific her chief study for some years past, and we chatted and compared notes of our experiences in these parts.

At dawn the following day the scene from my cabin door was perfectly exquisite. The mellow tone of water, islands, sky, and hills, immersed in the mysterious morning light, enthralled me. Later, it was equally lovely, but in a very different way. As the daylight increased, mystery vanished; the islands and outlines became clearly defined against a gloriously, almost metallic, blue sky and sea.

The harbour seemed full of life and business. Canoes from Humabada and Elevara, full of natives, were slowly propelled across the bay. The Government steamer, "The

Merrie England," had dropped anchor the previous afternoon, and the "Matunga's" bustling little electric launch could be seen making its way to her, and before it seemed possible she could be back, one would look up and find her towing a boat full of picturesque labourers, singing merrily some of their quaint refrains. To go swishing through the water without any effort on their own part, exactly fulfils the native's idea of perfect joy.

On moving to the other side of the "Matunga," I was just in time to see an interesting fight between two large flat fish, resembling good-sized turbot. When one thinks of it, it seems rather difficult for a living thing without limbs, and minus a protuberance of any kind, to carry on a fight. Neither can we accuse a fish of being able to display much facial expression. Nevertheless, I could tell without a doubt that they were both exceedingly angry. They would leap several yards out of the water, and throw themselves against each other, time after time, with terrific force.

The black boys on the end of the jetty were watching the fun, and one hastily improvised a weapon, and tried to spear the combatants, but as his aim was not too sure, he only succeeded in scaring them away.

Up to now I had not visited the port itself, so I determined to take a morning walk, and a general look round. A survey at closer quarters certainly did not arouse much enthusiasm in me. Utilitarianism is writ large on everything. The centre "road," as one may call it for want of a better term, is lined on either side by various stores, banks, and hotels, all hideous in their bareness, every one raised on piles, and built of wood and corrugated iron. No attempt at architecture is displayed, and the only variation I could see was in size.

Burns Philp and Co.'s buildings dominate the port. A huge warehouse was in course of construction, which certainly will not add to the beauty of the place. I can imagine the ugly building, when finished, further disfigured from an æsthetic point of view, by the name of the company being painted in colossal white letters across the roof. The Germans do these things better than we do, and I could not

help recalling to mind their well-laid-out settlements on the East Coast of Africa.

Surely it would not be too much to expect that a colony in the making should give some little thought to the planning and ultimate effect of the whole. If each resident, during his short space of existence there, would, without hope perhaps of reaping the benefit himself, be magnanimous enough to plant a few trees, or lay out some kind of vegetable and flower garden, he would bestow an inestimable boon on those who come after him.

The most crying need of Port Moresby is an efficient water supply. As I have already said, the rainfall is good, and what they want is more storing capacity; bigger tanks in each house, and a public reservoir. The Laloki River runs within ten miles of the town, and whatever the expense of diverting its flow to the capital, it would be money well spent. The present scarcity of this necessity of life is a source of much evil. It is no wonder that dysentery is rife, when there is not enough water for ordinary household purposes and general cleanliness. The hotels include "Baths" in their advertisements, but they must be on the *nettoyage-à-sec* principle, as the water requisite to the wet process is lacking.

Rumours were current that the Government was about to grant a large sum of money for the purpose of establishing a Marconi station. They say that onlookers see the best of the game, and my impression was that it would have been much wiser had they put the sanitary and domestic conditions of the port on a better footing first.

CHAPTER XXIII

YULE ISLAND TO SAMARAI

WE had now been two days in the port, and as the "Matunga" was due at Yule Island the next morning, we cast off from the pier in time to clear the reef before sunset that evening. The distance to run was only sixty miles, so to avoid getting there before sunrise, our speed was reduced by half. We should not have appreciated this delay had the sea been rough, but fortunately it was very calm.

As a result of going so slowly we made very little breeze, and until midnight my cabin was intolerably hot. At that time our course was slightly changed, and I then got what little air there was, and slept until dawn. I had drawn aside the curtain at my door, and as I lay in my bunk, I could see the low-lying land, literally steeped in the glow of the rising sun, and dimly outlined against the deepest orange and flame-tinted sky. Such a magnificent display of colour, announcing the approach of day, is by no means uncommon among these tropical islands.

Yule Island, which is seven miles long and half a mile broad, lies to the west of Port Moresby, and is separated only by a very short distance from the mainland. It is mainly occupied by the head-quarters of the Roman Catholic Mission.

The Government station for the rich Mekeo district is situated on it, and the first glimpse we got was of the magistrate's quarters on a hill at Kairuku, which as we approached, was clearly cut against the majestic Yule Mountain rising from the mainland behind the island, and reaching a height of over 10,000 feet.

We had received a cordial invitation to visit the

Mission, and after breakfast the launch was waiting to take us over. Father Claussen had preceded us to shore, and was on the jetty to extend a welcome, and do the honours of the place. He very soon drew our attention to the iron cross on a mound to our right, marking the spot on which the first Mission House was erected twenty-eight years previously. Later, the Mission thought it advisable to remove their station somewhat farther into the interior of the island. The original Bishop's house—one can hardly call it a palace—was never demolished, and still stands there after weathering the storms and stress of twenty-five years.

A little farther on we came to the outskirts of the settlement, the first building being the church, which is plain but well built, and neatly finished inside. The altar was sent from home, but the altar rails were made by native labour on the island.

We, the women passengers, were then conducted to the Sisters' House, and introduced to the Reverend Mother, who with great pride took us round their little flower garden, where by means of careful sheltering from the too fierce rays of the sun, they are able to raise some ferns and flowers that will not grow in more exposed places.

In the schools were quite a goodly number of children, ranging from mere babies to boys and girls twelve or thirteen years of age. The children sleep on the floor, and their bedding was neatly rolled up to the head, and the mosquito curtains drawn to the same end. Between each bed there was a box, which had brought some stores from home, and was now utilized as the child's cupboard.

The babies were lying in little rude bassinets, ingeniously formed of wooden packing-cases nailed to rockers. Generally speaking, these babies are orphans, but occasionally they are only there for a short time whilst the mother is possibly too ill to look after them. The parents of some of the elder children, if able, pay a small fee for their education. There are also a few white children received and taught in the Sisters' quarters.

On passing the kitchen sheds, we were invited in and

regaled with fresh milk, the first we had tasted since leaving Brisbane. The Roman Catholic Missions are wiser, I think, in their methods than most other responsible bodies in the tropics. They seem to work more than the others on the idea that prevention is better than cure, and they realize the desirability of fresh food for the maintenance of good health. I have come across them in various parts of the world, more recently in Central Africa, and there, as everywhere else, I have found they always make a point of cultivating fruit and vegetables, besides rearing live-stock in as many forms as they can.

The "Matunga" carried each journey as cargo a certain number of live sheep, destined for Port Moresby and Samarai, and this consignment, with the exception of a little poultry, constitutes all the fresh meat they get. The sheep we carried were an ever-present eyesore the whole voyage. The poor animals were crowded together on the main deck, and for the first week, in fact until it was convenient for the crew to put it up, they were without any protection whatever from the scorching rays of the sun, and there they stood, weighted with their thick wool, gasping for breath. Some fell prostrate on the deck, and would be assisted to their feet until it became evident that they were too weak to stand. They were then drawn away from the others, and lay just outside the entrance to the dining saloon, condemned by the rule of the Insurance Company to die a lingering death. Some would be three or four days ere they finally succumbed and were thrown overboard.

If they were shorn before leaving Australia, and placed under cover on arrival at the steamer, they would be spared a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

We still had on board those destined for Samarai, but since the landing of the Port Moresby contingent, these had had a better time, and seemed likely to exemplify the theory of the survival of the fittest, by living long enough to reach their destination and ultimate fate, namely the nourishment of the inhabitants of Samarai.

On Yule Island they are unable to keep sheep, owing to the growth of spiky grass. The tiny prickly points of this

grass penetrate the skin, and work their way to the internal organs of the animal with fatal results. However, the station was well supplied with cows, fowls, ducks, and turkeys.

The Mission numbers about seventy members, who are mostly of German or French nationality. But the Government in granting them permission to work on British territory, wisely stipulate that English shall be the language taught in the schools. Any of the staff with whom we came in contact were certainly quite capable of conforming to this rule. Their sphere of influence extends over the populous Mekeo district, that is, the mainland in the vicinity of their head-quarters.

The "Matunga" only visits them every three months, but they have several boats to ply between the island and the mainland, as well as to serve their various stations up the rivers. By choosing their weather, and hugging the coast, they can even get as far as Port Moresby and back, if necessary. This Mission has stations farther inland than any other, in fact almost to the German border. The men have done excellent work in making some of the finest roads in the country, the Government showing its appreciation by undertaking to keep them in repair when made. Father Claussen would reach his inland station, if my memory serves me, Mafulu, ninety miles away, and at an altitude of 4000 feet, over one of his own Mission-made roads. He had anticipated returning to his work immediately, but owing to an exceptionally wet season, the rivers were in full flood, and he could not hope to get there for some weeks.

The London Missionary Society also has four men working in the neighbouring country, and one of their stations was visible on the mainland. Had the "Matunga" been staying a few hours longer, I should have availed myself of the opportunity to visit it. But alas, at midday we weighed anchor, and were soon returning in the direction from which we had come.

We were now able to get a view of the coast-line, which we had missed seeing during the night. That evening we

were abreast of Port Moresby again, but we continued our course, as our next port of call was Samarai, an island at the extreme end of the mainland, 260 miles farther in a south-easterly direction. A strong head wind kept us fairly cool without perturbing the water to an uncomfortable degree.

The next day we sat lazily on deck, and marked the charming indented coast-line, and the country dominated by the Owen Stanley range of mountains. The peaks of Mount Dayman and Mount Simpson, each between 9000 and 10,000 feet, and Mount Suckling, over 11,000 feet in height, were clearly defined against a perfectly beautiful blue sky.

The captain told us that the head wind, which we found so pleasant, would prevent our reaching Samarai by daylight, and thus make it necessary for us to lie at anchor all night. The current runs very strong there, and the pier being rather small, he very wisely avoids the risk of approaching it after dark. For the same reason we drew near to the island—which in the darkness looked a little black patch a few yards wide—by an unusual passage, so that our advent was at first unnoticed. But before long some one sighted us, and we could see the wavering gleam of a light appearing here and there until presently the whole town was evidently aware of our arrival.

When we were anchored a few boats arrived at the accommodation ladder, the first bringing the postmaster in quest of the longed-for letters, followed by others bringing relatives and friends of those aboard. Most of the women had proved shocking sailors, and although several of them were only returning from a visit to Port Moresby, they had had quite enough, and were very anxious to get ashore at once. The rest of us turned in for the night, and by seven the next morning we were tied up to the wharf, and able to go on and off the steamer at will.

The vicinity of the "Matunga" soon became crowded with a vociferous conglomeration of natives, prancing and dancing about like a lot of maniacs. They stand back as the crane swings a load of cargo over their heads, and

SAMARAI

piercing yells rend the air as it meets the ground with a bump. When once stationary, it is pounced upon and carried in driblets up the pier, and passed by the Customs officers. The aforesaid wretched sheep are also landed, and thrown down in the broiling sun with their feet tied together. I think I was nearer becoming a vegetarian at this time than at any other period of my life.

Samarai, the trading centre of the Territory, is an island set like an emerald in the China Strait. It is not backed by such magnificent scenery as is the capital; nevertheless it has a fascination all its own. Port Moresby and Samarai are the only two places in Papua that by a stretch of imagination could be called "towns," but as the first boasts a white population of only 150 and the latter 120, I think the term far too grandiose for either at present. To what they may develop is difficult to predict: Samarai certainly can never become great, as the whole island is only fifty-eight acres in extent, and one can walk leisurely round it in less than half an hour. We were scheduled to remain here a few days, and hoped to fill in the time with excursions to the mainland and adjacent islands.

When I began to analyse my first impression of the place, I came to the conclusion that it looked as if some one had been playing with a well-supplied box of wooden toys, and left them nicely set out on the flat side of a neat little island, crossed by two parallel roads, white with crushed shells and stones. On either side of the one nearer the sea, were set up the toys most suitable for offices, stores, reading-room, and hotels. There are three hotels, which number seems out of all proportion to the fifty-eight acres.

In the second street are private bungalows, and the remaining toys are scattered over the gradually rising ground beyond, and brought to a finish by the Government Residence—flying the Australian flag on the roof.

Colour is a marked feature of the place; the iron roofs are painted either red or green, very grateful to the eye. Bordering the streets, dividing the shanties, and spreading themselves broadcast, are the gorgeous, many-coloured crotons; and everywhere, vying with them in splendour,

are roses, jasmine, hibiscus, begonias, and many other flowers whose names I am not familiar with. Shrubs of every shade of green fill up any remaining space, and over all towers the stately palm tree. The natural beauty and charm of Samarai are further enhanced by the kind and friendly disposition of its residents. The veriest stranger is at once made welcome.

I strolled down the street, and at the end of it came to an open space ablaze with crotons : on the far side stood the jail and native hospital ; and on the near side, the rectory and church. The day-school children could be heard chanting their lessons, and as I stood to listen, a little black maiden hastened from the house to ask me to come in.

Mrs. Ramsay said the rector had gone to the steamer in search of me, and she then and there offered me hospitality in the form of morning tea. People who live in temperate zones can never know the joy and delight of this mid-morning pick-me-up.

Thus refreshed, and promising to return to lunch, I continued my peregrination round the island, over what is known as Campbell's Walk, which skirts the bush-clad hill, shaded by coco-nut palms straggling down to the water's edge. The gentle breeze swaying the branches, and now and again bringing down with a crash the ripened fruit, gave a delightful touch of local colour. Local colour is all very well in reason, but I had no fancy for a sudden blow of it in concrete form on the top of my head, so I kept a good look-out when under these trees, and managed to escape a catastrophe.

At any time of the day or night this walk was delightful, and I went round it many times afterwards, and always found fresh charms. The moon was full at the time of our visit, and it was by moonlight, perhaps, that the walk was at its best. A peep of it through the palms ; its rays on the water, crossed perchance by a native canoe ; fire-flies flickering against a dark mass of shaded foliage ; the soft lap-lap of the water caressing the shore ; all contributed towards making me feel a poem which, alas, I cannot reduce to words.

I returned to the rectory, and made the acquaintance of the rector himself, his sister who was on a visit from Sydney, and a young lady filling the post of day-school mistress in the church school.

The Anglican minister holds in trust for the diocese a large collection of native curios, the most unique and valuable being a varied collection of tomahawks or clubs. Some simple wooden ones were formed by a plain shaft about four feet long, to one end of which was attached a piece of shark's skin, or the prickly skin from the back of the sting-ray, with occasionally the addition of the saw of a small saw-fish, calculated to inflict, not a mortal, but a very uncomfortable wound.

Others had a thicker shaft, but the last foot or so was carved into a saw-like edge. These are made of very heavy wood, and would be anything but pleasant to come in contact with.

The stone-headed variety also has a wooden shaft: a hole is pierced in the stone, large enough for it to pass through, and then it is firmly fixed in position by wedges. The simplest heads were round, water-worn pebbles; others were flat disks with rough or milled edges; and more elaborate were those cut like stars, with six or eight points. But the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection was the pine-apple variety, an elaborately cut stone imitation of the delicious fruit after which it is named, and mounted as the others on a wooden handle.

The weapons are the more remarkable when we realize that they were made with the aid only of primitive shell knives and stone axes. They all looked very businesslike, and if deftly wielded—as they would be—capable of working deadly havoc.

Native art applied to more peaceful ends was displayed in a quantity of bead and shell ornaments, mostly in the form of anklets, armlets and earrings, elaborate feather head-gear, and some basket-work.

The resident clergyman is not a missionary; his office is the same as that of any Church of England rector in a small parish. Much to my regret, I had no opportunity of

seeing any Mission Station of the Anglican Church, as its field of labour extends along the north-east coast of the mainland from Chad's Bay to the German boundary, and therefore not in the route of the "Matunga". It is worked by his Lordship, the Bishop of Papua, assisted by a white staff of five priests, eight laymen, and nine ladies. There are also thirty-five South Sea Island teachers, four Papuan evangelists, two Papuan students, and eleven Papuan teachers. The South Sea Islanders are found very useful, as their language is so near akin to that of many tribes in Papua.

We were all agreed in wishing to see a coco-nut plantation, so the mining contingent prevailed with Burns Philp's agent, and a delightful picnic was organized for the following day. The "Mikarafor," a large sailing boat, was placed at our disposal, and we decided to go to the Island of Doini, situated about ten miles to the north of Samarai.

This island belongs to some people living as far away as Woodlark Island, and one solitary white man is placed there as manager of the plantation, so we felt quite sure our visit would be welcome.

I proffered feminine help regarding the luncheon question, but our mining friends, with a marked self-reliance on this point, dismissed me with the assurance that they had arranged it all. With the addition of one or two lady residents, invited to join us, we numbered a party of about twelve, and set out the next morning with every prospect of a very enjoyable day.

Our steam-launch conveyed us to the "Mikarafor," whose skipper endeavoured to find us sitting accommodation, and when all were placed, he set sail, and we were off.

We had to manœuvre our way in and out among the many small craft in the vicinity of our anchorage. These come from all parts, and, if possible, time their visit to coincide with that of the "Matunga," so that during her stay, there are always more than at other times. One was a Mission boat bearing the curious name of "Sragiggi," which our skipper explained meant "without teeth". It

had been so named since the original owner once took out his false teeth to show to some natives, after which he was always known as "Sragiggi," or the man without teeth, and his boat was named after him.

The weather was beautiful, but almost a dead calm, so we just drifted slowly on our way with a delightful *dolce far niente* feeling, and watched the land and islands as we passed.

It was not very long before the men suggested drinks, and being "east of Suez, where a man can raise a thirst" —and a woman too, for that matter—such a proposal did not come amiss. The commissariat was in charge of a steward; and the mining men, very liberally "shouting" for the party, had seen that he was well supplied with liquid refreshments. They had thoughtfully considered the tastes of the ladies, and plenty of "soft drinks," as the colonials term non-alcoholic beverages, were ready iced.

While we were putting in a good time in this way, the lonely islander had no doubt noted our approach, and was anticipating a little human intercourse. In the meantime, we got nearer and nearer, until we dropped anchor a little distance from the shore. Then a small boat was lowered, and we landed in detachments.

The manager, a naturalized German, was unfeignedly pleased to see us. After a few words of greeting, he ascertained our wishes about the lunch which we told him we had brought, and proposed eating *al fresco* on the ground, but we gladly fell in with the suggestion that the steward should go up to his house, which we saw on a hill, and there arrange it, while we took a general survey of the place.

Our host, I discovered, was fortunately a man who could find companionship in books, but he confided to me that he needed a more active hobby in his leisure time to tide him over many a lonely hour. So, being of a mechanical turn of mind, he had begun to build quite an imposing-looking boat. This he took us to see on our way to the little colony of native huts occupied by the workers on the plantation. We then turned back in the direction of the

house, and walked over a soft leafy path under the shady coco-nut palms. The coco-nut industry is considered reliable and very remunerative. The production of copra —the dried albuminous pulp of the nut—does not require skilled labour, or extensive plant, and, as the demand for the oil is unlimited, there is only a remote possibility of a serious slump in prices. The trees begin to yield their fruit in five years, and bear heavily when eight or nine years old. A full-grown tree should produce sixty nuts a year, which, with fifty planted to the acre, means 3000 nuts, equivalent to half a ton of copra. These few details from the handbook of the territory sound to the prospective settler very hopeful, but whether the trees in all cases come up to this estimate, I am not prepared to say.

For preparing copra, the ripe nuts should be gathered four or five weeks before they are broken; they then dry more quickly, and do not become mouldy. We came across stack after stack of nuts, ready for opening. The "boys" were busily occupied breaking the shells and cutting the kernels into sections before placing them on shelves in the sun. After being duly dried, the copra is shipped away to be further treated, and the oil extracted. This oil, in Europe, is chiefly used for candle and soap-making; it is an excellent illuminator in both candles and lamps, as it emits no smoke. In the East, it is largely used, when fresh, for cooking and medicine; and, when rancid, for burning, or anointing the body.

Enormous quantities of copra are shipped from such places as India, Mauritius, Tahiti, the South Sea Islands, in fact from most places in the torrid zone. When met with in large quantities, it emits a faint odour which is inseparably connected in my mind with voyages in tropical seas.

As we got nearer to the house, the hill became very steep, and "hot" seems a feeble word to express my condition when I got to the top. I was only fit to sink into a long deck-chair and cool off gradually.

By the time the last straggler had turned up, lunch was ready set out on the back veranda, that being the coolest spot. It looked very imposing as we took our places round

the festive board, but it did not do to be too critical regarding what we were to sit upon; however, by means of a stray chair or two, a few boxes connected by a piece of wood, or a basket turned upside down, every one at last found a seat.

After three hours on the water, and a climb up the hill, we were all very appreciative of the good things sent for our delectation. Corks popping off in all directions had the usual invigorating effect on conversation, and merry chatter was heard on all sides, as we helped ourselves to tinned salmon, beef, and fruit, which we ate off cardboard plates, and daintily wiped our fingers and lips with artistic paper napkins. What more could the heart of man desire in the wilds of Papua?

The only thing that marred my complete enjoyment was the thought of the awful solitude of our host when left to himself later in the day, the isolation of necessity becoming more marked by contrast with this merry party. I had a strong suspicion at the time that among the picnickers there was one girl who would have been willing to throw in her lot with the lonely islander. She had been spending some months with a relative at Samarai, but was now to return with us to Australia, so that our friend still had a fleeting chance of persuading the lady to become "Mrs. Crusoe" ere she departed. But whatever opportunities may have been afforded by our visit, they were not taken advantage of, and subsequent developments gave me the idea that the damsel was perhaps not very serious in her little *affaires de cœur.*

The time for departure came all too soon, and by twos and threes we reluctantly retraced our steps to the shore. After the small boat had made one or two journeys to the "Mikarafor," we were all once more afloat, leaving a lonely figure waving to us from the beach.

Sailing boats from Doini have before now been becalmed, and obliged to remain out all night, and this plight might have befallen us, had not the captain of the "Matunga," with kindly forethought, sent the electric launch to help us back.

Yet another place of interest to visit was the head-quarters of the London Missionary Society. The L.M.S. had formerly located themselves on Samarai, but the Government, wishing to occupy it, persuaded them to remove to Kwato, an island just opposite. This Mission operates along the whole southern littoral of the mainland, with the exception of Yule Island, and the Mekeo district, which we have already seen is worked by the members of the Sacred Heart Brotherhood. The L.M.S. staff consists of fourteen men—ten of whom are married and their wives more or less actively engaged in the work of the Mission; one lady assistant, 150 South Sea and Papua ordained pastors, and twenty-seven Papuan preachers.

The estimated attendance at the village day-schools of this mission is 5000. This alone must have an enormously civilizing influence upon the population.

The next day, being Sunday, we hesitated somewhat about visiting the Mission Station, but, as we were leaving on the morrow, we felt it was now or never, so decided to go. Our gallant captain was free for the day, and offered to run us over in the launch. About six or eight of us desired to go, so we made ready for a start, but we had not gone far when the electricity went wrong. However, we managed to get back to the nearest of the many little landing stages projecting from the shore, and thence sent for the engineer, who quickly righted matters, and on we went again.

Misfortunes followed us, however, and just as we landed on Kwato a tremendous rain-storm began. It was out of the question to try to mount the hill leading to the residential quarters, so we hastily took shelter in the nearest shed. The timber industry is a distinctive feature of this station, and we chanced upon the shed wherein was the large saw-mill which reduces the immense trees which we saw lying around to neatly cut planks. These are utilized at the various Mission Stations for building purposes.

The captain, on landing, had not sheltered with us, but, true to his calling, weathered the storm, and went up to

the house to ascertain if our visit would be agreeable at this hour, and he now returned with an answer in the affirmative. Tropical showers are as a rule quickly over, and this one was no exception, so we were soon able to appear again in the open, and began the ascent of the hill, made more tedious than usual by the oppressive and steamy atmosphere engendered by the storm.

On reaching the house, we were greeted by the missionary, his wife, and delightful little family; the eldest a fine well-grown girl of thirteen years of age, two younger boys, one with a remarkably fair complexion, and the brightest blue eyes imaginable, which were all the more noticeable in a country of dark skins and coal-black orbs. The baby girl we did not see, as she was taking her morning sleep. All these children were born and brought up in this island home, which speaks volumes for the healthy location of the station.

The house is beautifully situated, and commands a magnificent view in all directions, and must get any breeze that is blowing from north, south, east or west.

It was long past the usual hour for morning service, but the storm which had delayed us had had the same effect on the congregation. This is mainly drawn from the large adjacent island of Rogea, separated from Kwato by a narrow strip of water not more than a few hundred yards wide.

As we sat on the veranda, sipping some delicious tea, we could look over and see the people emerge from what shelter they had found under the trees, and come to the water's edge, filling the canoes, which crossed and recrossed until all were landed on Kwato. Slowly they wound their way up the incline, and passed within view of the house to the church beyond.

When the pastor concluded they had all arrived, he led the way to the picturesque little octagonal building, and we followed. The sago palm was responsible for the building material of the quaint rustic place of worship, which is situated on an eminence a trifle higher than the Mission-house itself. The split trunks of the trees supported the

roof, which was prettily thatched with the dried leaves thereof. The floor was of small stones like a beach, and the younger children found the pebbles most convenient playthings when wearied with the service.

The women and children were clean, with well-kept skins and neatly cut hair; some wore the characteristic ballet skirt; others preferred the long, loose-fitting garment of the Mother Hubbard type, which is almost universally adopted by coloured natives as a first civilized costume.

The men were of a much more savage appearance, and in many cases did not look too clean. Their mental outlook found expression in their garments, or in the want of them. A few were scantily attired in the T-shaped bandage, which is the least that would be tolerated here, and some supplemented it by a few grass plaited armlets, with here and there bright-coloured leaves, gathered on the way up, pressed underneath them. The swagger element indulged in singlets, chiefly of the most pronounced colours, bright purple and gamboge being easy favourites.

Following a few brief prayers and short readings from the translated Bible, a dark member rose from the ground and walked to the slightly raised platform, the rails of which were decorated by beautiful sprays of the brilliant red hibiscus, and began to address the people. For a native, his manner was very quiet, but distinctly earnest: we gathered from a few expressive gestures that his subject was the Crucifixion, and I regretted not being able to understand his remarks.

The singing was rendered with good effect, as the coloured races are generally possessed of very soft, mellow, musical voices. I think they knew the hymns by heart, although they made a show of using their books.

At the conclusion of the service, they rose slowly, and went outside, forming small cliques to have a little gossip, much as any white congregation would be apt to do on dispersing. They knew us to be strangers, and no doubt wondered what we were doing there, and why we had come to their service. At any rate, they were in no hurry to re-

turn to their respective quarters and divest themselves of their finery.

Talking of hurry, it is said that the only occasion on which they display this attribute is—strange to say—when disposing of their dead. Then they are so precipitate, that one can scarcely avoid the fear that their hasty action may sometimes result in premature burial.

By this time it was already late for lunch, so we were obliged to hurry away without seeing the beautiful needlework, wickerwork, and other industries of the Mission. Those of us who were to call again at Samarai, on our way back from Woodlark, promised ourselves another visit, which promise, I am sorry to say, was never fulfilled.

After refreshing the inner man, we set out again, this time to touch the mainland. We crossed a mile or so of open water, and then found ourselves in Milne Bay, making a bee-line for the native village of Sariba, which we could see lying under the palm-trees yonder.

The water is very shallow near the shore, and to effect a landing we got into a dinghy, but even in that we stranded just short of a jumping distance to dry land, so to save us from wetting our feet, the men of our party bore us ashore in their arms.

We interrupted a small gathering of men squatting on the ground, listening to a local teacher, who was reading and explaining a Bible lesson. The collection of curious-shaped shanties, raised on piles, forming the village, stood well back from the water : they were built with high-sloping roofs, and were entered by a few steps. No particular interest attached to them.

Much more worth seeing were the canoes, which were drawn up on the beach, and made an imposing spectacle. They are a step beyond the dug-out : the keel is cut from hardwood, and the sides built up with planks, while their high, beautifully curved prows are lavishly carved, and decorated with white shells, inlaid and otherwise. They are further adorned with waving plumes of coloured feathers, and to see one or two of them afloat on a turquoise sea, manned by a wild native crew, would indeed be a fine sight.

After remaining a short time here, we again embarked, and crossed to the farther end of the Bay, where we once more landed to visit a farm on the hill run by two white men and their wives, who the captain knew would be pleased to see us. They seemed to be prosperous, and are certainly a boon to Samarai. A boat is dispatched thither each morning in time to supply customers with fresh milk for breakfast, and they also send over eggs, poultry, and vegetables which find a ready sale.

A dozen or so of visitors arriving unexpectedly did not seem to perturb the household management in the slightest. In a very short time our hostess had prepared tea, and the men were handing it round, accompanied by a liberal supply of home-made delicacies in the way of scones, cakes and biscuits. We chatted gaily, and after tea walked higher up the hill to get a view, and see a little of the farm. Then, lest night should overtake us, we returned to the shore, where our re-embarkation was made easy by the forethought of an energetic man of the party, who had improvised some "stepping stones" by placing empty packing cases at convenient distances.

Towards evening the wind freshens, and the open streak of water which we had to cross gets at times very rough; consequently I was not sorry when we got to the lee side of the island, and then ran quietly up to the "Matunga".

After dinner a good many of us repaired to the English church for evening service, and thus ended a very busy and interesting day.

CHAPTER XXIV

WOODLARK ISLAND AND BACK TO AUSTRALIA

WE were now on the eve of starting for our farthest and last port of call, namely Murua, or Woodlark Island, well known as a goldfield lying a distance of 180 miles from Samarai in a north-easterly direction.

It was about two o'clock the next day when we said *au revoir* to Samarai, and after the strenuous few days we had had there, the enforced rest on the boat was very acceptable. Again we had to steam slowly to avoid a too early arrival next morning. Our course lay directly towards the rising sun, and as its dazzling glare makes it impossible for the navigator to trace the passage through the reef, the captain knew by experience that he had to wait until he could avoid its direct rays.

He managed to drop anchor about nine o'clock in Kuaiapan Bay, a pretty and sheltered spot. The launch was in great request, going hither and thither to tow in barges, or fetch loads of men to work the cargo, so that it was almost the hottest part of the day before it was at liberty to land the passengers.

Woodlark is seven miles long and from four to five broad at the widest parts. The island is chiefly of coral formation, mountainous, and thickly wooded. It is fairly free from mosquitoes, and not unhealthy. It gained its first reputation by the stone adzes and ceremonial axe-blades made by the natives: these passed as currency everywhere in this part of the territory, but the industry is now abandoned. To the white man at the present time, its sole justification of existence is gold, and it is the only place in the territory where reef mining is carried

on. Kulumadau, Busai, and Kavarakoom are the chief centres.

On the island are the head-quarters of the Resident Magistrate for the south-eastern division. The settlement is built on the heights of Kulumadau, a little above the mine of that name. To reach the heights means a walk of over three miles, nearly all up hill, and it required a little effort of will to undertake such an arduous excursion in this mid-day heat merely for pleasure. However, I always make a point of seeing as much as possible, so I determined to go.

Our remaining passengers had now arrived at their destination. The miner's wife and daughter were met by a very pale and feeble man, evidently convalescent from a bad bout of fever, and he looked as if it had been a very near thing with him. A few others had friends energetic enough to tackle the walk in order to greet them as early as possible. Besides, there were several men connected with the business of the steamer, consequently we made up the goodly number of twenty-five to be taken ashore.

This number, and a certain amount of impedimenta, severely taxed the capacity of our launch; however, they were a good-natured and accommodating crowd. The women and a few men soon exhausted the ordinary seating capacity of the boat, and the others found precarious perches on the side of the boat, or on the roof of the engine-house.

We had several miles to go from our anchorage to the landing stage, and as we sat for twenty minutes in the broiling sun, only kept alive by the breeze we ourselves were making, we got a foretaste of what was in store for us on shore.

I knew my only chance of getting to the top of the hill was to go slowly, so I assured the others I should not take it unkindly if they went on and left me behind. Men who have lived in the wilds acquire a rather rough exterior, but beneath the surface there is often found much kindliness of feeling. Among the party landing was a man returning to the goldfields after an absence of a year or two; he told me he was in no particular hurry and begged

me to let him remain with me, so that he might show me the way, and relieve me of the weight of my camera. His presence gave me confidence that I was on the right track, and his companionship certainly lightened the tedium of the journey.

After slowly negotiating the first short steep incline, we came to the Customs Station at Bonagai, whence we saw with dismay ominous black clouds appearing over the farther hills, and gathering in strength as they came. The Officer's bungalow was close by, so I suggested we should halt there to wait developments. All the others pushed on, and got a good drenching for their haste, whereas we sat in comfort on the veranda, and watched the deluge.

In about an hour the storm was played out, and we resumed our walk in a cooled but misty air. Had not the scenery been all-absorbing, I think I should have succumbed ere reaching the goal. The track was good, and alive with plant and insect life; delightfully coloured fungi were reflected at times in a limpid stream, at others backed by a sombre dank surface. Tempting patches of water-cress found a home in a side pool, and flowers of various hues and sizes grew among the innumerable grasses and tangled undergrowth on either side of the path. Farther back, tropical trees, tied and bound together with every conceivable creeper and clinging plant, formed a dark and impenetrable jungle.

Wandering on and on, we came upon a party of natives sitting by the wayside, with a long lounge wicker chair, which had evidently been sent for my use. It was the outcome of a kindly thought on the part of the Resident Magistrate, when he heard I was on the way. The men had bound the chair to two poles by some grasses picked on the way, and it certainly did not look too secure. When I felt myself lifted in a very wobbly, unprofessional manner to the men's heads, I wavered for one moment, and then decided I would run no risk, but continue on my feet. Strange to say, the men were not in the least chagrined by my decision.

Struggling on, getting hotter and hotter every moment,

I could not help thinking that had Hamlet lived in Woodlark instead of Elsinore, he would not have soliloquized so regretfully concerning the non-melting of the "too, too solid flesh".

Presently we crossed a narrow trolley line, and soon came to the ever-disfiguring signs of a mine; heaps of tailings, and at the mouth débris, all sodden and churned to mud by the trampling of many feet. Plodding through this, I reached a miscellaneous collection of buildings, comprising stores, lodging-houses, and such like. I was pretty well "done" by this time, and sat for a few moments on the veranda of the typical mining hotel (where, by the by, our friend on the steamer would soon be following her well-paid avocation) to pull myself together for the final spurt up the last little hill.

This accomplished, the Resident Magistrate came forth to meet me, and welcomed a very dilapidated, over-heated and tired woman. I entered the office, and sank into the nearest chair.

After quaffing a long lemon drink, and by the aid of a bath towel disposing of some of the superfluous moisture idealized by Hamlet as "dew," I felt more presentable, and was taken and introduced to the other members of the family. Late as I was, the girls bustled round and prepared me a cold meal, to which I did ample justice whilst cooling off.

When the Captain arrived later in the day, it was a source of satisfaction to me to note that he also showed signs of perspiration not altogether compatible with comfort or elegance; but as for appearance, one soon gets callous to that in such prostrating heat.

After a rest, I quickly recovered from my exertions, and was then able to look about the settlement. It is healthily situated, and high enough to obtain always a cool breeze at night. From the house, utilized as a hospital, there is a magnificent view of the distant, densely wooded hills, with just a peep of the sea beyond. The scene will always be associated in my mind with a lovely fuschia hibiscus trailing over the veranda on which we were standing, and a little farther away crotons, blood-red, orange,

scarlet, and every tint between, constituting a perfect riot of colour.

I did not at all mind not seeing over the mine: I was too tired to do so on my way up, and had no time or energy to go down again in the afternoon. I have seen many mines at other times, and find them all very much alike, and—no pun intended—rather boring. The natural beauties of the place greatly attracted me, and were more than adequate compensation for the distressful toil up.

The magisterial family extended its hospitality to wishing us—the Captain, a young Australian girl visiting the islands whom we had picked up at Port Moresby, and myself, to stay to dinner. In the chit-chat which followed, I gathered a few interesting details of the island.

Gold, I was told, had been worked successfully in islands of the Louisiade Archipelago to the south of Woodlark, but towards 1904 the output dwindled considerably, and a fresh start was made to discover gold elsewhere with varied success. As I did not visit the other fields, I will confine my remarks to Woodlark, where it was discovered in 1897, when at once there was a general rush to the spot. Steamers arrived fortnightly from Queensland for the first three or four months, and in that way landed about 400 Europeans. By 1902, this number had gradually settled down to about 100,

In that same year, three quartz-crushing mills, the first in the territory, were established at Kulumadau. To come to more recent years, from June 1910 to June 1911, 438 natives had been engaged in mining labour. The Kulumadau Gold Company alone find work for over 200 "boys". This company has not been too satisfied with the results of the last few years, but hopes were now centred in the new manager, whom we had brought out with us.

Besides the above-mentioned mines, there are here and there on the island, lesser claims, owned by individuals or small combines.

As we sat talking a figure passed in the darkness, which proved to be the Methodist missioner, just returned from itinerating on the island. He was hailed, and asked to join

us, but the poor man was wearied, and had a high temperature, with promise of a bad go of fever if he were not careful. So he excused himself, and hastened to get between the blankets in his little shanty close by.

The conversation now turned on Missions. The Roman Catholics appear to have opened up a Mission field in Woodlark as long ago as 1847, but this was more or less a failure, owing to so many of its members coming to an untimely end, by murder, or fever. The Missions usually keep to their own particular sphere of action, so I conclude that the Methodists followed the Roman Catholics later, and being more fortunate with their staff, established themselves here, and now work this part of the territory.

We could have continued all night sitting thus, and chatting pleasantly, but we were obliged to tear ourselves away, and prepare for the walk before us.

Our host blew a shrill whistle, which promptly brought a "boy" to the veranda, who received an order in the vernacular to have two policemen ready immediately to escort us down the hill. Not being good at walking by faith I am afraid I monopolized both of them. The Captain and the young Australian girl were more accustomed to this kind of progression than I was, so they did not mind the difficulties. They followed, and there were occasional bursts of laughter in the rear, when the path became complicated, and they saw me picking my way, supported on either side by the dusky police force, over the dilapidated planks of the would-be bridges, avoiding boulders, fallen trees, and other obstacles accentuated by the darkness. They remarked that they wished my London friends could only have a peep at me just then. Once the Captain called out to warn me not to trip over a hippo or rhino—I have forgotten which. This was not satirical, as I at first took it to be, as they have been known to stray as far as the path we were then traversing.

However, we reached the water's side safely after an enjoyable walk, re-picturing in the darkness the beauties we had seen by daylight. Even at this hour of the night, and descending the hill, we were all in a state of

violent perspiration and dire thirst when we reached the "Matunga".

I went to sleep that night sad with the feeling that on the morrow we should be retracing our course, on the return journey to Australia.

A scarcity of punts delayed our departure until midday. The Woodlarkers were not anxious to see us go, and expressed a wish that the Captain could always see his way to stay a little longer than he usually does. The "Mindoro," another steamer of Burns Philp's, may occasionally bring and take away a mail, but the only regular service is by the "Matunga" once every six weeks. This means that all important letters must be considered and answered during the short stay of the vessel. When on the heights, I had remarked how few people there were about, and I was told they were all indoors busy with their letters. So that apart from the question of having to rush through their correspondence, they are debarred from any little intercourse with those who come from their homeland, which is a pity, considering how they are cut off from the outer world.

The magistrate's daughters—there were five of them—had explained before we left how they longed for a piece of ice, and tried to wheedle a promise from the Captain that he would send some up to them. When I saw the last tug departing, and one of the men carrying an uncovered piece of ice, I pictured to myself the disappointment of the girls when he gave them what was left. It reminded me of a boy I knew, who wished to postpone the pleasure of eating an ice-cream, so wrapped it in paper, and put it into his pocket, with natural results.

Notwithstanding all the delays, the Captain just managed to start in time to clear the reef before the sun was low enough to interfere with his outlook. It was facing us on our approach in the early morning, so that our direction being reversed in the after part of the day, he had to hurry off to avoid being baffled by its setting rays.

All around us were patches of turquoise-blue and yellow, merging into shades of green, and touched here and there

by white foam, indicating the presence of the reef beneath. It was indescribably beautiful, winding our way among these opalescent areas, made even more conspicuous by the vivid contrast of the dark indigo blue water marking the passage we were passing through.

We were very thankful for this placid sea, for the Captain had quite another story to tell of the last trip, when the elements tore and rended one another in fiercest passion. It was so terrible, and he could make so little way, that it took four days to accomplish what we did in twenty-four hours. In fact the people of Port Moresby had given the boat up for lost.

Our return visit to Samarai was full of interest. In the afternoon we went to a tea-party at the rectory, a farewell gathering of ladies to speed a parting guest who had been staying there. Rooms are a drug in the market in warm countries, at any rate in the hot season. We were received on the veranda, where small tables were set, furnished with dainty napery and delicate china. As we sat sipping tea, and sampling the delicious home-made cakes and confectionery, we might have been in the centre of civilization, instead of on a distant island in a coral sea.

I visited the store one morning, and while there, the man knowing I was keen on seeing everything of interest, drew my attention to the passing of a trim little motor launch, which he told me belonged to the Wesleyan Mission. It was built, under supervision, by native boys, and was now run and managed by two of them. I quote the fact to show how quickly the native is trained to do useful and skilled work.

Natives are in the habit of adopting Christian names, and in the shop was a youth who had followed this custom, and as is also usual, had it tattooed across his breast in capital letters two or three inches long. The amusing part of it was that it was not a name which many of us would care to be branded with for life. The most depraved might entertain hopes of growing out of it; and in the meantime we should not be anxious to mark it so conspicuously on our persons. The boy, doubtless unconscious of the stigma

attached to it, seemed perfectly satisfied to be known as Ananias.

We still had the chance of yet another short excursion on the water, and the little launch glided hither and thither, giving us a last general view all round. We landed now and again if there was anything of interest to see.

At one place on Rogea was a native grave quite close to the shore, so we got out to look at it. There are various customs in these islands, regarding the treatment of the dead. Sometimes the dead chief is bound up in grass or leaves and exposed on a platform, or placed in an upright position on the ground. Some have very elaborate funeral rites and ceremonies to mark the occasion. In this instance, the body of the chief had been placed under the earth until the flesh had decayed. The skull was then retained, and the rest of the bones reburied on this spot, under a heap of piled-up stones, enclosed by a wooden fence. Two bits of nipa were lying across the stones; and on the higher sticks of the fence were placed coco-nuts, after the style of "three shies a penny". These are to provide nutriment for the spirit of the departed, if he should return to earth.

The jawbone was removed from the skull and worn by the widow during the period of mourning, when she blackens her body with charcoal, and smears it with coco-nut oil. This practice is followed for a year, or thirteen moons, which are recorded by taking a piece of string or grass, and knotting it for each moon. During this time no meat is eaten, and she lives on a vegetable diet. I saw one or two women in mourning, and the effect was very startling. It was not a matter of painting the lily, but of blackening the ebony.

Skimming along the water, meeting strange canoes with still stranger occupants, and getting varied peeps of the mainland and islands, was a delightful way of passing a morning. We steered quite close to the Quarantine Station, and saw the little wooden shanty on stilts where the bride of the "Matunga" had spent her honeymoon, an ideal spot, alone on an island, and far from the madding crowd of 120 at Samarai.

The place recalled to my mind an amusing little story she had told me. One day she missed her tooth-brush, and tried by dumb show to convey this fact to the "boy" and ask him if he had seen it. He appeared to know nothing about it, so the quest for the missing article was discontinued. The following morning, however, there was no spoon placed on the table for the porridge, and the "boy," again by signs, was told to fetch one. He went away and returned immediately with the missing tooth-brush.

I had no chance of seeing in the open any of the wonderful birds for which New Guinea is celebrated. Therefore I was delighted to be asked to look at a very fine collection got together from various parts of the country by a lady long resident in Samarai. They were chiefly Birds of Paradise, preserved whole but not stuffed. For centuries the natives of these islands have preserved the skins of these gorgeous birds, and used them for barter with the Malay and Chinese traders, and as the latter had never seen them alive, they named them "burong mati," dead birds. The habit of the natives of cutting off the feet to preserve them more easily, led to further complications, the strangers supposing they had none, and all sorts of stories were circulated as to their being always on the wing, and in fact birds of heaven. This led to the early Portuguese and Dutch writers calling them "Birds of the Sun" or "Birds of Paradise".

Those I saw were beautiful specimens. On some were curious tufts of feathers, projecting from the sides of the body or breast, and opening out like a fan: others sported airy plumes of vivid colours, or were ornamented by beautiful crests on the head. Words are inadequate to express the magnificent hues—running the complete gamut of coloration—of this wonderful branch of the feathered race. All this charm is only lavished on the male; his mate is unornamented, and usually very dingy in hue.

One rather different from the others stands out very vividly in my memory. From the outer corner of each eye spring two curved appendages, fourteen or fifteen inches in length, about as long again as the bird itself. I can

imagine they would be very inconvenient to the wearer if his habitat is in a dense forest. They can scarcely be called feathers, as they consist only of a slender shaft from one side of which hang a series of thin scales like the fronds of a fern. The general colour of this bird is not nearly so brilliant as others of the same family. Thus the bright forget-me-not blue of the appendages is the more striking. It would be hard indeed to find anything in bird life to surpass in eccentricity and beauty this unique specimen.

I am glad the Government is taking means to preserve these exquisite creatures by enacting a heavy penalty for taking them out of the country, dead or alive.

I had the privilege, whilst here, of meeting Mrs. Mahoney, an old lady who has been connected with Papua longer than any other white woman. She was hale and hearty, and surrounded by her progeny, two married daughters and several grandchildren taking tea with us. She could have spun me many a local yarn, had not my time been so limited.

She and her husband lived for some years on Rossal Island, the land farthest east of the Archipelago, so the story of the wreck of the "St. Paul" and the stranding of 326 Chinamen near there, some years ago, was one of her reminiscences. She told how the natives rescued the Chinamen, not from a humanitarian motive, but because they saw in them the wherewithal for some future cannibal orgies. The men were fattened up, so the story goes, until they were required to play a leading part in some gruesome festival. One man, it appears, refused to feed in order to increase his value, and he eventually escaped and told the sad fate of his companions.

There is no actual proof of these doings, but the wreck undoubtedly took place, as there is still to be seen on the spot the large anchor attached to a heavy chain, and numbers of Chinese coins are found from time to time. It is an unsavoury episode that one does not care to dwell upon.

Of late years the Rossal islanders have been looked upon as a peaceful community, so we will give them the

benefit of the doubt, and hope that they have been slandered in the past.

On the eve of our departure from Samarai, I expressed my intention of taking a farewell walk round the island. I should have had no fear, but a fellow-passenger very gallantly said he would like to go with me, so I gladly accepted his escort. It was a perfect evening, and I hope it will be long ere I forget the beauty and peace of the scene. It amused us both to meet, and try to make out the different people as they passed us, perchance in the clear light of the full moon, or in the almost black shadow of the palms.

Cupid, whom I had suspected of having a little game to play on the island of Doini, was apparently still busy, and being disappointed of success there, was following up his schemes for the same Juliet with another Romeo, and we reluctantly interrupted the amorous pair sitting on a seat, and gazing at the beauty of the moonlight on the water. She was returning with us the next day to Australia, and I am inclined to think without any definite arrangement for the future.

Our new passengers arrived betimes in the morning, and the sexes began to be more equally divided than was the case on the way out. Eight or nine women with several babies, and a number of children came aboard, also a few men. His lordship, the Anglican Bishop of Papua, was carried from the rectory and assisted with difficulty, and in evident pain, up the gangway. He had been taken suddenly ill at some distant Mission station, and conveyed at immense risk by a Mission schooner—never too commodious or comfortable—to Samarai, in time to catch the "Matunga" which would take him direct to Sydney, where he could procure the best medical attention.

Our hopes of getting away early were again frustrated, this time not by the reef, but by an unusually high and strong tide. The Captain dared not attempt to get clear of the jetty for at least another hour, and even then it was quite exciting enough. Navigation is so hampered by the anchored small fry, that it is very difficult to steer clear of

everything. The Captain must have had an anxious moment when the stern of the boat, pressed hard by the inflowing current, only by the merest shave cleared the pier. Had it not done so, most of the populace of Samarai would have had a hasty sea bath, and perhaps the sharks a good breakfast. The people, still watching their friends and waving farewells, were perfectly unconscious of their dangerous position, and took no heed of the shouted warning from the Captain.

When once clear, we receded farther and farther from the pretty little island, and continued on our way, over a silver sheet of water, dotted with vivid green palm islands, and bold headlands.

The next day we were once more at Port Moresby, but this time, to save expense, we were not taken alongside the quay, but anchored in the bay. This led to a rather interesting afternoon, for we had not been long stationary when there was a cry of "sharks!" which had the same electrifying effect on the natives and some of the officers, as the mention of "rats" on a dog.

Several monsters could be distinctly seen through the clear water, each accompanied, as they always are, by two faithful attendants. These pilot fish are like long thin mackerel; their white and brightest emerald green stripes glistened in the water, and they were always near the head of their charge, on the look-out for danger. I was told that when the pace of the bigger fish was too great for the pilot, he was carried along in the mouth. The sailor folk tell their yarns in such a serious tone, and are always so ready, if challenged, to swear to their verity, that it is difficult to know when one is being misled, so you must take this for what it is worth.

A rope was hurriedly attached to a hook, baited with a ham-bone, and let down over the side. It soon became a subject of interest to the sharks below, who first looked at it from a distance with evident suspicion. One of them would swim almost up to it, and then his courage failing him, would glide away, to be followed by another a little more daring; but still none were bold enough to make the

necessary grab to obtain the tempting morsel, although their presence in the harbour proved them to be very hungry.

Still the ham-bone hung untouched in the water. From above, a hundred eager eyes were watching every movement of the man-eating fish. We held our breath, as the monsters glided, with shortening intervals, until within a whiff of the bone. It was a thrilling moment when one more enterprising than the others gave a snap at it. The rope was jerked; the fish tried to get clear, and lashed the water with its tail and fins in terror and anger. All sorts of advice was promptly given to the men at the upper end of the rope: "let it out;" "don't pull in yet;" "keep it tight;" and so on. When required, there was no lack of willing helpers to haul the monster up. Pull, pull, and up, up, inch by inch it came. They are such voracious wretches that no one felt the least pity for the struggling and wriggling mass on the hook.

As it was drawn up out of the water, we could see it viciously gnawing the rope with its massive teeth. Ah, horrors! the very sight of them was like a nightmare to me for days. Success was almost ours, when with one mighty effort on the part of the victim, the hook was loosened, and the prey escaped.

There was a groan of disappointment as the creature sank back into the water again, and the lightened rope was hauled in. It appears we did not "play" the fish properly, or, in other words, give him enough rope to hang himself. My own private opinion is, that neither the hook nor the rope was strong enough for the purpose: the latter was bitten almost in two.

The next attempt was with a stronger hook, attached in the first place to an iron chain, and baited this time with a shark's bonne-bouche, a piece of pork. But alas, the denizens of the deep, although they were evidently sorely tempted, never gave us another chance. The onlookers wearied, and after a few hours gave up all hope of landing one.

Once more I went ashore at the port, accompanied by the lady from the Samarai Rectory, and we proposed to

take a walk over the saddle, and along the ocean beach. It had rained considerably in the night, and we were a little doubtful of the road, so we inquired as to its condition from a man in a cart (about the only one in these parts) who, after he had gone a little way, called back to know if he could give us a lift. This seemed a good idea, so we clambered up on to the sacks in his cart. He proved to be taking a load of rice a few miles farther on, where he said two white women were living. Thinking they might appreciate a call from us, we decided to go thus far.

Our Jehu was a loquacious Irishman, drawn hither by the magnetic ore. He had had various ups and downs during his twelve years' sojourn in the country, and was now filling in time until there was another fresh rush somewhere for gold.

Perhaps I may say at this juncture that although I, personally, only visited the Woodlark goldfields, there are mines for this precious metal and kindred minerals in different parts of the mainland. Copper, lead, zinc, osmiridium, mercury, graphite or plumbago, have all been discovered, albeit the mineral development of the territory is believed to be only in its initial stages.

Whilst gathering this information from the driver, we were all the time jogging along, getting slowly nearer to the glorious mountains which reared their heads in front of us, making us regret that we had not the time to become further acquainted with them. Presently we turned off the main road on to a side track, and then our trouble began. The wheels sank deeper and deeper into the mud, and before very long we finally stuck. However, we were now quite close to the houses, so we traversed the short distance on foot, and left the driver, with a man who had come to his rescue, to do the best they could.

At the first house we went to, we found a young bride who had been transplanted from a large family circle in Australia to this solitary spot. I am not quite clear as to her husband's calling, but I fancy both the white men here were looking after some form of Government stores, possibly gunpowder, or something of the kind. At all

events the men were at the port all day, so that naturally the little bride was very lonesome. She was nevertheless making the best of things, and seemed very bright. She and her husband were both musical, and found singing and playing together a great resource.

She prepared morning tea for us, and while we were drinking it, we could see from the veranda that the driver, having freed his cart from the rut, had arrived and unloaded it, and was almost ready to start back. So we bade a hasty adieu, and hurried on to the second woman. She, poor creature, had had a hard time ; her two children had both been ill, and she herself was not too strong after several attacks of fever. She certainly was not nearly so well housed, and whether she resented the new-comer's extra comforts, I do not know, but our Irish friend told us afterwards that these two women, who might have been so helpful to one another, were half the time not on speaking terms. This uncomfortable state of affairs was generally brought about, he said, by the merest trifles, which one would think, in the circumstances, might have been overlooked.

We now turned our backs to the mountain scenery and became equally engrossed in the islands and the sea. Floating in little clumps were canoes lashed together for the greater convenience of the families living on them, and they with their reflections formed pretty artistic bits on the water.

I only saw one Lakatoi, the distinctive craft of Papua, as they were all away with their owners, bartering their annual supply of pots, and getting in return a supply of provisions to tide them over the wet season. The one I saw had its three quaint, thin, swallow-winged sails fully set and made a good subject for a snap-shot.

We had now drawn up by the Government quarters, where our drive ended, and thanking the Irishman for a pleasant jaunt, we walked up the hill to the day-school for white children. They were just dispersing, but the charming young mistress (Australian) showed us round. The building is delightfully situated, and constructed to fulfil all the modern requirements.

Time again compelled us to return to our floating hotel. The sea was fairly rough, and the small boat conveying us to the "Matunga" was wave-washed and too wet for us to sit down, so we all remained standing, and clung to one another to avoid falling overboard.

We were timed to start at sunrise the next morning, so that all passengers had to be aboard that night. It was not only those bound for Australia who came on that evening, but almost the entire population of the port. For several hours boat-loads were coming and going: the saloon was crowded, and the bar very busy; but the Captain was smart, and decks were cleared at ten sharp.

The twisting of the chain of our anchors delayed our start a couple of hours, so we were all up when we steamed away about seven o'clock next morning. I cannot say we numbered sixty first-class passengers, and perhaps Burns Philp would not have called the boat full, but at any rate it was quite full enough to be not quite comfortable. More men, more women, and more children joined us from the capital.

On our first call at Port Moresby we found three infants flourishing, but in the short time we were away, two of the babes had fallen victims to dysentery; and an anxious and thankful mother was now fleeing from danger with the last.

It was squally weather, and the new arrivals were the reverse of happy. They were very crowded, and a few hours of rough weather, combined with the stifling atmosphere, was enough to reduce the greater number of the party to a mere animal condition. Men and women in all sorts of abridged garments huddled together on the seats or floor of the upper saloon, intermingled with children sprawling about in a litter of toys, crumbs, remnants of food, old papers and the like, and I thanked my stars that among this throng, I was still alone in my cabin, and had that to go to.

When the weather was fine, and fortunately it was so during most of the voyage, conditions were more endurable. Mothers were better fitted to cope with their young

hopefuls, and any débris in the form of food-stuff could be easily thrown overboard.

I must not omit to say there were several exceptions in this mixed company, the invalid Bishop for one. We had many interesting talks, which whiled away the time for both of us. I only hope that the means taken for his restoration proved successful, and that he soon regained perfect health, and is now discharging his multifarious duties in his diocese.

The next afternoon we passed between two clearly defined strips of emerald green water, and we were once more under shelter of the Great Barrier Reef. That evening we anchored outside Cooktown just too late for passengers to land, so we were forced to lie at anchor all night. We were called at 5.30 the next morning to await the doctor, this being the first port of call in Australia. When "pratique" was obtained, those getting off here were quickly put ashore, and I cannot say I felt sorry to see a goodly number depart.

We resumed our journey, and ran along quite near to the coast, getting a good view of the rolling country and well-wooded hills, until we arrived at Cairns. It was here that I severed my connexion with the "Matunga," and I did so with sincere regret. I had thoroughly enjoyed my cruise on her; the whole staff from the Captain downward, had done all in their power to make my journey entirely satisfactory. I think Papua, if only for a holiday, is a great asset to Australia: one is taken to an entirely different world, and fresh channels for thought are opened up in many directions by native customs, folk-lore, flora and fauna, while the island is of very special interest to ornithologists, as it is a veritable paradise of birds.

All this is attainable for a trifling expense, and an absence from home of little over a month. When I was saying good-bye to the purser, I murmured a hope that at some future time I might repeat my experiences on the "Matunga". He said, "Yes, it would be very nice, but I hope I shall not be on her then".

"Well," I exclaimed, "you are not too polite!" Then of

course he tried to explain that he had meant he hoped to be promoted before then. So we laughingly left it at that, and parted.

I met the Captain ashore in the evening, just about to treat a young girl we had brought from Samarai on her way to school at Brisbane, to an ice-cream. He invited me to join them, and we had a farewell chat. An hour later, from the veranda of the hotel, I saw the "Matunga" back away from the wharf, and watched her lights get dimmer and dimmer, as she sped on her way down the well-defined channel to the open sea.

CHAPTER XXV

CAIRNS TO MANILA

CAIRNS, prettily situated at the junction of Trinity Inlet with Trinity Bay, is an important seaport of North Queensland, some 900 miles north-west of Brisbane. The neighbourhood is a popular tourist resort, and thousands of pleasure-seekers flock to this part of the continent during the winter months, thereby exchanging the cold and damp prevalent in Melbourne and Sydney during that time, for a delicious summer climate.

The rainfall is bountiful, too bountiful in the wet season for me as a tourist, but excellent for the country, as the 120 inches of rain per annum ensure prolific yields of all products of the soil. When I murmured at the drenching downpours, I was told it was nothing to the time when the record was established of seventy-two inches in seventy-two hours!

Cairns is the port of a wonderfully rich hinterland, boasting not only agricultural but mineral wealth. The tablelands yield gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, and numerous other minerals and ores.

I naturally did not want to linger in the township, but made my way by train to Kuranda, a delightful spot at an elevation of 1000 feet. It is beloved by honeymooners, being quiet, picturesque, and romantic.

The railway journey alone would repay a visit: the first part of the line is over flat country, and seven miles out we came to Redlynch, the station for Kamerunga State Nursery, where many problems of tropical agriculture are worked out for the benefit of dwellers in the north, and where are to be seen growing, coffee, coco-nuts, bread-fruit, and kindred products.

Whilst the utilitarian is the main feature of the Nursery, the æsthetic is not entirely ignored. The magnificent plantation of ornamental foliage plants—crotons, acalyphas, dracinias—is worth going many a mile to see.

Redlynch is the centre of a large banana-growing district. The train runs past immense banana plantations, paw-paw groves, and acres of pine-apple, orange, lemon, and mango trees; cranadillas, sugar-canes, mealies, and most tropical fruits and vegetation in the richest profusion.

Owing to the strike, and consequent dearth of labour, the midday train had been suspended, so that the later one was extra long and heavy, and progress proportionately slow. What with the gradient and the additional weight, it took us two hours to cover twenty miles, but I for one was only too pleased to have the extra time to watch the country through which we were passing.

From the moment we began the ascent, I noticed a change in the character of the vegetation: agriculture was left behind, and in its stead was a rare wealth of tropical shrubs. The engines, one in front and one behind, dragged and pushed with all their force the long string of carriages and trucks along the serpentine winding of the line, clinging with all their might to one side of the gorge, or crossing a spidery bridge over the most blood-curdling chasm.

Seated on the outside platform, an irresistible fascination impelled me to lean over and gaze into the depths below, regardless of a feeling that in so doing, I might overbalance the train.

A dense primeval forest, commonly called "scrub" in Australia, but what in England would be known as thick wooded country, clothed the surrounding ranges, and made a truly imposing picture.

On the way we passed Stony Creek Falls mid-way in their descent, and so near to them that when in flood, passengers are liable, unless careful, to get an unexpected shower-bath. Continuously rising, we still had on one hand high precipitous hills, and deep cavernous gorges on the other. We passed Surprise and Mervyn Creeks, and to our right noticed a peculiar monolith, known as Robb's

Monument, in compliment to the contractor who constructed the line.

The only portions of the route to take exception to were the fourteen tunnels, which in the prevailing heat were almost suffocating. Had there been any daylight left, the "bonne-bouche" of the scenic feast would have been in sight, but a glimmer of white and the roar of the water were the only indications that the famous Barron Falls were near.

We now began to put our wraps and bags together as the train drew near to Kuranda. Darkness surrounded us, but the lights of the hotel on a low hill near the station seemed to imply a welcome and promise of good fare and shelter. I was soon taking advantage of both, and feeling glad I had a few days in which to enjoy the charms of the place.

Though quite out of the season, there were several visitors in the place, and the next day we fraternized, and formed a party to walk to the Falls. They lie rather less than two miles from the hotel, and are reached by a foot-path which runs parallel with the railway line. We got glimpses of the river on our left, but the appearance of the stream can hardly be said to have prepared us for the tremendous rush of water we were so soon to see.

Reaching the gorge, we turned off the line, and were face to face with a rushing mighty torrent of water, falling with feverish haste over the precipice, dashing itself into a fury of white foam as it made its way over rocks, boulders, or any obstacle that stood in the way of its headlong rush to the depths of the gorge, 1000 feet below.

A broken side of the gorge forms a ridge jutting to the centre of the cañon, and sloping downwards makes a curve, and ends abruptly in front of the falls. Down this rough ridge, steps and an enticing zig-zag path have been cut, to enable the visitor to reach the desirable views, and the lower level.

The men, divesting themselves of as much clothing as was compatible with decency, went the whole way down. The two ladies did not feel disposed to go farther, while I,

BARRON FALLS

meaning to venture only a little way, was lured from corner to corner, getting yet another, and as I fancied, a still more inspiring view, until I was a good half-way to the bottom.

Discretion forced me to turn and begin the ascent, and I must confess I was glad I had gone no farther when I saw the moist and distressed condition of the men when they reached the top. We all felt grateful to the two who had boiled the water and prepared the much-appreciated tea, which restored our wilted forces for the walk home.

Without wishing to detract one iota from the majesty and beauty of these falls, it would never occur to me to compare them in any way with Niagara, the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, or other big falls of Europe.

Another walk I enjoyed immensely was to Stony Hill View. The way lay over an enchanting track through a bit of real jungle, pencil cedar, red cedar, silky oak, black oak, red and white beech, cyprus pine, and kami pine predominating. All these are covered once, twice, and thrice with creepers and clinging growths of every description.

Profuse as was the vegetable life, the insect world equalled it; the very atmosphere seemed to vibrate with buzzing, chirping, twittering life. At every step almost, either a spider, a lizard, a beetle, or some such creature would crawl or scuttle away to let the giant-like person pass. Alone in this minute insect world, I felt like a Gulliver striding through the land. Half an hour in this strange world, sheltered completely by the jungle from the tropical sun, brought me to the outlook.

I climbed to the top of some huge boulders, and there sat with an incomparable view in all directions. The effect of the midday sun was counterbalanced by a refreshing sea-breeze. Across the plain below, the Barron River ran its tortuous way, and led the eye onwards to Cairns, lying blistering in the unmerciful heat of an almost equatorial sun in its zenith.

On either hand were the densely wooded hills, and beyond them the mountains bathed in a tender blue haze. It was a scene one would like to fix in one's memory, were it possible, for ever.

The return journey had a slightly downward trend, so I was more at ease to gather in the beauties of the tropical growth around me, and gaze with admiration on the splendid palms. They and the moist heat would have made me feel as if I were strolling through a colossal hothouse at home, had it not been for the ever-harmonious buzz of the myriad insects.

Birds were also very varied; white cockatoos, rifle-birds, wonga pigeons, robin redbreasts, cukkaburra or laughing jackass, scrub turkeys and scrub hens were all numerous.

Mr. Dodd, a naturalist living at Kuranda, has a fine collection of bugs, beetles, and flies, and is always glad to welcome visitors. No one should miss seeing his wonderful museum if they have a chance. Although I was absolutely ignorant of entomology, he made the subject so interesting that the two hours I spent there seemed all too short a time.

The Kuranda hotels are good, and cater for the comfort and pleasure of their guests. Remilton's, at which I stayed, has a delightful garden with a profusion of flowers and flowering shrubs. Within a stone's throw of my window were bignonia venustia which has a brick-coloured flower growing in large clusters, and when in full bloom, shows more flower than leaf; Japanese blue convolvulus, a hibiscus with a pretty tint of yellow, and another with a flame-red flower; the Eucharist lily, white with a pale green centre; and crotons of every variety.

There is also a croquet ground as well as a tennis lawn: a few weeks spent here would, I am sure, leave happy memories.

During the return journey to Cairns, the exquisite scenery was further enhanced by the lurid and various effects of a passing thunder-storm. It was quickly over, and before we finally descended to the plains, our eyes were riveted on a rare picture, literally framed by a rainbow.

Beneath the many-coloured arc the lowland lay bathed in sunshine, the silver stream winding its way towards Cairns in the background. Having so recently passed through such a deluge, it was curious on reaching the town,

to find the streets thick with dust, and to hear that there had not been a drop of rain.

However it made up for it next day, when there was hardly a dry moment. During one interval of lesser severity, I transferred my luggage from the hotel to the steamer which was timed to leave at 8 p.m.

I was on my way to Townsville, and my original intention had been to travel by one of the smaller coast steamers which run through the famous Hinchinbrook Passage, and give one a chance of seeing its wild and romantic beauty. However, owing to the after-effects of the general strike, the service was still very irregular, so I thought it wise to take the first steamer which came, and that unfortunately happened to be going direct.

The weather was so thick that we quite expected we should not start until the morning, but punctually at eight we backed from the wharf, and passed down the channel, but alas, only to anchor all night just over the bar.

I wish I could blot out the memory of that night: the boat was uncomfortably full, the small cabins had their complement of passengers, and owing to the terrible weather, all portholes were closed. There was no possibility of remaining on deck, as there was not a dry inch available, and below was a very hell. There we were in the tropics, packed like sardines in a tin hermetically sealed. Our survival of the ordeal was simply miraculous.

Early in the morning we were under weigh, and conditions slightly improved. Towards midday the weather cleared, which enabled us to get on deck, and after that all went well. We ran into Townsville harbour about 8.30 p.m. and were soon enjoying the luxuries of an excellent hotel, but it took me quite two days to recover from the fearful experience of that one night on the boat.

Townsville was founded by, and named after "Bobbie" Towns, who first settled there in 1863. At the present time, it is the principal port of North Queensland. Three good lines of steamers maintain a regular service to and from Melbourne and intermediate ports. In addition, most of the large over-sea steamers from Great Britain, India,

China, Japan, Java, etc., make it a port of call, while the railway taps a vast area of rich mineral, pastoral and agricultural land. The town, or business quarter, consists mainly of one very long broad street, and the whole township is dominated by the Castle Hill, whence a splendid view of the neighbourhood is obtained.

The heat was tremendous. All the bedrooms at the hotel opened on to a broad veranda, and a door at the opposite side of each room gave entrance from a passage. By keeping both doors open day and night, one obtained enough air to make life bearable. I spent a restorative week here, for myself and clothing, before I was on the move again.

My next stage was by steamer to Hong-Kong. From the veranda of the Queen's Hotel, I could see the "Yawata Maru" rise above the horizon, and come nearer and nearer, until she dropped anchor a mile or two away.

On boarding her I met two ladies who had been fellow-passengers with me between Perth and Adelaide, and we exchanged notes and ideas on our experiences since we last met. They had filled the interval with a visit to New Zealand, while I had "done" Australia and Papua.

The "Yawata Maru" is a vessel built on the same lines as the "Nikko Maru," only rather larger. The officers and crew from the Captain downward were able and obliging to the last degree, and also very entertaining.

The afternoon we left Townsville, the stewards gave an exhibition of Japanese fencing. The costume worn for this display consisted of a short divided skirt, while encircling the body under the armpits, was a thickly wadded swathing, like a life-belt. The head was encased in a helmet padded at the back, with an open-work iron shield for the face.

The opponents set to work right eagerly, with remarkably quick and supple movements. The deck-steward was a champion, and although I had been only a few hours aboard, I could easily gather he was also a favourite with the ladies, from the exclamations of sympathy when he failed to parry an extra hard blow from his adversary. How they could distinguish who was who in such gro-

tesque costumes I could not imagine. To the Britishers it was a novel and interesting performance.

The coast scenery, too, was worth seeing, as were also the many islands on the other side. Navigation is so risky at this part of the reef that we anchored for the night, but were on the move again by break of day.

Towards sunset the next day we passed through Albany Channel, which separates a number of islands from the most northerly point of the mainland at Cape York Peninsula, which was formerly the official outpost until it was transferred to Thursday Island. We saw a house on the hill, and were told it was the home of Mr. Jardine, who found his way up through the peninsula in 1865. He settled there and has remained to this day, being a fine healthy old fellow yet.

The first-class passengers were all invited to the upper bridge to watch the progress through the channel. There is a terrific current at this spot, and we were all thankful the weather was calm. It was just to the east of Albany Passage where the ss. "Quetta" was wrecked some twenty years ago, and about which I shall have more to say anon. When once again in the open sea we anchored for the night.

After dinner the Amusements Committee gave their first entertainment. I cannot say the passengers showed much musical talent, but the Japanese came well to the fore.

The deck-steward, a man of many parts, came forward and played very tunefully and sweetly on two pieces of hollow bamboo, rather resembling a shepherd's pipes.

The doctor mesmerized a man, and then made him tell the company what particular cards each had chosen from a pack, and he was correct in each instance. The doctor also gave a remarkable exhibition of memory; he sat with closed eyes while fifty words were read out very slowly, such as pin, pencil, slipper, rock—in fact any word that occurred to the mind of the person appointed to select them. The list was read over twice, after which he repeated every word in the order given, not only forwards, but backwards. Of course they were all foreign words

to him, but needless to say he had a good knowledge of English.

The Captain was an exponent of mental arithmetic. He undertook to add together several numbers running into four or five figures as quickly as they were read out. He at once wrote the resulting total on a blackboard, and generally had to wait some time before those with pencil and paper could testify he was correct, which he always was.

We moved from our anchorage at daylight, and were at the wharf on Thursday Island by eight o'clock. We had been served with an early breakfast, so that we could utilize to the fullest extent our few hours on shore.

We all walked up the pier more or less together, and found ourselves in the main street. I think the majority then sought the shops for post-cards, gems, or what not. I soon found myself alone, and wandered on until by chance I came to the Quetta Memorial Church.

Mr. Nash, the clergyman in charge, seeing me approaching, came across from his house to do the honours of the place. He described and made very vivid the event which led to the building of the church, and I was glad that one or two others arrived shortly after me, so that we could all hear his remarks together.

The church is superior to the usual type seen in such remote places, and is built of concrete, with a well-finished interior. There are several stained-glass windows; one, at the same time a memorial and a thank-offering—a memorial to one daughter lost, and a thank-offering for another saved.

After the first cursory glance round, Mr. Nash began his explanatory remarks regarding the relics recovered and now exhibited in the church. He first showed us on a chart the exact spot where the steamer was wrecked. The disaster was due to an uncharted rock which lay directly in the centre of the channel then followed by vessels, and it is surmised that many a ship must have grazed it before the ill-fated "Quetta" ripped her bottom off and sank in three minutes.

Rather more than half on board were saved, but it was an appalling catastrophe. Hanging framed under glass is the frame-work of a port-hole, crusted with all kinds of corals, shells, and submarine accumulations, a curious relic of the deep. A lamp hung at the altar, having been recovered after sixteen years under water.

The church also has a stone font in memory of the great missionary, Bishop Chalmers, who was killed off Goarbare, and lastly there is a wicker chair used by Bishop Gilbert Wright at the Pan-Anglican Conference in London. Altogether it was a unique and interesting little edifice.

I continued my walk alone to the extreme side of the island, and was repaid by a magnificent view of the many islands set in a clear emerald green sea, but I could not linger, for after a few minutes spent in enjoying the beauties spread before me, it was time to be making tracks for the steamer, for the sun had nearly reached his zenith and we were timed to leave at noon.

Thursday Island is the head-quarters of the pearl fisheries, and at certain seasons the harbour is alive with small craft. The divers are mostly Japanese, Malays, and Polynesians, so naturally these nationalities form the greater part of the population.

We now had a long run before us to Manila. The days were filled in with deck-sports, bridge, reading and talking. On the first Sunday an English service was conducted by a lay passenger, but the next Sunday both he and the lady organist were feeling the effects of the motion, so the steward went the round of the deck announcing "No service to-day ; too much sick".

This reminds me of a story I heard from a fellow-passenger exemplifying the eagerness of the Japanese to acquire idiomatic English. One of them hearing a gentleman saying he had been having "forty winks," anxiously inquired the meaning of the phrase, with a view to storing it up for future use. A day or two later, when some one asked him what he had been doing, he replied: "I have been having forty twinkles".

About 11.30, on 1 April, we were startled by the shrill

tones of the steamer's whistle, its blast announcing that we had crossed the line, whereupon an English tourist, on the spur of the moment, exclaimed: "Thank God, we are in a civilized hemisphere again". This naturally nettled an Australian, who retaliated by expressing her regret that she was in foreign waters. This began quite a war of words, but fortunately with no bloodshed.

One Sunday, as a little surprise, a special tea was prepared. The menu which was naïvely headed "Tea-party," mentioned such enticing *plats* as "pine-apple frappé," "assorted cakes," "almond toffy," "salad sandwich," "combination biscuits," "dry-stew ginger," "chow-chow," as well as buttered bread, iced fruit, and hot or cold tea, coffee, and cocoa.

All these good things were prettily and daintily set out, in fact the catering was excellent throughout the trip, and I remarked to the purser that I thought the journey must be shorn of half its pleasure for some people on such a boat, as there was no possible room for fault-finding.

But the crowning event of all was an entertainment got up by the stewards.

On the middle hatch they rigged up a very good stage, and festoons of flowers and other decorations ingeniously formed of paper brightened up the theatre. The men's costumes were excellent.

When we were all seated, the first item on the programme—a dance—began. It was, of course, the usual wriggle of the East, with striking attitudes, but so good of its kind that it was difficult to realize the performers were only the stewards.

The short play they acted was screamingly funny. A small Japanese house was suggested by an entrance through a trellis-work shelter, over-trailed by wistaria. Of course there was a woman in the case, and she was the young and pretty daughter of the man and woman who now and again appeared in the front garden.

This garden was enclosed by a fence and a gate standing about six inches high! Presently two men came along, and seeing the gate at their feet closed, called loudly

to the inmates of the house who came forward, and a very gutteral—all languages you don't understand sound gutteral —conversation ensued.

Much gesticulation helped their remarks, and voices were gradually raised until at last they were engaged in a very heated controversy. We gathered that the mother and father did not approve of the attention of one of the visitors to their daughter, and was refusing to admit them.

At last the suppliants could no longer brook denial; realizing no doubt the Japanese equivalent of "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," they bravely lifted their feet over the six-inch fence, and were in the garden. The daughter then rushed forward into her lover's arms, and the play was in full swing. Needless to say the irate parents are ultimately satisfied, their consent to the nuptials is granted, and all ends happily.

The play was followed by conjuring tricks. The Japanese are very clever in this line, and the audience was thoroughly mystified.

Light refreshments in the way of sweetmeats were handed round in the intervals by smiling attendants, and altogether it was as good an entertainment as I have ever seen given by stewards on a boat. Thus the days fled by, and we were soon within sight of the southern islands of the Philippine Archipelago.

CHAPTER XXVI

MANILA

COMPARATIVELY few people know much of the innumerable sun-kissed islands which stud the Pacific Ocean, and some are like Dooley's friend Hennessy, "they hardly know whether the Philippines are islands or canned goods".

Personally I was aware they were the former, but I must confess to an utter ignorance of their size. Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, is situated at the mouth of the River Pasig, which empties itself into an extensive bay on the west coast of Luzon, the largest and most northern island of the group.

It was night as we approached the Archipelago from the south and ran alongside the island of Mindanao, which ranks second in area, and passing through the Basilan Channel, between a peninsula of Mindanao and a small island, we could distinctly see the lights of Zamboanga, the capital of this southern island.

The next day we hugged the coasts of the intervening islands, getting a good view of their mountains and the dense vegetation, growing down to the very edge of the water. We were never long out of sight of one or other of the thousand or more islands which form this interesting archipelago, until we entered Manila Bay on the afternoon of the second day, and passed the island of Corregidor, which stands like a grim sentinel guarding the narrow entrance.

We steamed over a placid sea for another thirty miles, and finally dropped anchor behind a newly built breakwater in the vicinity of the Luneta. In an inner basin the largest ships of the world can anchor, and a number of

wharves are being built at which vessels will be able to come alongside to receive and discharge cargoes.

On the completion of the port works, Manila promises to have one of the finest and safest harbours in the Far East. Certainly judging from the number of steamers we saw at anchor, and alongside, the prospective accommodation will not be too much.

It was in and about these now historic waters that in 1898 Admiral Dewey and his fleet shattered the hopes of Spain, and placed the destiny of the Filipino in the hands of the United States.

A small party of us on the boat had enlisted the aid of a fellow-passenger, a resident of Manila, who was landing that night, to arrange that a good motor and reliable chauffeur should be awaiting us at the quay the following morning.

We left the ship by the eight o'clock launch, and wended our way amid ships large and small to the mouth of the Pasig River, and then up it a short distance to the landing quay. The river was alive with miscellaneous traffic, and the motley collection of small craft with their picturesque crews formed a bewildering sight.

Between 15,000 and 20,000 of the population of Manila find their floating homes on the river, in what are known as cascos, lorchas, and bancas. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this simple mode of living. If you do not care for your next door neighbour, you have only to pick up your long bamboo poles, and propel your household to another position. The river folk form a class by themselves, and certainly give an onlooker the idea that they are quite as happy and contented as those on shore. Children swarm. They certainly do their duty in keeping up the birth-rate.

The moment we landed we came in contact with the first visible sign of the American occupation, namely the Fire Brigade, which is as fine and as well organized as any such institution in a city of like size in the United States.

The notice put up over night regulating the movements of the launch between ship and shore had been altered, so

we arrived an hour earlier than we had ordered the motor, but at our request the head of the fire department very kindly "phoned" for it to come "right along" as he expressed it with an American accent.

In a few minutes it arrived, and quickly taking our places, we started through the quaint old streets of the town, postponing our inspection of it for a few hours, and were soon in the suburbs on our way to the water-works, thirty miles distant. We were advised to make this excursion in order to get an idea of the rich agricultural country immediately surrounding the city.

Seven miles away from the town we came to Fort William McKinley standing on a commanding site which affords an extensive view of the harbour, Laguna Bay, and the surrounding country. The Government has improved it to such an extent, that from out of the old waste land of the past has emerged a model citadel, and one of the most healthful army posts to be found anywhere.

On we went, over an excellent, well-made level road, through the district of Quiapo. Crossing the memorable San Juan Bridge, we called to mind that it was over it that the first bullets sped on their deadly mission in the Insurrection of 4 February, 1898.

We ran along the Mariquina Valley next, and then followed the course of the river, getting picturesque vistas of gorge and mountain scenery. We passed through very picturesque villages, most of the houses being raised on piles, and built of plaited bamboo, thatched with nipa or palm leaves. The walls are composed of sliding panels which can be drawn at will. There are no windows in our sense of the word, but squares of the wall are on hinges, and can be lifted up to form a sun-blind, beneath which the people can look out with comfort.

The general aspect of the villages reminded me very vividly of Java.

Being Good Friday, the streets and country roads were thronged with church-goers in their best attire, and our eyes were kept busy in all directions.

Twenty-six miles from Manila we passed through the

little town of Montalban, near which General Lawton was killed, and three miles farther on we had to quit the motor and walk up the gorge for about a mile to the reservoir over a delightful track parallel to the stream.

There are several dams on different levels, whence the water is carried through immense pipes to the town. The supply was low, and certainly did not look very tempting as a beverage, but possibly it goes through some filtering process before it reaches the consumer, as the water in Manila is said to be beyond reproach.

We returned along the same road without finding it in the least monotonous, and regaining the town, we drew up at Clarke's well-known restaurant for lunch. The proprietor translated our wishes to the waiters, and we fared well.

After this interlude we determined to try another mode of locomotion more in keeping, perhaps, with the traditions and associations of the country. Mr. Clarke again came to our assistance, and gave full directions where we were to be taken, before we paired off into two-wheeled calesas.

These queer little conveyances are something between a bath-chair and a Norwegian cariole, but much smarter than either. The spruce little pony which draws the minute vehicle is driven by a liveried coachman, and the whole affair, coachman included, looks as if it came out of a nut-shell.

Like many places in the Far East, Manila is a city of strong contrasts. The ambling *carabao* or the jogging native pony is startled out of its slow trot by the passing of the latest up-to-date electric tram-car, and western fashions rub shoulders with the curious and picturesque costumes of the Filipino.

The women wear long full skirts of some dull colour under shorter tight black ones, the bodices finished by three-cornered white berthas, one point down the centre of the back and stiffened to stand out well away from the neck all round. The sleeves are very curious, being made of a thin black material with a small square mesh, and wired to a shape about a foot and a half wide. The effect in the distance is as if the wearer had passed her arms through

wire meat-covers. This costume is surmounted by an immense mushroom-shaped hat made of wicker-work, such as is worn by the Burmese, and the Shans in India.

The costume of the men is equally quaint. Over their nether garments and coats they wear very thin transparent muslin shirts: what purpose the latter serve I failed to discover, but I cannot by any stretch of imagination suppose that they are considered an adornment.

Being a holy day, we were unable to see over the world-famed cigar and cigarette factory. The preparation of tobacco in various forms, for everyday consumption, employs some thousands of men, women, and children, and constitutes the most absorbing item of manufacturing interest in Manila. I was told that the daily output of cigarettes reaches the enormous total of four millions, most of which are consumed by the Filipinos.

The workers in this industry are marvellously dexterous, and the rapidity with which they transform piles of the narcotic weed into neat and alluring little cigarettes is nothing short of miraculous. They apparently do not shift from department to department; but where a child enters, he or she will probably remain to the end of his or her existence. This life-long application to one single operation explains their wonderful accuracy and facility which could scarcely be surpassed in any other branch of labour.

For instance, the pretty young girls who are responsible for the packing of the cigarettes will pick up a number in the hand, and by instinct as it seems, but really as the result of constant practice, they realize in an instant, if they have one too many or too few as the case may be. This is rectified in a flash, and the correct number enfolded in a wrapper which is stuck up by a lightning sweep of the paper across a paste-besmeared forefinger, and I would lay you a wager you might open a hundred such wrappers, and not find one more or one less than the uniform number.

The cigar and cigarette factories are only a few blocks from the heart of the city. Visitors are made very welcome, and most people feel amply repaid for the time spent on a visit.

MANILA

TYPICAL COSTUMES, MANILA

After seeing a few churches of no particular interest, our little pill-boxes conveyed us to the Paco burial place, which is decidedly unique.

About three acres of land are enclosed by an ancient circular wall from seven to eight feet in thickness. Others like it are reared within the enclosure, marking out areas of greater or lesser extent, and in all the walls are niches to receive the dead.

These vaults are let under a rental system, and if the rent is not forthcoming, the tenant gets evicted, and the bones are thrown into an enclosure at the back of the cemetery. This custom must account for the recent dates one notices on the square stone slabs closing the entrance to each vault, scarcely any going back a hundred years to the date when the cemetery was built.

I heard that the present authorities have changed this gruesome method: if the relatives of the departed fail to pay the required sum, the occupant may be removed, but his bones are certainly disposed of in a less repulsive manner.

The plan of "pigeon-holes" for the dead was adopted on account of the flat, marshy character of the country around Manila. Above the vaults is a terrace, seven or eight feet wide, formed by the thickness of the walls in which the departed find their last resting-place. This terrace has a balustrade on either side, and one may walk in many directions above the vaults; or between them, on the ground, which is rather like sauntering along the dried-up moat of some ancient castle.

Here and there was a perfect blaze of colour from the various tropical trees with which the cemetery was crowded, and it was this picturesqueness that appealed to me most, and left an indelible impression on my mind.

Another place of great interest is "Bilibid"—the great reformatory prison, said to be the largest of its kind in the world. The place covers an area of seventeen acres, and includes over fifty buildings. There are no cells as in most prisons: the accommodation is more after the style o military barracks in the tropics. The correction is ad-

ministered on reformatory lines, and the inmates have the advantage of a scholastic and religious training. They are either taught a trade, or trained to some useful calling.

Recreation, in the form of lectures, music, and entertainments of various kinds, is provided. After a few years of regular occupation and congenial employment, the habit of work is acquired, and the prisoner looks upon life from a changed point of view. On his release, instead of returning to his former mode of living, more often than not he settles down, and becomes a respectable member of the community at large, and a law-abiding citizen.

The part of the building in which the prisoners are located is built in the form of a wheel lying flat, so that a sentry, from a raised platform on the hub, is able to have a clear view of what is taking place down every spoke.

Perhaps the most interesting thing for the visitor to see is the evening drill. After an overture played in fine style by about fifty performers, physical drill commences. All the exercises are carried out with great exactitude to the strains of popular airs, and occupy about twenty minutes.

The evening rations are served out at the close, to the patriotic music of "Hail Columbia". It is a pathetic and unique spectacle well worth seeing.

Towards five in the afternoon the residents of Manila begin to emerge from their homes and drive hither and thither, mostly in the little calesas, or victorias, either to tea-parties, or to the restaurants; after which they repair to the Luneta, which in the early evening hours is the resort not only of beauty and fashion, but of all classes and conditions. A truly cosmopolitan crowd fills thousands of conveyances of all descriptions, and on arrival the occupants walk a little perhaps, and then either sit in the carriages drawn up to the side of the road, or follow others moving round the oval drive.

The world-renowned Constabulary Band, consisting of some seventy performers, plays every day on the Luneta, so that the public can hear the delightful soul-stirring music while enjoying the delicious sea-breezes.

The Luneta has not always been the "care-free" spot it

now is. It is only a few years since the rising sun would discover a firing squad of soldiers guarding its quota of prisoners: these would be lined up with their backs to the beach, and fronting a row of loaded rifles. At the fall of a handkerchief, a sharp discharge of fire-arms would break the stillness of the morning, debts political and otherwise thus met by the toll of human lives.

Here also the patriot Rizal was executed on 30 December, 1896, since which the Filipino people gather annually to do honour to their fellow-countryman. The place is soon to be marked by an imposing monument to the martyr.

Manila is unusually rich in the matter of monuments commemorating the noble deeds done for the good of the city and Archipelago generally. The memory of Fernando Magellan, explorer and discoverer of the Philippine Islands, is kept green by a marble monolith surmounted by a metal globe.

Sebastian Vidal is honoured by a noble monument erected in the Botanical Gardens in which, through his efforts, a specimen of every class of wood native to the islands is to be found.

If the number of monuments is great, the multitude of churches is still greater. The most conspicuous is San Sebastian, commonly designated "the steel church". It is built of steel plates made and fitted in Europe, especially designed to resist earthquakes and fire. The two high towers, breaking the low uninteresting line of coast, form a landmark which arrests the attention on first approaching Manila.

In order to visit the older and consequently more interesting churches, one must pass through one of the picturesque gates in the ancient wall of the old city, quaint in its narrow streets and Spanish architecture. What stories might be told of the deeds of lust and blood which have been enacted within these gateways!

The initial work on the walls was begun in 1591, and between that year and 1872 when it was finished, thousands of human lives were sacrificed and millions of treasure ex-

pended to bring them to their present condition of strength and beauty.

Our time was getting short, so we devoted what remained to visiting the church of St. Ignatius, whose exterior, modern in design and devoid of any architectural beauty, is more than atoned for by the marvellous wood-carving of the interior.

The ceiling and pulpit are remarkably fine: the latter is entirely native work, and cost an immense amount of money, even though it was executed in the old Spanish days when labour was cheap. The design and finish of the work are most artistic. This church is another of the sights one would be sorry to miss.

No glance, however cursory, could be taken of Manila without noticing the gambling propensities of the people. The Filipino is a pleasure-loving person, and particularly addicted to this vice. He finds an outlet for his weakness in the cockpits, and the fighting cock is responsible for much of the pleasure and tribulation of the native.

On the days when "combates" are permitted, the cockpits on the outskirts of the city are filled to overflowing with an excited and perspiring crowd eagerly watching the struggle for supremacy between these armed little birds.

I say advisedly "armed," because each cock has fastened to one of his spurs a miniature scimitar, sharpened to the keenness of a razor. Consequently a fight usually ends with the death of at least one bird, and as often as not, of both.

I am not particularly well informed as to cock-fighting methods, but I gather that this is not a custom that obtains in other countries.

By the time we had admired the carving in St. Ignatius, we all felt that we had crowded quite enough into one day, so it was unanimously decided to return to the comforts and repose of our ocean home.

We retraced our way to the landing wharf in one of the afore-mentioned up-to-date electric tram-cars, and were soon back on the steamer, meditating on what we had seen. I have a vivid recollection of a glorious moon that last night at Manila, as we played bridge on deck after dinner.

Our departure next morning was delayed until noon, which was tantalizing, as the time it allowed was just a little too short to make it worth while landing again. However, there was plenty to be seen round the boat. Peasants were alongside offering fruit and other things for sale, and there was a continuous coming and going until we finally got away.

We had been warned that it might be very rough at this time of year between Manila and Hong-Kong: it certainly was not so smooth as it had been, although there was nothing that could be described as a storm, or what would have been still worse—a typhoon; still it was enough to make the majority of the passengers disinclined for active exercise.

Just forty-eight hours after leaving Manila, we were all on the upper bridge marking our entry into Hong-Kong harbour, and it was grander even than my recollections of it. The Peak stood out majestically against an overcast sky, and in the veiling mist, the houses on the heights merged into the outline of the mountain, and gave the impression of an embrasured wall on the summit.

As usual the harbour was densely packed with steamers and ships from all parts of the world; some going out as we were coming in, some being coaled, others lading cargo. In all directions bustling little launches were seen cutting through the water, everything combining to make a very busy scene.

We were landed by the ship's launch at the wharf, and all the passengers went their various ways: some made their connexion with other boats, a few hastened to see all they could while the "Yawata Maru" remained in port, while others repaired to their respective hotels. I gave my luggage in charge of Cook's man to forward to the Peak Hotel, intending to follow at my leisure.

CHAPTER XXVII

HONG-KONG TO PEKING

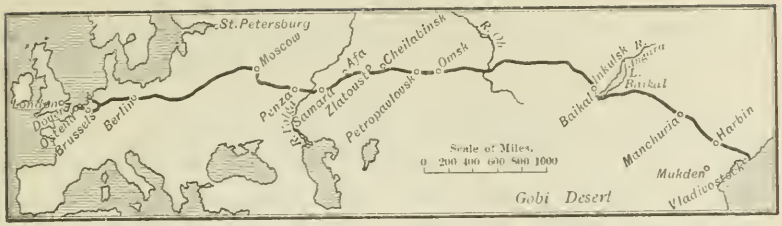
AFTER collecting from Cook's what correspondence was awaiting me, I wended my way to the tram station in Garden Road. I was not too certain that I was going in the right direction, so ventured to ask a woman I saw coming towards me, and we had only exchanged a few words when we discovered that we were both Londoners.

She was the wife of an artificer in the Navy Yards at Kowloon Point on the Peninsula opposite. In these out-of-the-way parts this was enough to strike up an acquaintance, and she there and then invited me to call upon her one day, and promised that if I would do so, she would show me the places of interest in her locality.

After pausing a few minutes to watch an exciting football match between two rival teams of Tommies, I reached the station of the wonderful wire-rope tramway which is kept busy from morning till night, transferring hundreds of passengers daily to and from the various stations *en route* to the town, or to the summit of the Peak.

This mountain height is a much favoured residential neighbourhood, and forms a veritable suburb in the clouds. The cable-car descended and was soon emptied and filled again. I followed in the rear of a party of nuns from the French Convent, and took the last seat in the open car next to one of them. We exchanged a few words in French, and it soon became apparent that we were both English, and furthermore Londoners, so we chatted pleasantly the whole way up.

She expressed a wish that I should visit the Convent



THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

CHINA

during my stay in Hong-Kong, but I regret to say that I found no time to do so.

The line ascends in varying gradients to a height of 1300 feet, and offers a splendid panoramic view of the city, the harbour, and Kowloon Peninsula. We travelled up and up, past noble mansions set in luxuriant greenery of bamboos and flowering shrubs. On the slopes just above Government House are the Botanical Gardens which repay a closer inspection. They are small, only about sixteen acres in extent, but very beautiful: camellias, azaleas, hydrangeas, allarmardas, and poinsettias are exuberant to an extent seldom seen elsewhere in the open. An ornamental fountain plays in the middle of a lakelet where gold and silver fish disport themselves, among rare specimens of tropical water-flora such as the pink and the white lotus, and the pale blue stela. There is also a greenhouse with a display of orchids and ferns.

Now and again the cable-car traversed bridges over the winding foot-path to the summit, up which coolies were toiling with European luggage—huge trunks each swung on a bamboo pole, either end of which was on a man's shoulder.

Other coolies carried single poles with baskets swinging at the ends, filled with merchandise of all descriptions, and now and again one saw a white man being conveyed in a chair on poles up or down the incline, while all the time the town was apparently diminishing in size, and the busy harbour seemed to be dotted with mere black specks upon the water.

When we drew up at the Gap Terminus, chairs and rickshaws were in readiness for those who required them. The entrance to the hotel is at the station, and I was soon installed in a comfortable room, although at first sight it was anything but prepossessing. No bedding was on the bed, which made visible the rusty wire netting, and when I expressed surprise at the room not being ready, it was explained to me that it was necessary to keep the mattress and bed-clothes in a hot press, owing to the damp vapourous atmosphere which envelops the Peak at this season.

The terminus of the railway is only the beginning of this mountain retreat, and in all directions are hill roads which enable one to take delightful walks and obtain glorious views. The signal-station, 1823 feet above the level of the sea, gives the widest range, and from here the Naval authorities notify the Colony of the approach of all steamers, the mail-liners being announced by gun-fire, the mercantile marine by a special code of signals, and the ever-dreaded typhoons by large bird-cage drums and cones which are always ready to hand at a moment's notice.

Dotted at intervals here and there are the delightful homes of the European community. His Excellency the Governor has a summer residence from which he can see the whole of the terraced city of Victoria at his feet. I am inclined to think it could be only a Britisher, who never lets trifles stand in his way, who would for one moment have conceived it possible to convert this Island Mountain Peak with a few yards, as it were, of flat ground at its base, into a prosperous Colony boasting a harbour which has few rivals in the world.

The day on which I decided to visit my London friend at Kowloon was not at all propitious. I got as far as the quay, and there debating the wisdom of going or not, I asked the ferry ticket-collector, a Chinaman, what he thought of the weather. His answer was: "You will have plenty water fall down on you," which was not reassuring. However, I decided I would at any rate take the boat over to Kowloon, and see if my chum thought the day good enough for our projected excursion.

I found her quite willing to make a start, so after accepting the loan of a thick coat in case of need, off we started in two rubber-tyred rickshaws, a luxury not available in Hong-Kong.

At Kowloon are the principal steamer-wharves and storage godowns; it is also the starting point of the Canton-Kowloon Railway, opened in 1910. At present it is mostly patronized by Chinese, but it is hoped that it will eventually link up with Wuchang-Hankow, and thence with Peking, Moscow, Berlin, Paris, and London.

Four square miles of this peninsula were ceded to the British in 1861. Later, in the interests of all concerned, it was deemed advisable to get an extension of this area. In June, 1898, a Convention was signed at Peking granting a lease for ninety-nine years of an additional area of 270 square miles, which was henceforth known as "The New Territories".

This dominates the site of Hong-Kong, and makes an excellent strategic ground for its protection. There are extensive military cantonments, where several regiments of Indian troops, including artillery, are stationed.

There are also great docks and repairing shops at Hung-hom. It is a large and rapidly developing suburb, and boasts two churches, Anglican and Roman Catholic, with their corresponding denominational schools.

While I was gathering this information, we had crossed the railway line, and were passing through a busy township. After quitting the main street of Hung-hom, we left the ever-busy, smoking cement works on our right, and followed a straight and remarkably well-made road leading towards the hills.

The scenery was interesting, and a fine view was obtained of Kowloon Bay with the narrow Ly-e-mun Pass cut through the mountain six miles distant, the Kowloon Peak, 2000 feet high on our right, and on our left, a curious volcanic-like formation helped to form a somewhat arid and wild landscape.

In two places there was a cutting through low hills for the road, and when we got beyond the second, we caught sight of the old historical city of Kau-lung, or as it and the suburb are now called, Kowloon, clinging to the hill in front of us at an angle of something like forty degrees.

On arriving there, we quitted our rickshaws and strolled round this curious old Mandarin station. We got into conversation with one of the two white policemen who are stationed there, and he was good enough to show us round, and gave us lots of information.

The city within the walls is a curious old place. It was formerly the residence of the official representative of the

great Emperor of China in any dealings with intruders from over the sea. We visited the only one of the two pawnshops—really storehouses—now in use, whose high towers form a striking feature of the place.

We also had a look at the well-organized Mission station with schools, etc., conducted entirely by Chinese. Girls are of little account in China, and all the scholars are boys.

We then wandered through the cemetery, where some of the departed were buried under the ground, while others had their bones preserved in large earthen jars placed under the bushes. Formerly the people buried their deceased relatives just where they fancied, and the hill-sides are full of gravel, horse-shoe shaped mounds, the ornamentation of which has long since been destroyed.

The survivors do not forget the departed, and spend hours by their graves, keeping a supply of food handy in case the spirits should return and require sustenance. We saw one man leaving a tasty meal behind him at a grave, and we noted that he had not forgotten to provide chopsticks.

We next visited a very ancient city surrounded by a moat which was filled with very slimy green water. Inside were narrow lanes, with shops on either side, very crowded, dirty, and typically Chinese.

Rejoining our rickshaws, and leaving Kowloon behind, we returned to the ferry by way of Yau-ma-ti, passing *en route* the Tung-Wah hospital with the disinfecting station, tobacco and weaving factories, and other industrial concerns. We crossed to Hong-Kong, had lunch at an up-to-date European restaurant, and then took advantage of one of the routes of the excellent electric-tram system for a ride of five or six miles, mostly within sight of the shore, returning the same way.

I now had to say good-bye to my friend, and she recrossed by the ferry, while I was drawn upwards to my eyrie on the Peak.

The objective of another afternoon expedition was the "Happy Valley," the site of a beautiful cemetery, while

close by is the Racecourse, admittedly the most beautiful course in the Far East. I passed many an hour wandering through the native streets of this picturesque, fascinating, and cosmopolitan city.

At five o'clock one evening I heard the gun fired which announced the arrival of the P. and O. steamer on which I was to embark the next day for Shanghai.

The run proved uneventful, as fortunately the Captain managed to escape a severe storm which he knew was ahead of him, and on the third day from Hong-Kong the "Assaye" entered the Woosung River.

As we bore onward, there was striking evidence of industry on either side: cotton and paper mills, waterworks, shipbuilding yards, petroleum companies' reservoirs, and spacious godowns well filled with merchandise lined the banks.

We arrived at Shanghai in the early hours of an April morning, but were pulled up short by our inability to cross the Woosung Bar, the "heaven-sent" barrier of the Chinese.

At a suitable time we were taken across the river in a large steam launch to the wharf, and on landing were confronted by a very busy throng. After sorting out and committing my belongings to the porter of the Astor House, I wended my way along the famous Bund to the hotel. I noticed the time-ball on the French Bund which by signal from the Siccawei Observatory, drops daily at noon, according to the standard meridian on which Shanghai time is based, and which is eight hours ahead of London; so that as I was sauntering along this distant English settlement, I could picture my friends in London sound asleep.

Facing the river are some of the finest buildings in Shanghai—consulates, banks, clubs, important shipping and commercial offices, hotels, and so forth. On the waterside are grass plots extending with scarcely a break from the creek, separating the French from the International Settlements, to the public gardens. This gives a very pleasant impression on landing.

I passed through the gardens filled with people enjoying the early hours of the morning, among them many foreign nurses with their European charges playing near them.

The Astor House, which since I was here last, seventeen years ago, had outgrown all recognition, faced me at a bend of the river which I crossed by the magnificent Garden Bridge, over which electric-trams, vehicular traffic and foot passengers were wending their way.

I entered the spacious social hall flanked with cigar, sweets, scent, and other stalls. Groups of people gathered round the various tables; excited visitors were paying their bills at the office in the far corner, and then making hurried exits, shouting to the rickshaw coolies to "hurry up". Others were arriving, and hastening to book the best available accommodation, in fact, inside the hotel it was easy to imagine one's self in London or New York.

This idea is soon dissipated when you find yourself following a man clad in bath-room slippers and shirt to the feet, the whiteness of which is relieved by a long black pigtail hanging down his back.

He bows and smiles as he unlocks a door and shows you your room, which is light and airy, with a bath-room attached.

The dining-room was a gorgeous scene in the evening, every table full of well-groomed men and elaborately dressed women, some to the last degree *décolletées*, others, as for instance an Italian Princess who had travelled on the "Assaye," in smart day costume and magnificent jewels, and I could not but think that in a public room I preferred the Italian taste to the scanty apparel of some of the extremists. With a few such exceptions, the general trend of manner and custom was decidedly English.

The room is long, and the prevailing colours buff and white: down the centre are very handsome Chinese inlaid pillars on which, during the hot months, electric fans are worked. A gallery runs down either side, and in the busy season is also filled with tables. A band plays nightly, and to the strains of really rather good music, I picked my way through the menu.

"Boys" moved hither and thither dressed in long blue shirts over which were worn short white sleeveless jackets, the latter evidently full dress, as they were dispensed with at breakfast and tiffin. Soft black shoes over white stockings, and legs swathed with dark felt were the finishing touches of a picturesque uniform.

Some were quick in their movements, others would approach slowly in a meditative mood, as if composing a sonnet on the portion which they were carrying. As a rule they understand a little English, and if not, matters are simplified by everything being numbered, even to the different kinds of jam, and it was amusing to see dangling from the jar of your particular fancy in conserve a large "seven" or "five" as the case might be.

I was sorry to see that the pigtail is rapidly disappearing, and with it a very distinctive feature of the country.

Earlier in the day I had rung up a gentleman whom I had known from a boy, and he was soon seated with me at tiffin, afterwards taking me to the British Consulate to find out if it were possible for me to visit Peking. I had hoped to go via Hankow, but was told it had only a few days previously been opened up for the first time since the rebellion, and although it might be perfectly safe, it was doubtful; and I was advised that it would be wiser and more certain if I went by Tientsin. The railway line thence, I was assured, would be kept open in any circumstances, and protected by military force.

That settled, I began to visit the various places of interest. My friend's motor, which he kindly placed at my disposal, enabled me to see the sights expeditiously and without fatigue.

A lady friend of his offered to go with me the next day to the Loongwha Pagoda, and the drive thither gave me a good idea of the surrounding country, which one might call more quaint than beautiful. The route followed a road which twisted aud turned, passing small vegetable gardens, tea-houses, temples, and rest-houses, and finally passed through masses of peach trees, which added a regretful touch to my visit, as I was just a few days too late

to see the beautiful masses of blossom which attract admiring crowds while they shed their beauty around.

However the Pagoda was interesting, being in a good state of preservation. It is seven-storied, with six sides, and near by, within closed gates, live the three hundred priests, who are connected with this shrine.

As we motored back, I saw the outside of the memorial temple built in honour of Li Hung Chang, and in the compound, the great statue of Li himself. Just beyond is seen Nanyang College, a school where the young Chinese get a good foreign education, and from which some of the leading young men of the Empire have graduated.

My companion thought I would be interested in seeing the Catholic Settlement maintained by the Jesuit Fathers, and we visited both orphanages, where girls in one, and boys in the other, are taken in and cared for, and trained to some kind of handicraft whereby they can in future years maintain themselves. The speciality of the girls is lace-making, and we were shown some of the finest lace to be seen in China.

The boys are chiefly engaged in wood-carving, and we saw some exquisite pieces of furniture. Apparently these works of art are sent to all quarters of the globe, and we saw commissions just completed, and ready to be packed and forwarded to America, Germany, England, and France.

Shanghai from a social point of view is very gay and fashionable. Dinner-parties and At-Homes were the order of the day, and I managed to sandwich in with my sight-seeing one or two functions of more particular interest.

One was a reception given in honour of Sun-yat-sen, when I had the pleasure of shaking hands with the great reformer, and first President of the Chinese Republic. It was a crowded gathering, and a passing salutation was all one could hope for.

The "Bubbling Well" Road is lined on either side by the principal residences of Shanghai. The Country Club is a palatial building, containing billiard, card, and reading-rooms, and is the rendezvous of the smart set in the late hours of the afternoon. It is surrounded by a delightfully

kept garden, and the wide veranda is filled with easy chairs and small tables, which are daily requisitioned for friendly teas.

This is by no means the only club, as there are the Race Club, Masonic Club, Cercle Sportif Français, Golf Club, Cricket Club, and others.

The short time I had at my disposal was largely occupied with buying small remembrances from the East for my friends at home, and really the shopping streets of the port were always interesting—such a meeting of the East and West, the ancient and modern.

I was much interested in noting the various conveyances; the most characteristic is the wheelbarrow with a seat on either side of the single wheel, and I have seen as many as four or five full-grown people on each seat; and if the poor coolie has not a human freight, the sides are packed with merchandise and piled so high that he cannot see over the top, but still staggeringly and perspiringly trundles his heavy barrow through the crowded streets.

Another vehicle which I observed was a curiously decorated square box with a Chinese lady squatting inside. This was suspended from two bamboo poles carried on the shoulders of a couple of men who shuffled along at a good pace, while they continuously shouted warnings to clear the way.

This again may perhaps be passed by a victoria fitted with bright blue silk cushions, bicycle lamps at the sides, and driven by a Chinaman.

Anon a more stylish landau conveying Chinese gentlemen slackens speed, and before the horses are finally stopped, the footman (Chinese) jumps from the box and violently tugs at the poor animals' heads.

And now the clink of a bell is heard, and an up-to-date electric tram-car smoothly runs upon its lines, while inside are representatives of many nationalities. At the same moment a neat and undoubtedly European-owned brougham glides silently past, or a smart motor forces its way through the crowd.

Rickshaws by hundreds thread in and out amongst

everything, and it must be a little difficult to regulate traffic with vehicles of such varying degrees of speed. Sorely taxed, it would seem, are the efforts of the constable—to all appearances a London "Bobby"—a blue-uniformed man with a dark face: or possibly it may be a yellow-complexioned native defender of the peace, clad in tight blue knickerbockers and vest, and large flat circular white hat with a spike at the top, who struggles to control the traffic.

Despite the uplifted and protective arm of the law the people are scared, and scatter in all directions, and it is funny to see the little Chinese women in their blue overalls and black trousers out of which their tiny feet appear, hurrying across the road as if on stilts.

The river presents an equally cosmopolitan scene; junks, lorchas, sampans, cargo-boats and steam-launches are ever coming and going, while winding cautiously among the mass of this small fry may be seen either an in-coming or a homeward-bound mail steamer.

Opposite the custom-house is a big second-class British cruiser at her buoy, and adjacent to her lie gun-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers also under the white ensign. Farther up, in the centre of the river, is an imposing array of American, French, German, Japanese, and Chinese men-of-war.

As inevitably as ever, the time came for me to make a move onwards.

I secured a good cabin on the ss. "Shanghai," belonging to the China Navigation Company. It carried a large number of Chinese passengers, but besides myself, only two other Europeans, one an Englishman and the other a German. I was destined to have the company of the former until I left him at Peking.

The Captain's fear of a foggy passage was fully realized. The second night the fog-horn was blown at short intervals the whole night: it is a frequented route, and land is never very far distant, so that at any moment we might have run aground, or come in contact with another vessel. We heard several other signals, and could gauge the nearness

of the passing boats by the volume of sound either increasing or decreasing.

All this was not conducive to sleep, and I was glad when day came. Several times we came to a standstill, so that it took us forty-eight hours to reach Wei-hai-wei, where we took on some Chinese naval officers.

This place was formerly a strongly fortified Chinese naval station, and was captured by the Japanese in 1895, and finally taken over by Great Britain on lease from China in 1898, the leased area being about 300 square miles in extent.

Wei-hai-wei, besides being the northern base of His Majesty's China squadron, is a regular port of call for coasters sailing northwards, and there is a Government subsidized weekly service carrying mails and passengers from Shanghai. A good hotel, facing the sea, accommodates over a hundred visitors. With these facilities, and an exceptionally good climate, it makes an excellent health-resort for the Shanghai residents, and first-class schools are being established which will ensure the young people a good education in a healthy climate.

A run of another few hours brought us to Chefoo, and here we got news that the "Saikio Maru" with the Trans-Siberian mail and passengers had stranded on the rocks in the night. We must have passed within a mile or two of the wreck.

Late that afternoon a German steamer arrived in port having started at once from Dalny in answer to a wireless message from Chefoo, and rescued the passengers and mail. This made us feel that the fears we ourselves had entertained were not without cause.

I did not land here, as no one else felt inclined to go ashore, but I scanned the landscape through the Captain's glasses, and could trace a massive stone wall going for miles along the ridge of the hills, and naturally concluded it was very ancient. But nothing of the kind! It was only built a few years previously, during a war with the Japanese. For some reason the enemy altered their tactics, and never attempted to cross the hills, so that the wall is

supposed to have saved the situation. Such is the attitude of the Chinaman's mind, even in the present day.

During the afternoon a steamer crowded with Chinese came into port, and the moment she was sighted a small flotilla of local boats, carrying enterprising touts from the evidently numerous Chinese hotels, was seen hastening to meet her.

We watched with interest through glasses, and saw the small boats skilfully run alongside the steamer before she slackened speed, and the touts, armed with long poles with hooks at the ends, attached them deftly to a holding on the steamer, and swung themselves clear of their own small craft which receded from beneath them, as they scrambled up their poles to the deck.

It was a fairly risky thing to do, and proved the keenness of competition. When the liner came to a halt alongside of us we watched the busy hawkers of provender plying their trade. Native travellers are usually deck passengers and provide their own food, so that when a crowded boat arrives in port, there is a good deal of traffic in eatables.

The owners of the floating shops hold up their wares to the view of the would-be purchasers above, and much shouting and gesticulation is indulged in before the article under consideration is drawn up in a basket attached to a string, the money always being sent down first.

This being the centre of the Shan-tung silk industry, I did a little bartering on my own account with a man who came aboard with silk and lace; the pattern of the latter he assured me was "Chinese c'lacters". The Chinaman finds the same difficulty with "r" that an average foreigner experiences with the English "th".

We left Chefoo at 8 p.m. with a beautifully clear atmosphere and bright stars above us. The next day was delightfully fine though cold, and we continued on our course until about three in the afternoon, when we had to anchor and wait until the tide would allow us to cross the bar.

When we did attempt it, we stuck several times, and the

channel being very narrow, another steamer coming down nearly collided with us. After an exciting couple of hours we got safely over, and soon ran alongside the wharf at Taku to coal, and there we remained until daylight.

I was told the river was interesting, so was on deck early in the morning. The general effect recalled the Nile : we glided between deep dried mud-banks, with mud buildings near by. The surrounding country is flat and well cultivated, with many fine vegetable gardens near the river.

It took us some time to pass the extensive Government salt works. Salt is a Government monopoly, and this is the principal centre. The salt was stacked like mammoth hay-ricks covered with coco-nut matting, and all along the stretch of wharf, big flat boats were being expeditiously loaded and sent in all directions.

Up the Pei-ho, sixty miles above the bar, stands Tientsin, the river-port of the great capital, and the erstwhile official residence of Li Hung Chang, under whose auspices education on Western lines became popular, military and naval schools were established, and the first seeds sown for the reformation of the Empire.

It was a far larger and more interesting place than I had anticipated, and I was sorry that I was to leave by the evening train, but as it was, my time was so limited for Peking that I dared not shorten it even by a day. Consequently I could only take a cursory view of the town.

In the "Grand Old Man's" time, intercourse with foreigners was somewhat restricted, and only the British, German, and French had foreign concessions. Within the last few years all this has been changed. After the Boxer rising in 1900, the district came under International administration, and almost the first thing it did was to level to the ground the walls and gateways of the ancient city, and utilize the material for making roads and furnishing ballast for railway construction.

Wide streets were made, open spaces planted with trees and shrubs, palatial buildings erected, serving the already mentioned foreign Consuls, and those who were now in-

cluded, namely Russia, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Japan.

Fine clubs and hotels soon followed, as well as electricity for lighting purposes, and for working an excellent system of trams. I made a general survey of all this, but had no time to see the so-called sights of the place in detail, as it was soon time to return to the ship.

Directly after tiffin, the Englishman, Mr. B., and I threaded our way through rows of coolies unloading the cargo, to our waiting rickshaws, and were soon being drawn rapidly along the quay and then across a fine iron bridge to the railway station.

We had some little time to wait before the train came in. The gravel platform was crowded, not only with ticket holders, but lookers on. Chinese palanquins or sedan-chairs with every curtain drawn and a poor suffocating lady hunched up within each, were brought to a standstill by the bearers, and how thankful I felt to the fates that I was born with freedom to enjoy the fresh air and unfettered locomotion.

There was a great rush and scramble of people when the train came in, but in time all found ample accommodation, although I must confess to being disappointed with the rolling stock after what I had been led to expect. Later, on expressing my thoughts to two ladies in my compartment, I was told it happened to be a very old carriage.

The route was still guarded the whole way, and a line of armed soldiers was on the platform of each station at which we stopped. We got good views of the Grand Canal which until quite recently had been for centuries the great waterway which had borne its millions of tons of rice from the southern provinces to Peking.

The country generally is flat and uninteresting; however it is a journey of less than four hours. As we approached the capital, the day was fast drawing in, so that we had only just light enough to see the first massive wall through which we passed. Its solid masonry would never have suggested to my mind a curtain, nevertheless it is known as the Curtain Wall. It encloses the Chinese

City, and protects the Imperial Entrance in the Tartar wall.

At the first sight of these walls one feels a thrill at entering within barriers which in recent years have witnessed such tragedies, and which for countless centuries have jealously excluded the intruding foreigner.

I hurried from one side of the carriage to the other to catch every possible point of view. On the left as we entered the Chinese city was the Temple of Heaven; the line then curved to the right, and ran along quite close to the southern side of the Tartar wall, giving just time to note the massive buttresses supporting it before we steamed into the station.

I was glad it was dark, otherwise I should have missed the picturesque scene of the many hotel porters drawn up in a line, each holding a long paper lantern with the name of his particular hotel written vertically in large black Chinese characters.

The moment the train stopped they were here, there, and everywhere among the passengers. All was confusion of tongues and people, with an ever-present patter of wooden clogs. Nevertheless I had time to congratulate myself that I was at last to see the greatest Oriental capital in the world, and one which I felt must differ in no small degree from any other on the face of the earth.

Mr. B. kindly introduced a man swinging a lantern inscribed "Grand Hotel des Wagons Lits" to our luggage, which once in his charge, left us free to walk down the platform, and a few yards farther on make our entrée through the Water Gate.

We were then within the Tartar city, and held our noses tight as we found our way to the hotel by following a narrow canal running down the middle of the road, and exuding unsavoury and nauseating odours.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PEKING

ON entering the hotel, all sense of the Orient, except that of luxury, was dispelled. A very smart Frenchman—or was he a German?—I forget; at any rate a man with great suavity of manner allotted me a room.

According to my invariable custom I inquired sweetly the price. "Ten dollars" was the answer. In a few seconds I managed to convey to his mind that I was not a millionaire, and obtained one located somewhat higher at about half the price.

Mr. B., whose travelling expenses were defrayed by the Government, was not so particular.

Being late, we arranged to have a hasty wash and meet again in the dining-room as soon as possible. The hotel was first-class in every respect, and would be hard to beat anywhere: but I have not come to Peking to talk of hotels. After dinner, I sought the manager for advice as to how I could most advantageously employ the five days at my disposal.

Being alone, and realizing my limited time, combined with the unsettled condition of the country since the recent rebellion, I had almost given up hope of seeing either the Great Wall or the Ming Tombs; but my lucky star was in the ascendant.

The manager told me that early next morning two men and three ladies were starting for the tour, and on inquiring as to the time it would take, he told me I could see it all and be back in Peking at two o'clock the following day.

That was good enough, so the next move was to ask

the ladies' permission to join them. Preparatory to an early start, they had already retired to their rooms, but on sending in my name they kindly saw me, and after a little explanation, they expressed themselves delighted for me to join them. They intended to stay an extra night away, but they told me that the gentlemen's plans were the same as mine, so that doubtless I should be able to carry out the two days' programme with them.

Things were shaping delightfully, and I went to bed almost too excited to sleep.

By eight-thirty the next morning, Mrs. H., her sister, and myself were being whirled from the hotel by rickshaws with two runners each. The morning was fresh and exhilarating, and the fifty minutes we occupied in crossing the city—which is built four-square—to the extreme north-west corner, was to me a continuous moving picture, full of life, colour, and incident.

I wished myself a pair of eyes on every side of my head. Tried old traveller as I am, everything seemed new and strange. Never in all my experience had I seen anything to compare with it.

We passed beyond the quarter of the Legations, to a district where the streets were filled with a continuous stream of trade and travel—donkeys, chairs, wheelbarrows, camels, and carts with hubs like kegs, and solid nail-studded wheels. The cart is covered, and often there would be a number of women on the padded floor packed like sardines, and in front four or five men, some squatting, others dangling their legs over the side.

Pedestrians crowded the way, looking for the most part anything but clean and attractive; but all such offence to the eye was obliterated by the sight of the Manchu women decked in brightly coloured garments. Their black hair is elaborately dressed; strands, drawn out like the sweet stuff one sees worked over a winder in the shop windows at home, are kept in a wing or bow-like shape over a wire frame. Bouquets of flowers or tinsel ornaments are worn on either side, and the whole surmounted by a broad gold comb and pins.

The entire face is thickly caked with white powder, and the cheeks coloured with that peculiar pink so familiar to us in our childhood on the face of Priscilla, our favourite wooden doll.

We ran for a time parallel with the pink wall and moat surrounding the Forbidden City, and passed under the Memorial Pailow or sacred arch, erected to the memory of Kettler, who was killed during the Boxer troubles.

We made our exit through the Tartar Wall, and finally reached the Hsichih-men station. We were then joined by the other lady who had come from the Legation. The two gentlemen, one of whom was Professor S., also arrived, and in due course we started.

I was a sort of surprise packet to them, but when the ladies, who knew them, introduced me, and divulged to them my wish to visit the Great Wall the following day, they very kindly assured me that they would be pleased for me to join them.

It was only a short run by train to Nankow where we were met and conducted to our respective hotels. The men had elected to go to the Railway, we to the Ching-er Hotel, both of them mere caravansaries, and afterwards when we compared notes we fancied we had chosen judiciously.

Chairs had been ordered by the others to be in readiness, and an extra one for me was soon forthcoming. Each of us deposited a few belongings in our respective rooms, which were small but clean, and then returning to the manager, a Japanese, we selected drinks to carry with us for lunch. Then as every moment was precious, we started off without further delay.

The men-folk were just on the move as we joined up and made a long procession of chairs. Our two guides were on donkeys, and rode up and down the rank issuing their orders, or pointing out to us anything of interest on the way.

We were carried along narrow footways between the fields, and made directly for the distant hills. At one o'clock we arrived at the magnificent five-span Pailow, a

monumental archway built of pure white marble, but such is the association of ideas that it gave me quite a shock to hear the guide glibly and of course quite correctly call it the Marble Arch. It was such a thing apart from the rush and scurry of life, that hurry and noise, crowds of people, blocks of motor-buses and such-like were the last things we wished connected in our minds with this ancient and impressive monument. It marks the boundary of the Imperial demesne, and forms a fitting entrance to the Valley of the Tombs.

We left our chairs and made a close inspection of this handsome structure, so lovely, and unique, for it is said to be the finest known in the Empire. It stands on an eminence, aloof, as it were, from the world, and surrounded by the open plain. The permission of the Emperor must be obtained before a memorial Pailow can be erected, and as a rule they consist of three spans only. The beautifully sculptured façade standing fifty feet high, with a width of about seventy-five feet, made a noble and inspiring spectacle seen clearly cut against a vivid blue sky.

We were drinking deep of its beauty when the guide murmured: "Lady, your lunch is ready". I often wish we were like camels, and that in the same way as they imbibe enough water for days, we could similarly fortify ourselves with food. Then on such occasions as this, we might be allowed to continue the contemplation of ancient wonders, our minds attuned to the romance of bygone centuries, without an interruption such as this.

Familiarity, if it does not breed contempt, certainly does not engender respect. The guide had sacrilegiously converted a small temple close by into an eating-room for the unfaithful, and we sat and picked our chicken bones, and drank our excellent Japanese beer at the feet, and under the staring scrutiny, of many Buddhas.

By this time our bearers were rested, and we renewed our journey. We passed beneath the wonderful arch, and in a short time reached the Ta-hing-men, and by the inscription over the centre, which demands that all shall show a pious respect and reverence for the holy pre-

cincts, we recognized it as the real entrance to the Holy Way.

In a small double-eaved pavilion, with four open porch entrances formed in the immensely thick walls, is a monument to Yung-loh, third Emperor of Mings. It is in the shape of a huge stone tortoise, supporting a stone tablet, upon which is inscribed a poem accredited to the Emperor Chien-lung. At the four corners of this pavilion are exquisitely carved stone columns, each surmounted by a white marble effigy of some fabulous animal.

Continuing, we approached the singularly curious avenue of mourning statuary, and quitting our chairs, we walked between the stately lines of stone mourners facing each other in double pairs; first, two lions standing, followed by another pair sitting; then come duplicated pairs—one pair standing and the other pair either kneeling or sitting—of rams, camels, elephants, horses, and some fabulous animals. These are succeeded by quaint human figures—civil as well as military officials, and sages of the period.

These weird statues extend for at least half a mile, and are the only occupants of this plain. It would give one a queer turn to come suddenly across such a company in the dusk. For all time, in all weather, there they stand, century in, century out, with their stony stare fixed upon the Holy Way.

We stood at the Lung-kwa-men, and took our last general view of this eccentric avenue. We then rambled over a dilapidated white marble causeway,—for what was once the sacred route has been allowed to fall into decay. Without a guide it would be extremely difficult to find the way.

The imperial yellow tiles of several mausoleums now became visible amid groves of cypresses, but there was still a little way to go before we reached the one we were to see in detail.

At last we were run up a paved incline and put down at the outer gateway of the great Emperor Yung-loh's tomb. One of the three doors in the massive red gate-house was

THE HOLY WAY: MING TOMBS

opened for us to enter, and crossing a grass-grown square, we came face to face with the Ling-ngan-men, or "Rest the Spirit" entrance. It is approached by marble steps, the balustrade a masterpiece of exquisitely fine pieced carving, giving almost the effect of hanging lace.

Among many well-grown oak and cedar trees are innumerable little shrines of bright imperial yellow enamelled brick and tiles, shining in the sun; and a large pavilion sheltered a huge tablet resting on the marble back of some antediluvian animal.

Proceeding, we came to another courtyard, and ascended another marble stairway, which had a flat sloping incline up the centre, traced with carved decoration in true Chinese style of imagery—clouds, winged fabula, and dragons.

At last we came to the chief pavilion, with red-lacquered columns, carved bracketed eaves, and more exquisite artistry in marble. This is the Shrine of the Tablet. On a table amid dingy surroundings stands the merest scrap of gold-lettered wood, which is very sacred, as representing the spirit of the great Yung-loh.

The roof of the large hall—200 feet high and nearly 100 feet wide—is supported by a goodly number of solid teak wood pillars of extraordinary dimensions, sixty feet high by four feet in diameter. It must have taken an army of men, and possibly of camels, to have transported these mammoth supports to the spot.

In the rear of this building is another quadrangle, across which can be seen an entrance to a passage through the wall of a strong fortress-like tower, at the base of the tumulus which is the actual tomb. We entered the dark arcade, and at the top of the first steep ascent we were shown the entrance to the subterranean tunnel in the hill.

At this point, one can turn sharply either to the right or to the left, and, ascending farther, emerge upon a high terrace encircling the pavilion. Here also is a large tablet, originally red, inscribed "The Tomb of Chen-Tsu-Wen-Hwang-Ti (the Perfect Ancestor and Literary Emperor).

But how the hours were flying! And how immensely

we should have appreciated a little more time to enjoy the expansive view over the surrounding country!

However, as it was, darkness would overtake us before we could reach our night's shelter, and the road being not too good, discretion and our chairs moved us onward, but not before we had been refreshed by a feeble attempt at hot tea, made for us beyond the outer wall.

We had seen our last great wonder for the day, and now an uninterrupted run—unless to rest the men—of three hours lay before us.

The return route was a great contrast to the arid and austere character of the outward journey. We seemed to have left the dead, and all pertaining to them, and were once more in a land palpitating with life. Beautiful dark foliage of firs outlined each curve in the hills to our right, and later we ran for ten or twelve miles through a wide belt of orchards rich in trees, a fairy-land of blossoms. We were just in time to see in perfection the foreshadowing of the persimmon, which later, when the trees are laden with the orange-red egg-shaped fruit, fills the landscape with a blaze of colour.

The groups of farm buildings contained many families, but being late in the day, we saw very few people except in the villages through which we passed. We made a halt at one where there was a well, and the men refreshed themselves inwardly and outwardly with the water, while we stretched our limbs, and became the centre of interested and inquisitive yellow-faced blue-clad villagers.

After this there was very little daylight left, and we sped on until we were placed down at the inn door with many-lanterned little Japanese to carry our wraps and empty baskets, and conduct us to our rooms. After hasty ablutions we repaired to the dining-room where an excellent dinner was awaiting us, which made a satisfactory ending to a most successful day.

I should advise those who have the time to get to Nankow over-night, and then start early in the morning, and so gain some very valuable additional hours.

After discussing dinner and the day's doings, we were

all ready for our beds, and I bade *au revoir* to my companions before retiring early, as I was to be called at five in the morning. They would be starting later, as their plan was to be carried in chairs through the Nankow Pass to the Great Wall and back, spending another night at the hotel.

The next morning I was as fresh as paint, and before six was on the platform awaiting the gentlemen, who soon joined me. We were to be passengers on a luggage train, and took our places in a guard's van. It was unseated and very like a room. In the centre was a stove, and the men plied it well with wood, as the early hours of an April morning are apt to be decidedly chilly.

We were in the very front of the train, so we placed our stools on the outside platform, and as the engine was at the back, we were propelled through the lovely Nankow Pass with an uninterrupted view of its wonders. Nothing could have been better, and the freshness of the morning was delightful.

Ching-lung-Chiao is eleven miles beyond Nankow, and 1900 feet higher, with an average gradient of one in thirty. It took us an hour and a quarter to cover the distance, so that we went slowly enough to see everything comfortably as we passed.

The steep and bare hills rose higher as the defile narrowed. The supreme moment was the first view of the Great Wall which shortly came in sight, and afterwards from various points we would now and again catch sight of it climbing up the mountain side, dipping into the valley, or anon turning almost impossible angles; or scaling a ridge several hundred feet high, with the battlements cut clear against the sky; or again it was almost down to the level of the train.

Some of the squared castled watch towers which are built at distances of one-third of a mile apart looked in a remarkably good state of preservation. Here and there we got a peep of an old ruined temple, and one in particular was so near, just clinging to the side of the hill, that we almost feared our weight might shake it from its embrace into the chasm below.

The Wall is easily accessible from the station. We walked back along the line for about half a mile, and then turned off and ascended an easy incline until we came to the Pa-ta-ling Gate at the top of the Nankow Pass—the Pass which is to China what the Khyber Pass is to India.

It is a great highway or trade route into the country from Mongolia, Chinese-Turkestan, Dzungaria, etc. We passed under the high arch, minus any arresting doors or sentinel, and looked freely beyond, over the hills and valleys of Mongolia; and how I wished my way lay thither!

Presently we noted a rising cloud of dust, and after a while discerned a long line of slowly moving animals, and a little while after there straggled by a string of camels, bearing their loads of multifarious merchandise.

While the professor was quietly making his way to the highest tower in the Wall, his friend and I sat with our cameras ready to "snap" any caravan making its way through the gateway.

We had not long to wait before a number of mules with their packs came along, soon followed by a herd of long-haired, shaggy, wild-looking pigs; then a few laden donkeys, with the driver sitting almost on the tail of one of them.

On the way down, we were overtaken by several mules, almost invisible beneath packs of small porcelain tea-pots, and we concluded there must be a pottery somewhere in the back of beyond.

We strayed up and down the nearest portions of the Wall, and looked over one or two deserted towers. The solidity of the Wall is truly marvellous, and one looks spell-bound upon this proof of Chinese industry, which must ever be classed among the greatest artificial wonders of the world.

We two "unprofessional" sight-seers presently began to feel it was time to be wending our way back to the station, and we were glad to see that the professor had started on a downward course—I do not mean morally, but physically.

When he overtook us he was loud in praise of the wonderful view he had seen from the top, but as the atmo-

THE GREAT WALL

THE MEMORIAL PAILOW: MING TOMBS

sphere was thick with the prevailing dust, I gave his friend a look which was meant to convey: "Yes! I know that view—I have seen it myself sometimes on the rare occasions when I have climbed to the top of a hill and the others have not".

The train was rather late, and when it came into the station it was, to our astonishment, quite full, and moreover the people showed no signs of getting out. We thought this strange, as we imagined we were at the terminus. This erroneous idea was soon dispelled when we boarded the train and found it had backed up from the junction, having come from Kalgan, over a hundred miles away.

Consequently there was a strange medley of people on it. One man who sat near to us vividly recalled to my mind the Ober-Ammergau Play. He had allowed both his beard and reddish hair to grow long, and wore a quaint Mongolian costume. The professor tried him with several languages, and at last found him to be a French missionary from the Trappist Monastery among the Mongolian Hills. I suffered another pang of regret at not having arranged to go as far as it was possible, and wished I had never booked my berth for the Trans-Siberian journey, a wish which was still further accentuated later when I discovered that I should have fared just as well if I had postponed doing so and taken my chance.

We descended the Pass in far less time than we had taken to work our way up, and before we had ceased to be interested in our fellow-passengers, we were back at Nankow.

The "boys" from our respective hotels were to be on the station, and we were on the look-out to enable them to find us quickly. They were smart, and in a few moments an excellent meal was laid out before us ere the train moved on again. It goes without saying that we were all ready for it, as we had had nothing since a hastily snatched breakfast at 5.30 a.m. Soon after we had finished, we were once more at Peking.

I had engaged my rickshaw boys to fetch me and they were there in readiness. The professor and his friend

drove off in great style in a victoria with two men in Chinese uniform on the box. They soon passed me and saluted, but a little later I made a short cut, and got to the hotel five or ten minutes before they did. I could not resist waiting in the hall and welcoming them when they arrived.

I cannot express the satisfaction I felt at having accomplished so much in so short a time, and with such delightful companions. I found Mr. B. at table and poured out to him all my enthusiasm regarding what I had seen.

I now had three and a half days in which to cram in as much as possible of Peking. It is against every principle I possess to rush things in this unseemly manner, but circumstances had been too strong for me, and I was obliged to bow to the inevitable. So I unpacked a few things and then meditated in a horizontal position for a couple of hours before going out again.

At the Water Gate, by the door of the hotel, I mounted the steep incline to the top of the Tartar Wall, and thence got my first general survey of the city, or rather of cities within cities.

The soldiers had not ceased to patrol the Walls since the late rebellion, and this particular portion was under the care of the Germans. The Wall on which I was now walking was begun in 1419, and designed and built in the reign of the Emperor Yung-loh, whose tomb I had so recently visited. It is forty feet high, sixty-two feet wide at the base, and very little less at the top, and measures thirteen English miles in length, enclosing altogether an area of approximately ten square miles.

It makes a delightful promenade, and one can look over the Tartar city on the one side, and over the Chinese city on the south. I went as far as the terminus of the German section, and then descended and returned to the hotel via Legation Street.

The next morning I went in the opposite direction, and saw how the Americans, whose Embassy is outside the Legations' walls, had had to protect themselves as best they could by erecting sand-bag barracades, and spreading

barbed wire entanglements flat on the ground and zig-zag across the street approaches. I essayed to get up on to the wall at one side of the Chien-men Gate near by, but that was so thickly set with the wiring that it was quite impossible.

The soldiers on the top motioned me to the other side, where I found they had recently opened up a narrow way. Once at the top I walked on, getting a good idea of the Imperial and the Forbidden Cities.

I had engaged a guide for the afternoon, and at two o'clock we set forth. Knowing I should not have time to see everything, I chose those things which by general consent are considered the most interesting and typical. So the Temple of Heaven was seen first. We cut across the Chinese City and then passed through crowds of the lower classes loitering amid pleasure booths of all descriptions—as far as I could gather, a sort of permanent fair held near a marble bridge which we crossed; and then passing under an imposing Pailow, we were at once on a marvellously flagged road, and one on which it would take centuries for cart wheels to make any impression.

We then drew up at the Temple. It lies in a park-like enclosure beautifully shaded with fine old trees. The rickshaws were left at the gate, and a good deal of walking was necessary to see everything. It is understood that "Heaven" in this case means the Universe—the Mighty Realm of Space—the wonders of the firmament—the sun, moon, and stars. Hence the Chinese worship and adore the One Supreme Power, The Creator. But I have no intention of being led into a dissertation on Chinese religion or history, all of which can be found fully set forth in the standard works on China. I am only giving my own impressions of what I came across.

On entering the park we saw various buildings in the usual style, containing the ordinary paraphernalia of such institutions.

The Temple of Heaven is a high, triple-roofed circular building, the pinnacle-shaped dome being now covered with enamelled tiles uniformly coloured blue, whereas originally

each of the three roofs had its distinctive hue, viz. blue, yellow, and green.

Surmounting the pinnacle is a large, round-topped cap, thickly gilded in fine leaf gold, the whole forming a bright bit of colour in the landscape, visible for miles. But lovely as all this was, nothing, to my mind, compared with the Altar of Heaven. This is arranged in three terraces constructed of pure white marble, the lowest one 210 feet wide, the second 150 feet, and the third 90 feet, connected with each other by three flights of steps, numbering twenty-seven altogether.

In the middle of the top terrace stands a large circular slab of white marble, surrounded by nine smaller ones. These again are encircled by rows of eighteen others, making in all eighty-one, this being the Chinese lucky number.

The divisional supports for the balustrades are 180 in number on the lower terrace, 108 on the one above, and 72 on the upper, making 360 in all, which agrees with the geometrical circle, the whole structure being worked out with mathematical exactitude. But to the casual observer that is as nothing to the beauty of the general effect, which is superb in the highest degree.

The balustrades are beautifully sculptured in cloud design, and the whole leaves on the mind an impression of nobility, grace, and beauty. What will be done now that there is a Republic, I cannot say, but hitherto it has been the custom of the Emperor to worship here three times a year, after spending the previous night in preparation at the Hall of Abstinence near by.

On the opposite side of the flagged thoroughfare is another park in which is set the Temple of Agriculture, which, to put it flippantly, is not "in it" with the other. Altars, and buildings, and red lacquer in not too good condition pall after pure white marble tracery.

Another long run in the rickshaws brought us to the Astronomical Observatory, founded by the Jesuit Fathers in the thirteenth century, but it was not until the seventeenth century that Father Verbiest produced the wonder-

ful bronze castings by order of the Emperor Kang-hsi. The azimuth was sent from France by Louis XIV. The bronze instruments, mounted on pedestals of clouds and writhing dragons, form specimens of the finest ancient art to be seen in the capital, and one has to make the most of what are left, as so many magnificent examples were looted by the Relief Force in 1900.

The water clock or clepsydra is still preserved in a building on the ground court, and shows one of the ancient methods of measuring time. From the tower on the wall they still compute eclipses, and calculate astronomical incidents with marked efficiency.

My friends had now arrived from Nankow, and I sat with them that evening in the lounge of the hotel, watching a Chinese necromancer who had literally "taken the floor," and there he sat and did the most marvellous tricks I have ever seen. My admiration and astonishment reached a climax when he produced from beneath his long clinging Chinese robe a glass bowl, at least eighteen to twenty inches in diameter, full of water in which gold-fish were swimming unconcernedly.

A lady had called on me that afternoon and invited me to lunch with her the next day, but I frankly explained to her that I could not spare the time for purely social enjoyments, but would be delighted to come if I might utilize the afternoon. This she promised I should do, so accordingly I presented myself at her pretty house in the British Legation after church.

The Sunday midday family meal, with two charming children and a third joining us for dessert, was like a gem of home *ménage* in a Chinese setting, or a bright square of colour in the patchwork of Peking life.

Immediately afterwards my hostess showed me round the Legation, and pointed out all the sadly reminiscent spots connected with the Boxer troubles, and I realized as I had never done before what a terrible time all the Legations went through. The memorial brass tablet in the church records the names of those who lost their lives during this tragic period.

By this time my host, with a comfortable coupé, was waiting to take me to the Yellow Temple, situated due north of the city, a good mile beyond the An-ting Gate, and only conveniently reached by driving. Our approach was speedily detected by some of the dirty loafers who are always prowling round the precincts of these holy places, and clamouring continuously for coppers. Fortunately for me, my friend knew how to deal with them, being one of the finest Chinese scholars in Peking. This was an immense advantage for me, as I could rely implicitly upon his information.

The Yellow Temple has been the centre of Buddhism ever since it was handed over to this sect by the Emperor Kang-hsi. It is of huge dimensions, albeit of symmetrical proportions, and is considered one of the handsomest buildings in the Empire. It is a place of pilgrimage for Mongols and Tibetans from far and wide, and must be a great sight when the priests are here in any number.

Close to the Temple is a beautifully carved marble monument for which the Emperor Chien-lung was responsible. It is in memory of a certain Tibetan who, on a visit to Peking in 1780, died of smallpox after a brief stay. It is a good many years ago, and I confess to no grief, but rather gratitude to him for dying thus, when I looked upon this exquisite work of art.

Its superb beauty defies description. The centre-piece, in the form of a turreted column, is set on a raised platform, reached by marble steps after passing under a Pailow of tracery in marble. At either corner are small pagodas. All repay the closest inspection, for each tiny figure is a gem. The history of the man whose memory it perpetuates is written in the most artistic manner, by forms and symbols cut in marble on the eight panels.

It made me sick to see the wanton mischief which had deliberately cut the faces from these exquisite little figures, and it is difficult to believe that such vandalism could have been perpetrated by the soldiers of such an artistic nation as Japan. Rightly or otherwise, they are accredited with the crime, for it is nothing less, their troops having been

located there during the troubles of 1900. It really matters very little who did it, but it matters tremendously that it is done, for nothing can ever restore it. Fortunately the details being so small, their absence does not in any way detract from the general effect of the whole.

I was at last induced to leave, and we then drove back, pausing for a time at the Altar of the Earth, built somewhat after the fashion of the Altar of Heaven, but in mere wood, not marble.

We wandered around, and after unsuccessfully trying to gain entrance to the pavilion containing the tablets, we were passing down a lovely shaded avenue, when a man appeared behind us and addressed my companion, who translated the news that we might return and see the sacred emblems.

Inside were several shrines looking like square wooden boxes, each containing a tablet. These shrines are carried in processions on special occasions. The attendant pulled back the sliding door and let us see one or two, and after a little diplomatic talk with my friend, he actually opened the centre box, and we—unbelievers—were permitted to gaze upon the Earth Tablet.

My host remarked afterwards what a wonderful advance was taking place, adding that only a few years ago we should not have been allowed to enter the building, much less see the tablets.

In the evening I was remarking to Mr. B. at dinner how nice it was to be shown round by some one who understood the language, and this led up to the subject of the "Pidgin English" of the Chinese servant, which takes a little thinking out to understand.

For instance, at first acquaintance you would hardly think "Before time b'long coolie" meant "Formerly he was a coolie"; or that "He savey have do before time plenty," was in plain English, "He has done it many times already". One day, Mr. B. told me, he had been finding fault with his boy regarding extravagance in shopping, when the latter retorted: "More better you catchee missie"; or in other words, "You had better get married".

CHAPTER XXIX

PEKING TO MUKDEN

THE following morning my time was fully occupied in getting the various monies I should require before I got to Berlin. I wanted Korean, Japanese, and Russian currency, and at last succeeded in getting all, in the proportions which I thought I should require.

The guide who had taken us to the Ming Tombs, and had since been retained by Mrs. H., was now available, and as he spoke better English than the man I had been employing, I engaged him for the afternoon.

Our first call was at the Lama Temple, where in the Lamaserai or Monastery are 1500 lamas, or Mongolian priests, divided into four classes. The first occupies its time with the study of Nature, the second with the Tibetan translation of the Tantras, the third study the heavens and their supposed influence on the affairs of the earth, the fourth, the pharmacopœia and herbal drugs.

It is a fine sight near the hour of matins to see the gathering crowds of close-shaven priests in yellow vestments, attended by a large following of boys, presented in their infancy to the Temple.

In the last court is the hall containing a colossal Buddha. The figure, said to be carved out of one piece of wood, is seventy feet high, and as the Americans would say, it takes a man and a boy to see to the top. Visitors, if they so desire, can go by a winding staircase to the head.

In the same hall are many prayer-wheels, and on the altar-tables are to be seen fine specimens of cloisonné, very much in need of a duster.

The Hall of the Classics next claimed our attention, and

here we found the complete text of the Four Books and the Five Classics finely engraved on several hundred stones, which are ranged on either side of a courtyard, and sheltered from the elements by a roof.

More Pailows and pavilions and yellow tiles were next encountered, and on we went to the Temple of Confucius.

Passing through the entrance we found ourselves in a flagged quadrangle, amid ancient cedar trees, ancient pavilions, and ancient stone tablets, all of which savour of a cemetery, which, however, is contrary to fact. The monumental vertical slabs are really collegiate certificates, placed there in honour of all who have taken the Third Degree at the Triennial Examinations during the last seven centuries.

We then mounted some steps, and under a covered gateway we came upon ten black stone drums, relics of the Chou dynasty, 1122-246 B.C. Think of it! In use for 3000 years!

We crossed the inner court, and were admitted to the vast columned hall. There are neither idols nor priests connected with this temple, which may account for its absolute cleanliness: on an altar-table stands the red-lacquered shrine containing a small wooden tablet known as "The Tablet of the Soul of the Most Holy Ancestral Teacher, Confucius".

Other tablets are in the vicinity, some in praise of the venerated teacher, others to commemorate distinguished sages. Each Emperor presents a new one in token of respect for the great master.

On each side of the shrine, in small closed receptacles, are the sixteen tablets inscribed with Confucian precepts, all of which I should like to quote, but perhaps one will be enough as a sample of the others: "Exhibit clearly propriety and yielding courtesy in order to make manners and customs good".

We returned to our rickshaws, and had quite a rest as we were bowled along to the Drum and Bell Towers, both close together in a dirty and overcrowded neighbourhood.

At the Drum Tower I contented myself with remaining stationary in my rickshaw, while I gathered what information

I could concerning it. Originally there was a clepsydra to ascertain the time of day. That was superseded by the incense stick, which burned itself out during the night watch for which it was used, but now both have given place to the modern clock, which undoubtedly can claim more accuracy than either.

By only a moment's pause we had attracted a crowd of children and loafers, who thought it worth their while to follow us over to the Bell Tower. If one has a few coppers to distribute among the poor, miserable-looking little waifs and strays, it is fatal to do so before making sure the boys are ready to start away with you at top speed, or the whole of Peking would be at your heels.

We were admitted to the Tower, and I gave the guide an unpleasant surprise by saying I was going to the top. He was evidently no more partial to stairs than I am, and I think he had felt he might depend on me not to go up, but I was sure that the view I was bound to get would repay me, and so it did.

From the topmost outer gallery I could see for miles. At a little distance the green tiles on the gable roofs of the temple-like towers of the An-ting Gate were catching the rays of the descending sun. This was the gate held by the allied troops in 1860, and one could imagine them mounting their sentries on the parapets, and their artillery dominating the broad and busy thoroughfare beneath.

Looking over the sandy waste or parade ground, I could see the Yellow Temple beyond, and moving a few steps further, I saw the Walled Cities at my feet—as it were an extended plain of black tiles, or a slightly agitated dark lake. All the houses are low, as none are allowed to exceed in height the royal buildings.

When one's time is so limited, these bird's-eye views are very helpful, and give one a good idea of the lie of the land, especially after having seen some of it at close quarters and being thus able to pick out the landmarks.

Alas, evening was drawing in and I felt I must be going. I still had the bell to see, which is suspended in the centre of the Tower. There is a rather pretty and pathetic legend

connected with the casting of this bell. One Kwanyu, skilled in the knowledge of blending and fusing metals, received a royal command from the Emperor Yung-loh to make a cast of this particular bell. He had tried twice and failed, owing to the mass cooling too quickly and becoming honeycombed.

These ancient Chinese Emperors had, if history can be relied on, nothing in common with Job; and this one, after the second failure, became furious, and threatened the poor official with dire punishment, even to decapitation, if his next attempt were not successful.

Like Polonius, the old gentleman "had a daughter," and report has it she was possessed of great ability and many charms. She must also have been observant and sympathetic, as she noticed her father's hidden despair.

Much exercised, she prayed fervently to her gods, and even went so far as secretly to consult a celebrated astrologer. She then learned that the bell would never be successfully cast until the blood of a maiden was mixed with the metal.

Having gained this knowledge, she continued to cheer her father, and on the eventful day she laughingly told him she was coming with him "to exult in his success". All were assembled when, at a given signal, the molten metal escaped its furnace ready for the huge mould.

Above the sound of music a piercing shriek, followed in distinct tones by "For my father's sake," the beautiful girl threw herself headlong into the boiling metal.

Some one tried to seize her as she fell, but only succeeded in catching hold of one of her shoes which remained in his hand.

The father, who was with difficulty prevented from following her, lost his reason, and was taken home a raving lunatic. But the bell—was perfect.

In due time it was hung, and the Emperor and his suite were waiting to hear it rung for the first time. Its deep rich tone rang out clear and full, but when the sound was dying away came a low wail, as of a girl in distress, and the listeners read in the sound "Hsieh"—shoe. The

people to the present day when they hear the bell, say, "There's poor Koai's voice calling for her shoe".

It may be sentimental, but I felt the story added to the interest of the bell.

Naturally in my transit from place to place in Peking, I had covered immense distances in and about the city. I was obliged to resist all temptations to loiter in the Lulichang, or Curio Street, or at the enticing shops on either side of the great Chien-men Street. Furs and embroideries were not to be considered : and as in all troubles there are compensations, so in this case it resulted that sufficient money remained in my purse with which to pay my way.

The only thing that I was determined to get was a Mandarin's coat, to serve me as an evening wrap. I expressed this wish at the hotel, and whenever I went up to my room between the rushing in and out, with scarcely time for a long breath, I would find a patient figure waiting to untie a bundle of garments, and by the time I left I just managed to get such an one as I wanted, and that was all I managed to find time to buy.

The busy, utterly anomalous life in the street was a constant interest. It was always picturesque and full of contrast. A smart carriage with liveried coachman, the occupants visible to all beholders, may be seen in the vicinity of an antiquated Peking cart with its solid wheels elaborately studded with brass-headed nails, the gauze curtains in front tightly drawn to hide the ladies within. A Chinaman, with black queue down his white-shirted back, may pass them both on a bicycle. The queue, by the way, since the regime of the Republic is fast disappearing, but now and then I saw men sitting by the wayside having their tails dressed, and hearing all the local gossip of the day.

One afternoon I noticed a quite modern water-cart, drawn by a mule, dispensing its liquid spray from the back ; but I had not gone very far, before I saw two men carrying a tub of water suspended from a pole on their shoulders : this they set down in the middle of the road, and each armed with a long stick with a small wicker cup on the end, pro-

ceeded to scoop the water out of the tub and sprinkle it on the road. At that moment the electric light was switched on, although there was at least another two hours of daylight before us.

All their weird doings certainly make for variety, and one would hardly accuse Peking of being commonplace. Only three months previously the city was in the throes of a revolution. Decapitations were taking place just anywhere in the streets and at any time, and human heads in bundles were dragged along the public thoroughfares. Looting was going on day and night, and no one knew what would happen next. In certain quarters, shops and places of business were still barracaded, and over all swayed in the breeze the republican flag of red, yellow, blue, white and black stripes, which stand—red for Han, or the whole of China; yellow for Manchuria; blue for Mongolia; white for Tibet; and black for Manhani.

I had crowded so much into a few days that if anyone had told me I had been in Peking as many weeks, I should not have been surprised. Mrs. H. and her sister left with me the next day for Shan-hai-kwan, and it was the first opportunity I had of thinking and talking over what I had seen since I arrived. They had been in Peking several weeks, so could give me an idea of the things I had not seen, and their description of the Summer Palace made me feel very sorry I had been obliged to miss it. But after all, considering the state of affairs, I was lucky to have seen so much.

We got to Tientsin towards midday, and without changing, continued on to Shan-hai-kwan. The line runs along a fertile land within sight of the Gulf of Liao-tung on the south-east, and the mountains on the west. We waited a little time at Pei-tai-ho, which is now a bathing and holiday resort for the foreign residents of Peking.

Towards evening we were on the look-out, and at last caught sight of a mass of masonry curving down over a steep mountain slope, and ere long we were running through a breach in the Great Wall, and drew up at the station.

Shan-hai-kwan is an old and picturesque walled town by the sea, and would repay a short stay. It is here that the Great Wall dips into the Gulf, and where during the Boxer trouble, the troops of the allied forces landed for the protection of the Foreign Legations at Peking.

The Railway Hotel, with wide veranda and large garden, is a good stopping place, and I wished I could have remained and joined Mrs. H. and her sister the next day in their projected excursion to the Wall. All I could do was to go to a back room window in the hotel, and with field-glasses trace its outline, winding away across the open, and with steady persistence rising to an elevation of 1000 feet, whence it follows along ridges, down gullies, and gradually disappears among the mountains.

Seven o'clock the next morning found me at the railway station *en route* for Mukden. I placed my things in a small compartment which I was able to keep to myself all day. Very few other Europeans were on the train, but there was plenty of local colour in the other passengers, and it was amusing to watch them making their purchases of provender at the different stopping places. What chattering, what bartering took place before a little fruit, dough-balls, or varnished dumpling changed hands!

I lunched in the dining-car, and there made the acquaintance of an interesting man representing the press. Afterwards he paid me a visit in my coupé, and I found he was familiar with most of China, and very companionable.

There was also an American couple from Manila travelling "on the cheap". They had a low-class ticket and calmly sat most of the day in the dining-car, only taking a few drinks, and disappearing at meal-time. This, no doubt, they would term "cute". However they were very pleasant, and perhaps were only acting under stress of circumstances.

The latter part of the journey was through more cultivated country, and my "press" friend said it was wonderful how things had gone ahead since the Japanese had arrived.

The first thing that met our gaze on arrival at Mukden

was the Yamato Hotel, a fine and imposing building on the station. Japanese hotel porters were at hand to carry bags, get luggage, etc. I was soon shown into a truly sumptuously furnished room, and the whole equipment was *en suite* and might, as it possibly did, come direct from some such firm as Maple or Shoolbred.

I was quite ready for a good bath, a good dinner, and a good night's rest, all of which I got, and the next day was in good trim for the sights of the place.

CHAPTER XXX

MUKDEN AND SEOUL

MUKDEN is historically interesting from many points of view. It is the ancient capital of one of the six great divisions of the Chinese Empire. It was the ancestral home and citadel of the Manchus, where they are said to have been accumulating treasures for ages, against the evil day of their expulsion from China, little thinking it would ever fall into the hands of the Japanese.

It is recent history how the Russians in the late war with Japan made it the base of operations, and how the great battle fought here in 1906, brought the struggle to a close, since when it has become a foreign residential settlement.

My first move was to engage a carriage and drive to the British Consulate, where I obtained a permit to visit the Pei-ling Tombs, which are beautifully situated amid superbly grown yew trees. Here the Emperor Ta-tsung of the Ching dynasty, and founder of Manchu rule, lies buried.

Had I seen it before viewing the Ming Tombs, I should doubtless have been more impressed: the leading characteristics are the same on a smaller scale, avenue of animal statuary included.

Driving back as far as the old city, I had lunch at the Astor House, which before the advent of the Japanese hotel, was the only one in the place. It is central, but too far from the station for comfort, as most of the trains leave and arrive, either at an early hour of the morning, or late at night.

Not having retained the carriage, I engaged a rickshaw to take me to the Palace, the museum of which contains a

very valuable collection of porcelain, but which, stacked so closely, looks more like a china-shop than an exhibition.

The Imperial treasures, carefully preserved in a separate building, are well worth seeing. They are grudgingly shown by the old Manchu in charge, after a careful scrutiny of the permit obtained from one's consul. To mention a few of the most remarkable—there was a pair of daggers starred with diamonds, presented to a former Emperor by Louis XIV of France; a coronation helmet studded with precious stones; and an extraordinarily beautiful pearl necklace, five feet long.

These were followed by the display of a Mandarin's robe of amber satin, exquisitely embroidered in many coloured silks and seed pearls: one huge dragon was a solid mass of these dainty gems—too lovely for words! The coat, or more correctly, yellow jacket, was in a perfect state of preservation, with its colours bright, and as fresh as if it had just been finished, although it was said to be 200 years old.

The place was reeking with camphor, owing to the number of camphor-wood boxes piled one upon another, and all filled with precious treasures, which, however, we were not shown.

I left the city by the main gateway with its three-storied pagoda, and farther on passed under the skeleton metal archway, reminiscent of the earlier occupation of the Russians. The design is very curious: two dragons extended and facing one another are gazing at the sun; four large discs, on which appear Chinese characters, are placed below the dragons, and the whole is supported on four composite pillars surmounted by sculptured lions.

Returning to the hotel, I found that Mrs. H. and her sister had arrived from Shan-hai-kwan. My press friend also dined at the next table, and he afterwards came to mine, and we sat and chatted, to while away some of the time, until our respective trains were due to leave, about 11 p.m., he going to Dalny, and I to Seoul.

I was now on the direct route in connexion with the Trans-Siberian line to Japan. The train I was to join was

destined for Fusan, whence it is only a few hours' sea trip to Shimonoseki. Japan, however, lay outside the scheme of my journey, but I felt I could not leave China without paying a flying visit to Korea and Port Arthur. So leaving my heavy luggage at Mukden for a few days, I walked to the station followed by a boy carrying my bag and holdall, and boarded one of the two trains drawn up in the station.

Notwithstanding all I had heard of the comforts provided, I was perfectly astounded. The Japanese Government has certainly done its utmost to open up this overland highway to their country. I followed the conductor to a most luxurious car, and although I have been in trains all the world over, I had never before seen anything to equal it. The woodwork had all the appearance of, and more than probably was, mahogany; lavatories were fitted with hot and cold water and upholstered chairs, etc.; the sleeping compartments had every comfort, even to an electric light over the head of each bunk, for reading in bed.

The carriage ran quite smoothly, and I found out the reason next day, when a man drew my attention to the fact that there were three wheels instead of two at each side of either end of the coach; he further remarked that there were only a very few such carriages built, which testifies to the enterprise of the Japanese.

They have also erected correspondingly palatial hotels at Chang-chun, Mukden, Dairen—or Dalny—and Port Arthur, all of which, as well as the railway, must be run at a loss.

On this particular train, in a car that would hold forty, were a Frenchman, a Greek, and myself. The inference is obvious. They are bidding high for the traffic and they deserve to get it.

Excellent meals were served, and the attendants were most obliging. Moreover they take the trouble to learn the foreigners' tongue. I had occasion to ask my "boy" if he could fasten the door securely between my sleeper and the next. He was on the other side endeavouring to do his utmost, but not succeeding, he called out to me, "No, it is not prosperous!"

The only bit of really fine scenery *en route* to Seoul lies between Mukden and Antung. This I missed through travelling at night. For the rest, it is just ordinary country : a rising hill or two here and there, but all the ground under good cultivation. It was raining hard most of the day, so nothing looked quite its best.

We finished our journey shortly before 8 p.m. The Frenchman helped me to find the hotel porter, and I was soon in a well-covered and aproned rickshaw on my way through dark and wet streets to Sontag's Hotel, where a good dinner and a comfortable room were ready for me.

I had now three whole days in which to see as much as possible of the capital of the " Hermit Kingdom," or " Land of the Morning Calm ". Korea, a nation said to have been founded by the Chinese as far back as 1122 B.C., has for three thousand years remained practically isolated from the rest of the world, and the people have shown no desire in any way to move with the times. But certainly the smooth waters of indifference have been somewhat perturbed under the progressive policy of a Japanese Protectorate. It is impossible that it should be otherwise when the 638 miles between north and south are linked up by iron rails.

The very first morning I was brought in close contact with the enterprise of the country. I had the previous day lost the stopping from a front tooth, so I inquired of the hotel manager if I could get it fixed up to last me until I got to London. He mentioned a name, and said he would telephone to *her*. This sounded interesting.

Two rickshaws were engaged, as I should never have found the way without a guide. I was rather vexed at having to give up the time, and also I felt I had not too much Korean money at my command, and this was a quite unexpected expense.

After going a long way, we suddenly turned up a side street, and I was run into a little courtyard : the shafts of my rickshaw dropped to the ground, I stepped out, and was received by a youth who was soon joined by a lady assistant, and I walked up the stairs of a paper-screened house.

The dentist herself awaited me in the operating-room; she was robed in the orthodox hygienic long white coat, and I found she had studied in America. There were several proofs of her proficiency in the form of certificates, framed and hung upon the walls.

It was a strange experience to sit in a dental chair and have one's teeth stopped in accordance with the latest canons of dentistry by a little Japanese lady—seeing meanwhile, through tiny panes of glass, a view of a Korean Temple, and waving and fluttering from the roofs of the houses, such things as flags, and various forms of paper fishes inflated by the wind.

I had come round with a ten-yen note, hoping it would be somewhat more than I should need. The ordeal finished, we talked of America, and of the future of the young assistant who was thinking of going there, ere I ventured, in a faltering voice, to ask the lady's fee.

Though very much relieved, I am proud to relate that I maintained my composure when she replied in the sweetest of tones, "Just one yen". (Less than two shillings.)

After bowing our adieux, I went to the Zoological Gardens, which were close by. The animals were not very striking, but the Museum contained many relics of old Korea, and an especially fine collection of ancient royal carrying-chairs.

Later in the day I visited the North Palace. There is a sameness about the architecture of most of the royal residences in this part of the world, but attached to this one is a gruesome historical interest which puts it on a different plane from others. It was here that the Queen Min-whan, together with several of her ladies, was murdered in the *coup d'état* of November, 1895.

In the garden we were shown where their bodies are said to have been burnt. The Emperor fled to the Russian Legation, and never lived in the Palace again.

One morning, with Cho-Tukjai the guide, I went by train to the Empress' tomb. From the terminus of the electric tram-line we walked for half a mile on a country

road lined by fine trees, which brought us to the mausoleum, situated on a thickly wooded hill. The tomb itself is like a gigantic pudding turned out of a basin. It is approached by a short avenue, flanked on either side by animals carved in stone, and two sculptured figures of great size, representing priests or officers, all of which stand facing each other in pairs.

In front of the tomb is a broad smooth table resting on four large solid balls, and near by is a carved stone lantern which is lighted every night; while beyond the encircling walls, standing with their backs to the mausoleum as though to guard it, are a number of fiercer and more aggressive-looking beasts, also of glyphic art.

Again in front, but on a lower level, is a magnificent building in which the sacrificial homage was offered to the Empress in 1897.

We were just leaving when I noticed a procession coming towards us, and an attendant pushing back the sliding screens which form the sides of the Temple, so that one could look straight up to the tomb. Along the length of the hall was a long table, and some men who had brought a heavily laden tray on poles, began to set out an elaborate meal.

Twenty dishes at least, or rather bowls, were placed on the table: they contained meat, mackerel, various cakes, sauces, gruel, pickles, salad, oranges, olives, and tea.

Two candles were then lighted, and all was ready. The priest, who in the meantime had appeared from one of the two monasteries in the vicinity, was dressed in white, with a curious black hat. With him were two men wearing garments of straw-colour (denoting mourning) the texture of which was like fine sackcloth, and slouch hats, such as a miller might wear, of the same material.

All three knelt outside on a piece of matting, and prostrated themselves until their foreheads touched the ground, whilst they murmured a prayer. They then rose and repeated this act of devotion inside the Temple, and yet again outside, after which they walked sedately away.

Then the viands were quickly removed, and the Temple

closed. If the poor lady for whose benefit this table is spread daily really wanted the food, she would fare badly if she were not very punctual, for there is no doubt that the appetizing viands provided daily are fully appreciated by some one more able to do them justice than the departed spirit for whom they are ostensibly provided. I could not help wondering what the priest and his two attendants would have done, had they seen the spirit of her Majesty walking down between the stone figures to partake of the good things with which the table was laden.

No one had thought it worth while to tell me beforehand about this interesting ceremony, not even the guide, and it was only by the merest chance that I saw it, for we were just about to leave when I noticed the procession arriving, and the Temple being opened. I should have been very vexed had I missed seeing the quaint proceedings.

The guide was very anxious to take me off in the afternoon to see a shooting competition. His English was too limited for him to explain clearly that it was the chief sporting event of the year, but he seemed so persistent that at last I consented to go, and I must say that my amiability was rewarded when I got there.

We left our rickshaws at the foot of a hill and climbed a winding path, from which we could see hundreds of people scaling the hills from all points, and we at last reached the scene of action, which was a marvellous sight. A pavilion was erected on a hill from which the shooting took place. The target was far away, across the valley, on a hill opposite, and the undulating ground between was white as fallen snow with masses of men clad in long white coats, the costume of the country.

The garment is rather loose, with a girdle passed round the body under the arm-pits and tied in front. The trousers are loose and fall over straw sandals like spats, if high boots are not worn. On the head is a black horsehair frame about four inches high, fitting tightly over the forehead, and on the top of that is worn a black hat like an inverted flower-pot with a wide flat brim. This is tied

SHOOTING COMPETITION, SEOUL

KOREAN WOMEN

under the chin with ribbon strings, rather like the Welsh head-gear. On this occasion the day was so fine that no one was likely to require either the little extinguisher-shaped protector for these hats, which folds like a fan and is carried up the sleeve; or the oil-skin, or oil-paper coat which is worn in wet weather.

Some, to shield their heads from the scorching heat of the sun which prevails during the summer, wore broad-brimmed coverings like wicker baskets. The whole effect of these curiously dressed people *en masse* was picturesque in the extreme. Nearly all carried fans, either for cooling purposes, or for shelter from the sun, which was shining so brightly that the glare from the white costumes was very dazzling.

There were two competing teams, and at a given signal, an arrow would be sent flying across, over the heads of the people, from one end of the ground to the target at the other. Markers were in attendance, and the moment the target was hit, one of them gesticulated violently, and frantically thumped the spot hit by the arrow, whilst another waved a very long, narrow flag with the colours of the side whose shot they were scoring. Thus the result was made known to the pavilion, and incidentally to the people.

I was intensely interested for some considerable time. Just as I was leaving, a young man rode up over the hill on horseback, and dismounted quite near to me. One could see at a glance that he was an important personage, and when he was out of earshot, Cho-Tukjai explained that he was the Emperor's son by one of his second wives after the lady of the lunch was murdered.

He was in European riding kit, and walked a few yards to a little kiosk, in which were a few men and several dancing girls. The latter moved out when he came, but he very soon gave them permission to come back. I moved a little closer and had a good look, until I saw I had attracted attention, when I moved on. I was the only European, and almost the only woman in that immense throng. This Bisley of Korea was to me a unique display which I am glad to have seen.

One night a lady and gentleman staying at the hotel were going to the native theatre, and I gladly accepted their invitation to join them. We had a long ride in rickshaws to the other side of the town, through streets thronged with people. When we got near, we could easily locate the theatre by the clanging music issuing from it. From the outside it was like a theatrical booth in a country fair.

The guide pushed his way through the crowd to get our tickets, and suggested we should take the best places, to which we readily agreed, especially as they could be had for thirty sen (about eightpence).

We then clambered up some steep wooden steps which led to the gallery, the only part of the house furnished with seats. There was only a very small audience when we arrived, but eventually the place became full. Women sat together on one side of the gallery without any male attendants, and seemed to have a very good time.

Across the stage curtain was what we thought quite a pretty design, but the guide soon diminished our approval by explaining that the supposed artistic decoration was really the Chinese rendering of "The curtain will rise in half an hour". We devoutly hoped that the half-hour had nearly expired, and that the performance would soon begin, if only to put a stop to the ear-cracking music with which we were being regaled.

At last the curtain was raised, and we saw ten maidens in the quaint costume of the Korean dancing girl. It is a dress which does not add to the beauty of the human form. Over many skirts is worn a long garment drawn in with a broad sash across the breast, which gives a bunchy appearance below the waist, and produces a figure which is the antithesis of a Gibson girl.

The outstanding feature of the upper garment is the long sleeves, very wide and of rainbow hues, extending about two feet beyond the wrist. These can be used in graceful movements when manipulated by a cane held in the hand.

The first item in the entertainment was called "a flower dance". The girls bent and swayed with rhythmical

movements, and each in turn approached a basket of flowers and gathered from it a bloom, which seemed to inspire other ecstatic movements. There were many variations to this dance before it was finished.

Some coloured pictures were then projected on to a screen, and an explanation of them given by a showman. This was evidently not what the people had come for, so they began to jeer, and make fun of the man. To appease them, the manager came forward and offered an apology and confessed the pictures were only put on to fill up time!

The next "turn" proved more to the taste of the audience. It was a play in which the dramatis personæ were the dancing girls, now attired in lighter costume, and a black-robed monk, whose sombre garb was relieved by bits of bright colour peeping out from the under folds of his draperies. He strutted and figured about the stage, and we imagined he was trying to fascinate the girls, and so induce them to join his Order. Rather a peculiar method to pursue!

Every now and then there were attempts at a sort of ballet and set-pieces, different lights being thrown upon the dancers, while behind them a misty curtain was lowered on which appeared flags of different nations.

Then the old monk began his blandishments again, and as the hour was getting late, we concluded we had seen enough, and calling our rickshaws, we sped across the city again to the hotel.

Sight-seeing of a more serious nature occupied the next day. I went first to the Temple of Heaven, which is after the same style as the one in Peking, but not nearly so beautiful. From it there is a good view over the city, and I could trace the winding path up Nam-san, from the top of which there is a still more extensive view. But the most comprehensive survey of the country is obtained from the summit of Poo-kang, the highest mountain in the neighbourhood. The ascent, which is not too arduous, makes a delightful excursion, and one that should be taken if time permits.

The next temple I visited was that of the God of War,

containing a colossal figure, of either a Chinese Emperor, or a Buddha (I could not discover which), with two giant figures to keep him company.

The guide then proposed that we should go to the Pagoda Park, a pretty well-kept little enclosure on the north side of the main street. It was only opened in 1906: it occupies the site of an old monastery, and is now the resort of the élite of Seoul in the late afternoon. As there is a band-stand, I presume that Korean society gathers at certain times to enjoy the music while strolling round or sitting on the benches, criticizing the costumes of the promenaders, a custom which affords as much pleasure in the East as in the West.

The chief interest to a stranger lies in the Pagoda from which the park takes its name. It is a little square bijou temple of white marble, standing forty feet high. It has thirteen tiers, and the four sides of each are quaintly carved with images of Buddha, spirits, lotus flowers, lions, and dragons. It is said to have been made in China and presented, seven centuries ago, by an Emperor of that time to a Crown Prince of the Koryu dynasty, on his marriage with the Emperor's daughter.

A little beyond, another object of interest is an inscribed stone tablet, placed on the back of a large turtle carved in granite, a relic of the old monastery.

I had my camera with me, and induced a woman in typical Korean costume to pose for me. The dress consists of wicker shoes, loose white stockings under white trousers, and voluminous white skirts, the unique portion of the attire being a three-quarter length jacket made of bright emerald green silk lined with white, the neck finished with a white collar bordered with silk of purple and orange-vermilion hues. Long bands of the same colours hang the length of the coat, and a couple of pieces of amber, with loops of cord to pass them through, serve as buttons.

There is nothing particularly out-of-the-way in this garment, except the colouring: its peculiarity lies in the way it is worn. Never by any chance are the arms through the

sleeves, but the jacket is worn over the head, and held together under the chin.

I am not prepared to vouch for the truth of the story, but I was told that some time very long ago the city was surprised by a sudden attack, and the men being either away, or otherwise occupied, the women mounted the walls, throwing their husbands' coats over their heads to deceive the foe, and thus held the position until the men were rallied. The descendants of these brave and resourceful women have ever since worn their coats after this fashion.

The country having been so recently opened up, there are still chances for the curio-seeker to pick up many valuable old things. The ancient Korean chests or cabinets, with beautiful and elaborate brass decorations, inlaid pearl, or iron work, are tempting and artistic pieces of furniture.

Old brass ware is also most alluring, to say nothing of the fascination of ceramic art, which would be the joy of any connoisseur.

The city, surrounded by a stone wall about twenty feet high pierced by eight gates, is bisected by two main streets, which are about 100 feet wide, and lined with shops and native restaurants. A stream or canal, spanned by many a stone bridge, winds through the streets from the north-west to the east. Electric-trams have been introduced since the Japanese occupation, and so we again get the latest modern mode of locomotion running through a town which only a few decades past was redolent of bygone centuries.

As I sat in the tram one day, I saw a father get in with his two little children, not in the clothing one usually associates with a tram-car, but in the queerest shaped garments of vivid colours, including the brightest yellow, apple-green, and magenta; but I could see from their faces and suppressed excitement that much the same kind of little hearts were beating with excitement at the prospect of a visit to the Zoo, as palpitate beneath the sailor suits of children at home.

As regards personal appearance, I think as a whole the Korean women are rather better looking than the men. The latter are not improved by the scanty moustaches or

stubbly beards usually worn, but they are tall, and walk with a slow and measured movement of considerable dignity.

Robert Browning says "man needs must move, keep moving," which is distinctly true when connexions with trains and boats must be made, so although I longed to see more of this quaint country and its people, I left at nine one morning, and covered by train the twenty-five miles to the port of Chemulpo, where I was to join the ss. "Anto Maru," bound for Dalny.

CHAPTER XXXI

DALNY AND PORT ARTHUR

THE manager of Sontag's Hotel, Seoul, had, at my request, provided me with a slip of paper on which was written in Japanese: "Take or send this lady to the Shipping Company's Office".

When I got out of the train, I handed this to an official-looking person, who at once had my luggage put on a trolley, and I followed the man with it to the office.

I afterwards had a couple of hours to dispose of, so wandered along the streets, and eventually found my way to the bank to get some more money. While waiting for the cash, I had a little chat with a European lady who stood close by. I found she was a Norwegian whose husband was in the Standard Oil Company. She was not enthusiastic about the place, but remarked that the climate was delightful.

Strange customs meet one at every turn, and soon after leaving the bank, I came across a man dressed in a good uniform, carrying a case, and playing an accordion, not, I found, an itinerant musician, but a medicine man announcing his wares in that manner.

The steamer lay at anchor some way from the shore, and there was considerable delay in getting aboard. However, this was at last achieved, and we were then soon under way.

Very few Europeans travel in this direction, and the boat—really a coaster—was catered for à la Japonaise. This I should not have objected to for a short time, except for the extraordinary hours at which they take their meals, but having paid extra for European food, I had it by myself, at my own time.

That night we ran up the west coast of Korea, and by ten the next morning, were anchored outside Chinnampo, and the men soon got to work on the cargo. The only other first-class passenger besides myself was a Japanese military officer, who left the boat here.

We remained at anchor for the greater part of the day, which was tiresome for me, as there was nothing much to see, and not a person on board with whom I could exchange an idea: therefore I was delighted to have a few words with the English-speaking agent who came aboard in the afternoon.

The steward was trying his best to learn English, and already understood a little. We had been for some hours loading bundles of something done up in fibre, so I asked the boy what it was, and he answered, "It is lice". I was rather staggered at his reply until I remembered the difficulty with the "r," and knew that he meant rice.

He did his best to write the menu in English, and one evening among other strange items, I had for dinner "de-billed" ox-tongue, which was excellent. I pointed out the mistake he had made, and explained other errors, so helping him to solve one or two mysteries of a foreign language, for which he was very grateful.

I had two good nights on this boat, and we wharfed at Dalny about 10 a.m. on the second morning.

Dalny, the new commercial port of Southern Manchuria, is on the eastern shore of the Lao-tung Peninsula. It is the terminus and port of the South Manchuria Railway, connecting with the Trans-Siberian service through to Europe by way of the Harbin-Moscow route.

In 1898 the Russians secured from the Chinese a long lease of the whole territory, and were not long in selecting this site on the southern shore of Victoria Bay as a suitable location for an ice-free port, so that the Japanese on their arrival found a convenient seaport base, which was immensely useful.

At the harbour are substantial granite quays: numbers of ships were alongside, and it looked a very busy place.

As no one had been sent to meet me, I got the steward

to drive with me to the hotel, which is in the European residential area, a couple of miles from the harbour.

There is an alteration of time here, so that it was now only 9 a.m. This gave me a long morning, so handing my bag over to the hotel clerk, I sallied forth on exploration intent.

Very good electric-trams serve the town and neighbourhood, and I went in one to Ro-ko-tum, a pretty little watering-place, originally a tiny fishing village, about four miles over the hills to the south, thus getting a good idea of the surrounding country.

Just as I entered the town on my return, there was a masquerading procession parading down the streets. The costumes were original, and the dumb show I thought must be good, although I could not understand the topical events and ideas which they were ridiculing. This was a preliminary to the festivities marking the fête day in honour of the Governor-General, who was on the eve of departure.

In the early afternoon I was on my way to Port Arthur, a railway journey of an hour and a half. A capable English-speaking Japanese porter from the hotel met me, and on talking matters over, it seemed advisable for me to take one of the ordinary Chinese carriages plying for hire at the station, and drive to the War Souvenir Museum, while he took my bag with him to the hotel, situated in the New Town, some distance away in the opposite direction.

The driver, having had full instructions as to what he was to do, drove me through a part of the Old Town, and ascending a gentle rise, set me down at the entrance to the grounds of the Museum.

The building stands on a small hill and the approach to it has the appearance of a miniature redoubt. In the ground are models of trenches, *trous-de-loups*, *abattis*, *chevaux-de-frise*, wire entanglements, pit-holes, and so forth.

Placed here and there are bits of siege artillery, Army and Navy quick-firers, bombs, and other gruesome devices, by which the Russians hindered for a time the advance of the Japanese.

The rooms are crowded with relics and war trophies, swords, bayonets, old uniforms, flags, military stores, ammunition, and instruments of the field hospital corps, which leave a lasting impression of the horrors of the Russo-Japanese war.

The guardian who, by the way, had lost a leg in one of the engagements, pointed out some pickaxes, which at one time had been the usual length of such tools, but when found, were only about three inches long, a striking demonstration of the energy expended in making Russian trenches.

What interested me most, however, were the excellent models of the principal forts, Niruzan, East Keikwanzan, the North Fort, and other minor defence works, as they appeared both before and after their destruction. A careful survey of these enabled me to understand more clearly the actual ground on which the great drama took place when I saw it the following day.

Time fled rapidly while I was garnering impressions from these relics of the great Russo-Japanese struggle and it was dusk when I drove back to the hotel. After such a strenuous day, and with the prospect of another to follow, I was more than ready for dinner and bed.

I engaged a carriage for the next day, and at 8.30 I started for Monument Hill, on which there is a very imposing Memorial Tower raised to the memory of the Japanese soldiers who fell in battle. It is superbly placed, and can be seen for miles round. It was erected under the auspices of General Nogi and Admiral Togo, and dedicated with great ceremony on 28 November, 1909.

The view from the hill is extensive, and includes the two far-away peaks of 203 Metre Hill, and other positions occupied in the struggle. Some hundred yards away on the same hill is a shrine with accompanying Toro and stone lantern, perpetuating the memory of the sailors who fell in the bombardment of Port Arthur.

At the base of the hill is a national mausoleum containing the cremated remains of about twenty-two thousand men.

Leaving this, I drove for two or three miles, reaching a point half-way up 203 Metre Hill, where I alighted, as the rest of the way to the summit had to be done on foot. Once on the top, the first thing that must strike even a novice, is its immense importance as a commanding position.

The whole harbour and the country for many miles can be surveyed. With glasses I could see Shuishihying, the village where the memorable meeting took place between General Nogi and General Stoessel at the close of the siege.

Everything seemed to lie at my feet, and taking into consideration the remarkable strength of the situation, it will always remain a marvel to me how the Japanese ever wrested it from the Russians.

Port Arthur is a natural fortress, and has one of the strongest harbours in the world. It and the town lie secluded in an amphitheatre hidden from the sea approach by Golden Hill and the Tiger's Tail Peninsula.

This peninsula reminds one of Gibraltar. It is strongly fortified, and no one is allowed to visit it without a very special permit. In addition, the encircling hills, each crowned by a fort, make it as seemingly impregnable from inland as it would appear to be from the water.

But what happened during the late war is now a matter of history. Time has not yet obliterated the ravages of warfare, and 203 Metre Hill is so ploughed by shell-fire that it looks uncommonly like the top of a volcano, and in many places the hastily thrown up trenches are still to be seen.

After an hour's interval for lunch at the hotel, an English-speaking Japanese guide was ready to take me round the different forts on the outlying hills. I naturally thought he would sit on the box-seat with the driver, but he haughtily remarked, "Oh no, I don't sit up there with a Chinaman"; so I was obliged to pocket my pride and have the man next to me on the narrow seat of the little victoria.

This is on a par with what Mr. B., whom I met again at Dalny, told me. He was there on business connected with

a new Consulate, and was getting tenders from various firms of builders. The hotel servants were all Japanese, and he said that when the representative of a Japanese firm called, it was always "A Japanese gentleman wishes to see you, sir"; but when a Chinese representative appeared, it was "A Chinaman wants to see you, sir".

My guide was quite an intelligent man, and made all I saw very interesting. Naturally I did not get an unbiassed version of events, but that I could allow for.

We first of all drove through the old town, and then up a long steep road before we reached the Great North Fort, Tung-chi-kwan-shan. There is on these hills a continuous line of earthworks and permanent fortifications, defending and supporting one another, and forming a semicircular chain of defence nearly three miles long. This fort was typical of the others, so I went through it very thoroughly.

The walls are of strong cement and stones brought up from the beach. Tunnels, galleries, and covered passages were built into the hill, making it, one would have thought, perfectly secure.

The Japanese made several stubbornly brave and dashing attempts to scale the hill, although they were mown down like grass by the sweeping fire from the Russian machine-guns. It is estimated that the latter were firing at one time 500 cannon balls per hour. Yet such was the utter disregard of life, that there were always others ready and eager to fill the gaps made by the fallen.

It was in this engagement that General Kondratchenko was killed.

Once the Japanese blew up the whole side of the hill, thinking that the hollow behind was deeper, and that all stationed there would be destroyed, instead of which the shattered earth fell back upon them, and they lost hundreds of men through this error.

The whole scene was brought so vividly before me that I felt quite creepy. It was not pleasant to see a man's thigh-bone bleaching in the sun. The guide said that all the bodies they could find were taken away and buried,

but still a bone here and there turns up from time to time.

When they succeeded in reaching the walls, they were for days engaged in an almost hand-to-hand fight. One gallery I remember in particular. It was at the corner of the fort. The Russians were on the inside, and the Japanese at the outer end, where they had shattered an opening, and it was only the angle of the tunnel which prevented them from seeing one another face to face. As it was, most of the damage done was by ricochet shots, and I saw the deep groove worn in the solid wall by the continuous firing.

By degrees, of course, the Japanese wormed their way beyond the bend, and one does not care to picture the bloody encounter which must have ensued before the position was finally taken.

From here I could see the cannon mounted on the top of Eagle's Nest Hill. Our route lay round the base of this height, and a little later I had a good look at another fort, more or less like the last. I now realized what a help it was having seen in the Museum the models of the forts as they were in their pristine strength.

When I could for a few moments forget the terrible scenes conjured up by visiting these battlefields, I was able to enjoy the lovely views and delightful drive among these hills. They were certainly not wooded, but the Japanese have already expended a great sum of money in planting trees and otherwise beautifying the country.

Knowing that when the Japanese took the country, the Russian lease of the land had only another fifteen years to run, I questioned the guide as to the advisability of going to such expense. He only smiled significantly and said: "Oh yes, you see—perhaps we may not give it up then".

On my return to the station, I was much entertained by a large number of Japanese officers who had congregated on the platform in order to give a good send-off to some visiting General and others. There was much saluting and great ceremony, and when the train moved off, there were eight or ten in our carriage, and two of them sat opposite

to me; but I was of no consequence whatever. The window was opened or shut at their own sweet will, without the least reference to their *vis-à-vis*.

Their uniforms were made of khaki-coloured woollen material with red pipings, and big caps with red bands and black peaks. Some had a gold star on the shoulder-band, and some had three silver stars, but nearly all were decorated with the much-coveted white enamel and gold star with the glorious crimson red centre.

Many little things that amused me at the time have escaped my memory, but I have not forgotten that one of the officers produced from his pocket a paper pocket-handkerchief, which he freely used. He was of high rank, so that I have no doubt this was quite *de rigueur*. Modern Japanese indulge largely in hygienic theories, and all I can conjecture is that they must think it more sanitary.

Amongst the luggage stacked at one end of the compartment was an open crate of beer and wine, and I smiled inwardly as I tried to picture either Lord Kitchener or Lord Roberts travelling in this unsophisticated fashion with his particular tipple *en evidence*.

The next morning I spent in Dalny, which is really a remarkable place when one considers its mushroom growth. The geography of the town is made easy when one finds that all roads converge to a circular centre near the handsome three-arched Nippon Bridge.

Both sides of the main thoroughfares are planted with trees of the laburnum genus, and excellent shops and stores are to be found. The residential quarter might be a small suburb of any English town. The two- or three-storied brick houses, faced with cut stone, stand in little garden plots, divided from the street by low walls and iron railings.

There are good clubs, parks, and recreation grounds. The climate is magnificent, and I fancy the Japanese have hopes of making both Dalny and Port Arthur health resorts. That could be their only reason for building at the latter place such an enormous hotel. It is fitted up with every comfort, including bath-room suites, and is heated throughout with hot water. I heard that it was run at a loss of

1000 yen per month. On my arrival, there were two Japanese gentlemen staying there, and the day I left, an American gentleman arrived for a stay of a few days. These were the only guests in a caravansary calculated to accommodate fifty or sixty people.

I should imagine that the only one of the four Yamato hotels that comes anywhere near paying its way, is the one at Dalny.

From here I felt I had decidedly turned my steps homeward. No more diverging from the direct route, but on, on to Moscow.

I left Dalny by the two o'clock express, and had a pleasant but uneventful journey back to Mukden, arriving there at 10 p.m. A good hot bath and night's rest, and I was off again by the 8.10 a.m. train bound for Chang-chun.

I had a first-class coach all to myself most of the day, and passed the time in reading, and teaching English to the little Japanese attendant.

There was no dining-car, but I had been warned of this, so had brought my lunch, and the boy supplied me with excellent Japanese beer, and later in the day he made me some good tea. In these out-of-the-way journeys I had much appreciated the willing service of the Japanese "boy," and was sorry this was to be my last experience of them for a time.

The Yamato Hotel at Chang-chun was not so well managed as the others, and as there was no porter to meet the train, I got to the hotel as best I could through mud which was ankle-deep.

I had hoped to join the through train here to Moscow, and so have two nights' rest before going on. However, I could get no reliable information from the station-master, who was the only man in the place who spoke a European language, and as there was nothing enticing in the neighbourhood, I decided to make another early start the next morning and get to Harbin, where I could wait in certainty of making my connexion.

I had to get from the South Manchurian station to the Chinese Eastern Railway, which at 4 a.m., when one is

not in the best of humours, was not an enjoyable experience; and the fact that nobody could speak any understandable language, added to the confusion caused by time and money-changing, did not help matters.

I managed to get my belongings into a carriage, and we were finally backed out of the Manchurian station on to the Russian line. Here there was half an hour's delay, of which the passengers took advantage to get breakfast.

Everything was now Russian. I picked out a sausage-roll, and had a long tumbler of tea minus milk, but with a tempting slice of lemon floating on the top. The roll was so good that I thought it prudent to take one or two with me while I knew what I was getting.

Armed with these I returned to the train, where I was located in a narrow indifferently clean carriage and left to myself. Such a contrast to the railway travelling I had so recently experienced! And I missed the suave little Japanese conductors and car boys, as alas, the tall and burly Russians lacked their attentive and gentle ways, and were in no manner inclined to the English language.

The train was full of passengers, principally of the lower classes, a mixed collection of types. The country we passed through gave indications of increased population, and every now and then I noticed in the ploughed fields, green mounds, which I discovered to be the graves of Chinamen, left in the midst of cultivation.

When the train ran alongside the platform at Harbin, I was totally unprepared for what I saw. The station was crowded with people, Mongolians, Manchurians, and Russians, and all was bustle and activity. Men, women, children, and bundles—one scarcely knew which was which—were being precipitated from the train on to the platform, and others were there ready to ascend and take their places.

Hawkers selling their wares added to the confusion, and competition in the hotel line was evinced by the presence of a good English-speaking runner, so that I and my traps were soon at the Grand Hotel; but any misconception as to its "grandeur" will be cleared away when I add that

I found no blinds or curtains to the windows of my room, and to meet my prejudices in this respect, the Chinese boy obligingly supplied the deficiency by fastening up some drapery with needles, which he hammered in with the back of a brush.

It was the restaurant on which the management based their reputation, and that was all one could desire.

It now transpired that I had done a wise thing in coming on. The express was not due until the middle of the following day, and this would allow of a long night's rest and a good wash, so that I could at any rate start at the last possible moment fresh and clean for the nine days' journey.

CHAPTER XXXII

TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

HARBIN, the junction of the Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway, stands on the Sungari River, and is the centre of an agricultural district, as also the principal market for the export of Manchurian grain to Japan and Western Europe.

Furthermore, it is the head-quarters of the railway staff, with large workshops and engine-sheds capable of accommodating an immense number of locomotives.

The first walk I took was to the old town, where there was not much to see beyond a squalid street, ankle-deep in mud. The weather was still cold, and the women all wore shawls over their heads, but it was good to see "pukka" white skins once more.

The upper-class Russian keeps very late hours. I went down to the restaurant to dinner about eight, but it was almost empty. I had been looking forward to hearing the orchestra, as I was told it was very fine, but people did not begin to saunter in until nine, and no doubt at midnight and until the early hours of the morning it was crowded.

I waited until past nine-thirty without hearing a note of music, and then, being very tired, having been up since four a.m., I could wait no longer.

The next morning I saw my luggage registered through (in bond) to Charing Cross, and had a further stroll about the new Harbin, which boasts some fine residential buildings, churches and parks.

The express, which had left Vladivostock the previous day, steamed in punctually at two o'clock, and by two-thirty on Monday, 13 May, I had begun the long journey to Moscow.

I was told by the agent in Sydney, when he was unable to book me a berth on the "International" or "Wagons-Lits," that the Russian express was in every respect equally good, but if anyone were to tell me this now, I am in a position to flatly contradict the statement.

The first-class compartments for two in the "Wagons-Lits" train are wider and more lofty. The berths are placed, not one over the other, but the lower one runs across the carriage, and the upper one along the windows.

There is a table at the window, and an armchair stands on the side opposite to the long seat, so that one can sit either facing, or with one's back to the engine at will, and each can have a window seat; whereas on the other train, the seats face only one way.

But the crowning superiority of all is the lavatory between every two compartments, which obviates the inconvenience of going along the narrow corridor to wash, and perhaps having to go several times before one can find it unoccupied. These lavatories, one at each end, are common to both sexes.

Yet another decided advantage is being able to pay the entire fare through, and having a corresponding compartment reserved for you at Irkutsk, where every one has to change; whilst in the other case you can only pay for your sleeper as far as Irkutsk, and there have to stand in a queue at the ticket office to pay the remainder, and get a new ticket for your berth. But more of this anon, and now let us hark back to where we were at Harbin.

I found myself in a slip of a carriage, quite comfortable for one, but which for two would be exceedingly incommodious. The seat was raised at night to form the second bed, but in my case it made a necessary shelf on which to put my things. The bunk was soft, and being able to ventilate as I wished, I slept soundly each night. The gauge is wide, and as the speed is only about twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, there is very little oscillation.

Two ladies who knew me by reputation, and whom I met at the hotel that morning, came to the station to see me off, and we all regretted we were not travelling together,

but they were waiting a couple of days, as by a stroke of luck they had got tickets on the "Wagons-Lits," having booked only a few weeks previously; while I, who had cabled from Sydney at the end of December for any date in May, was told there was no chance, so perforce I had booked on the State train. Moral: don't book too soon. However, I had a coupé to myself all the way, so perhaps I was better off than sharing one of the other carriages.

As the train moved off, I waved *au revoir* (as I hoped to see them before I left Moscow) to the Misses B. After leaving Harbin, the line soon crosses the wide Sungari River by a magnificent bridge, and then for hours runs through level plains of cultivation.

I was looking out at one of the stations when I unexpectedly saw a former fellow-passenger, who had sat at the same table with me on the "Yawata Maru". I was delighted to see him, and we had a good chat about what we had each done since leaving the boat at Hong-Kong. When the train moved on, he called upon me in my little den, and gave me a "Who's Who" sketch of the people on the train.

As we were talking, there passed along the corridor the Italian princess and her husband whom I had seen on the P. and O. from Hong-Kong to Shanghai.

The train was made up of two first and two second-class carriages, a dining-car, and luggage-van. All the first-class passengers were quite satisfied with their accommodation as far as Irkutsk. It was afterwards, when they pressed us into one carriage, that trouble began.

Besides the Englishman and myself, there was an American gentleman with two girls; a Swiss doctor; a party of four Germans, a Graf and Gräfin with two men friends, one a doctor from Dresden, and also a Russian lady. As a rule the best Russians travel second, and I should do ditto myself next time, except for the reason that most of the compartments are for four, so that there would be no chance of being alone.

The Italians, a Russian general and his family, one or two Englishmen, and a couple of Japanese and others were in the second class. There is only a slight difference in

the upholstering of the carriages, and the dining-car is common to both.

The level plain of cultivation I spoke of gave place towards evening to sandy country and stunted growth, as we skirted the Gobi desert. I then sought my couch for the night, and at eight the next morning I was about again, and found signs of more life, and a few low hills breaking the monotony of the dead level of the previous day. Carts and horses were to be seen carrying their loads of straw, or returning empty.

About eleven a.m. we were at Manchuria, which is the Manchuria-Russia frontier town, where all luggage is examined, and that in bond sealed. It was here that I said good-bye to my trunk, and did not see it again until I reached London.

By this time I fully realized what an immense area Manchuria covers. Before, I had vague ideas about a tract of land east of Russia, but never grasped that it was more than five times the size of England, but such is the case.

We were here fully thirty minutes, one of our longest halts. When we returned to the train we were ready for lunch, but, to our dismay, found that the time had been put back, and that we must wait for an hour and a half. When the lunch at last came we thoroughly enjoyed it, and I doubt if the company made much out of that meal. They do one very well on these trains, and for a very reasonable price.

We now began to see sheep and cattle, and the wayside stations at which we stopped were full of peasants, and some dear little children who, anxious to turn an honest penny, or its equivalent, were laden with wild flowers, and smilingly offered us bunches of beautiful blue anemones with yellow centres, which we had seen growing in profusion along the line, although in juxtaposition were still to be seen patches of frozen snow, reminiscent of the severe winter.

At night we had a fine view of a bush fire licking its way up and around the hills. Near the stations are stacks of wood for the engine, and each block is carefully ditched round as a precaution against fire. Farther on the journey,

wood is supplanted by oil for fuel, and huge tanks stand in readiness at the stations.

We passed in the distance a fair-sized town, and on its outskirts a cemetery—evidence of our progress westward. The simple green mounds indiscriminately dotted over the landscape had now given place to a consecrated enclosure, and memorials of the departed took the form of a cross, the symbol of Christianity, denoting that we had passed not only a geographical, but a religious boundary.

From east to west is quite the right direction in which to take the journey, as the least interesting country is encountered first, and each day, instead of diminishing in interest, it becomes more attractive.

It was now Wednesday, and we were once more running through well-cultivated country. At this part they were doubling the line, and thousands of sleepers were ready for placement. The Trans-Siberian journey is being shortened every year, and when there is a double line available, Japan will be brought within twelve days' journey from London, and the service to China equally accelerated.

Early in the afternoon we sighted Lake Baikal, or, as the Russians call it, the "Holy Sea," one of, if not *the* largest fresh-water lake in the Old World. In America, Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron surpass it, and I believe also Lake Victoria Nyanza in Africa.

For the rest of the day we ran along the south-eastern corner of the lake, quite close to the water, the surface of which was still frozen, but the edges gave signs of an early thaw. The rails follow the shores of the lake along a cutting which runs round the hills, and where rocky walls bar the way the train dives into a dark tunnel, emerging only to enter another almost immediately.

To the south of us was a range of mountains still clad in their beautiful winter garment of snow. The scenery became finer as we went on, and at dinner-time we were travelling in a slightly north-eastern direction, and got an extensive view from the dining-car windows across the end of the lake, backed, from this point of view, by the mountains whose white outline was sharply cut against a sunset

sky. If not magnificent, it was decidedly beautiful, and we sat and watched it as long as it was visible.

After a short stay at Baikal, we turned our backs upon the lake, and followed the course of the Angara, a tributary of the Yenesei. We were due at Irkutsk at about eleven p.m., so had to mark time as best we could until then. We paid or received visits, and tried to keep awake. It was a miserable hour to be obliged to change trains.

My "Yawata Maru" friend, Mr. S., was getting out here, and had I known sooner that he was to be on the train, I would have broken my journey also. He was representing a well-known firm of engineers of Lincoln, England, and having heard so much about America being the chief source of agricultural machinery, etc., it was gratifying to hear that the trade with Britain was increasing yearly by leaps and bounds.

When the train came to a standstill, I had no idea what we were expected to do. I was very dubious as to the corresponding accommodation being reserved, and had a presentiment that there would be difficulties.

By an inspiration, so to speak, I left all my impedimenta, and made quickly for the booking-office, and was pleased to find myself among the first comers. Getting there was no easy matter : the train was not alongside a platform, so I had to let myself down from the bottom step ever so far to the ground, and afterwards grope my way between the trains to reach the station. Finally I discovered the ticket office, and waited my turn.

Knowing that the after-effects of the ill-advised and ambitious building of the Tower of Babel would be keenly felt here, I had provided myself with the exact sum I should have to pay. I further concluded that a sight of my through ticket would convey to the official's mind my sex and class, so when my turn came, I thrust this and the money forward, and trusted to luck.

The whole transaction took about half a minute, whereas the others in front of me had endless difficulties in making clear what berths they required, and being made to understand what they had to pay.

I did not wait to see how the others behind me fared, but hastened in search of my number on the train. I had no idea where the carriage was, and there was no way of finding out. By a lucky chance I came across the conductor of the dining-car of the train I had left, who had been always extremely obliging and spoke English, and with his assistance I found the first-class coach.

When I got to the coupé, my bunk was being filled with the belongings of the Russian lady, by porters wearing round fur caps and long white (!) aprons, engirdled by emerald-green leather belts.

As I knew no articulate language that would suffice, I gesticulated to the effect that this particular berth was mine. They, standing by their compatriot, and having little sympathy with the stranger in the land, superciliously waved me off. Then the lady herself arrived in a very perturbed state of mind, evidently as anxious as I was to be alone.

I held to my ticket which indicated the lower bunk, so the *chef-de-train* was called to settle the dispute, and my conductor friend from the dining-car *sotto voce* encouraged me to stand firm, as the berth was legitimately mine. I certainly had no intention of doing otherwise.

Fortunately for me as well as for the lady she had an admirer on the train in the form of a Russian doctor. He, seeing how matters stood, hurriedly departed, and in a few minutes returned triumphantly with a ticket for the only remaining coupé, which the agitated lady quickly claimed, and I was left the sole possessor of the compartment.

This happy consummation was not arrived at without much talking, and, I am sorry to say, the eviction of the dining-car conductor, who had given me his moral support, which had been resented by one of the staff.

We were now on a purely Russian train, and I gathered that there is not much love lost between the officials of this and the Chinese Western Railway.

The tables were now turned, and obeying a haughty wave of my hand, the be-aproned porters sullenly removed the packages from my berth. I then had to struggle to

the now deserted train and get my own belongings transferred. By the time this was done, I was very hot, and tried to open my window, but was unable to do so. Seeing a porter standing near, I motioned to him to do it. When he understood what I wanted, he shook his head, and lifted up his hands in holy horror and fled.

A few moments afterwards I repeated the gesticulation to another, with exactly the same result. The idea of wanting a window open was beyond their understanding.

I could hear that there was much dissatisfaction among the other passengers, who were all tightly packed, two in each compartment, so I withdrew into my stronghold, and closed my door, not wishing to advertise any further that I was alone.

The German countess was exceedingly angry, and I could hear her outside loudly denouncing the iniquity of everything in general, and the crowding of herself and the count together in particular. The *chef-de-train* had a bad time. He was afflicted with a strange stutter, and yet not quite a stutter, but something rather like the hissing of an adder.

This became very marked when he was excited, as he was at this juncture. He hardly knew how to satisfy the countess, whose aim, of course, was to get him to put myself and the Russian lady together, in order that she and her husband could have a coupé each.

He feigned not to grasp this idea, for which, on the inner side of the door, I blessed him. At last, in a very exasperated tone he exclaimed: "Madame, I do not—pst—understand what you want—pst. Do you want to go in—pst—with this lady—pst—or do you want—pst—to go in with this gentleman?"

"This gentleman" not happening to be her husband, the countess was caught out. Tableau!

The cause of all the trouble arose from the authorities trying to pack too many into one first-class carriage. From the Russians' point of view, the railway is purely strategical, and they are in no wise desirous of making it an overland route for the ordinary traveller.

We were now moving again, but had yet to wait for the beds to be made up before we could settle in for what was left of the night. The car steward understood German, and it was delightful to be able to make one's wants known first hand.

The *chef-de-train* is generally a linguist, but is not always available. He has complete control of the entire train, and in his professional capacity is a cross between a purser on a big liner and a host at a well-managed hotel. He is a gentleman, and takes a personal interest in the comfort of the passengers. Ours was particularly kind and obliging, and ever ready to give information about the country we were passing through, and would on his own initiative draw attention to things he thought would interest one.

All across the continent one gets chances of seeing the different types of people, as many congregate at the stations. Naturally the first part of the journey produced a greater mixture,—Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Yakuts, Tunguses; and, in the vicinity of Irkutsk, a large number of Buriats in curious clothes, a compound of Chinese and Russian. I must say that the majority of the peasants I saw did not call for much pity. For the most part, they looked well nourished, and had a plentiful supply of clothing, such as it was.

The enormous number of trains running eastward was a revelation, and when we happened to draw up alongside of one, we had further chances of observing the people and their ways.

These trains usually consisted of twelve or fifteen carriages, all laden with humanity. Thousands—people, not trains—must have passed us daily. The journey for them takes the form of a picnic: the fourth class accommodation was just an ordinary covered goods wagon, having a stove in the centre with a flue through the roof. On this stove they do their simple cooking. There are always stalls alongside the stations, where good and cheap food can be had. There is also a supply of boiling water kept at every station ready for use, gratis. It is amusing to see the eager rush of the emigrants, each with the indispensable

FOOD-SELLERS AT ONE OF THE STATIONS

OUR ONLY CHANCE OF EXERCISE

TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

enamelled kettle or can to fill for the almost incessant tea drinking. For the occupants of certain emigrant trains, there was at stated intervals, not only hot water, but hot soup, provided gratis. When we drew up alongside of one of these trains, we could see all that was going on, and the women with great pride would hold up their babies to show us.

The wagon is usually fitted with shelves, on which the people lie at night, or sit during the day. These Russian emigrants are a physically fine set, and look fit to grapple with anything. The children were sturdy and happy, and I often tried to picture them in their new environments.

The morning after leaving Irkutsk we passed through some very pretty country, rather Swiss in character, and among the pine and beech trees were to be seen many large villages, and plenty of people about. There was more variety in the vegetation, and about a fortnight later the field flowers would be perfectly beautiful.

The day was uneventful, and most of us retired early to make up for the shortage of rest the night before.

At four a.m. we stayed some time at a very important-looking town, built picturesquely on a hill: this I could see by peeping from my window.

The time was now being put back about forty minutes every day. At the stations we were beset by a number of little girls wanting to sell bottles of milk, and, for the first time, by some boys, who were really begging, as they had nothing to offer us for sale in exchange for the coppers they were asking for.

We were not surprised at milk being plentiful, as we had seen large herds of cattle grazing in the vicinity of the line, watched over by some men on horseback.

Just here a double line was being laid, and to let our train pass the men working on it stood aside, making a pretty patch of colour with their bright vermilion-red shirts. The low log-built huts seen from the train have a very quaint appearance, with their windows broadly outlined with white paint, looking for all the world like great eyes shielded by motor goggles.

As we proceeded, emigrant trains got more numerous. One passed with most of the wagons decorated with greenery, and the people who crowded to the windows seemed somewhat different from the usual run of Russian emigrants. They possibly had come from Riga or thereabouts, and consequently approached nearer to the Scandinavian type. Some looked quite Biblical, with their fine heads, open countenances, and long hair and beards.

Near one station there was a large encampment of wayfarers, hardy, simple, frugal people, with a great preponderance of unmarried men and young married couples with several children. Some groups, however, had an aged relative with them. The men wore thick frieze coats and trousers, top-boots reaching to the knees, and always fur caps and gloves.

The women were warmly clad with layer upon layer of skirts, and heavy shawls over their heads, while the children scampered about as happy as could be.

Families clustered together with their few earthly possessions around them, and ate their *al fresco* meals. They had probably trekked in to the nearest station from miles and miles away, and not being able to run it too fine, might have a few days to wait for their train.

For us, stopping at the various stations was the chief excitement of the day. It was also our only chance of exercise. There was a time-table in the corridor, with the names of the stations, the hour of arrival, and the length of stay at each, and I was curious enough to add up the latter, and found that between Vladivostock and Moscow we were scheduled to spend forty-two hours forty minutes in stations.

Besides that, we were many times delayed for the passing of trains and other causes, so that it is safe to say we were stationary for nearly two whole days. Of course, half of these stoppages occurred at night, so that we could take no advantage of them: however, as it was, we managed to work off a good deal of energy.

At certain stations, women with brooms and pails of water would board the train, and give the coupés a thorough

clean-out. This was quite necessary, as the dust was very penetrating.

We were travelling at a very pleasant time of year, suffering neither from extreme heat nor intense cold. It might have been better had the steam heat been dispensed with. The Russians are very averse from fresh air, and the stuffiness of the dining-car was almost intolerable. Never by any chance were the windows opened, and the reeking atmosphere felt thick enough to be cut with a knife.

We stopped during the night at Taiga, the junction for Tomsk, which, notwithstanding it being the capital of Siberia, is not on the main line, but a few miles north of it.

The next day the scenery of the Siberian taiga was delightful. Among the low growth of young trees were scattered burnt trunks of giant birches, pines and larches. In former times it was a virgin forest, but now shows the ravages of the bush fires, which have been started intentionally, as a preliminary to the cultivation of the soil.

We crossed a magnificent bridge over the River Obi, which flows into the Arctic Ocean, and soon after midday we were at Omsk, where we halted twenty minutes.

We really got the best view of the town from the bridge spanning the Irtysh. To my lay mind it seemed a pity they have only built it wide enough for a single line. The town appeared to be a good size, and the sun was singling out, as though to draw our attention to them, the gold and silver minarets.

Omsk, the capital of the Siberian Cossacks, treasures in its ancient cathedral Ermak's standard, the sacred relic of Siberia. Having to pass all these interesting places was very unsatisfactory, but, alack-a-day! on we must go.

At five o'clock we drew up at a siding to let the eastward-bound International train pass, but as it did not stop we only got a fleeting glimpse of it.

Petropavlovsk station was very crowded, and there was a long convict train waiting there. This was the only one with which we came in close contact. A smart uniformed officer was in charge, and by the steps at either end of every carriage stood an armed soldier. All the unglazed

windows were barred, and each was filled with a mass of faces, each person trying to get a peep of what was going on, and it was awful to contemplate the misery concentrated at each window.

I hated doing it, but I felt compelled to gaze, and form some idea of the dispositions of those I saw. Some were bright, and even cheerful looking; others wore a sullen and morose expression.

One man's face still haunts me. A white hand with tapering fingers supported his well-shaped head, which was evidently aching, and although he was looking out of the window, one could easily see his thoughts were far away. The intellectual cast of countenance suggested a great and deep thinker,—a poet, or artist perhaps; or possibly a reformer and visionary, brooding over the wrongs of the oppressed. Certainly his features were more suggestive of moral rectitude than criminality; and doubtless his offence was political.

The present means of reaching their exile must be luxury in comparison with that of former years, but all the same it was a painful sight, and one I would rather not see again.

The Steppes, occasionally intersected by river and ravines, were not so monotonous as I had expected. On Sunday, at six-thirty, we got to Cheliabinsk, where precious stones of all kinds are exposed for sale at the various stalls on the station.

Not being up, I peeped from my window, and saw a good many people making hasty purchases. If one really understands these gems, some good bargains may be made in amethysts, opals, obsidians, and stones peculiar to the district.

After a short run through pretty country we began the ascent of the Ural Mountains, a beautiful portion of the line. This, as we learnt at school, is the range of mountains dividing Europe from Asia; on the summit of the Pass is a stone obelisk marking the frontier.

We were all keen to see it, and those with cameras took up positions ready for snap-shots. There was much banter-

ing and joking, and they all thought I meant suicide when I stood by the open gate at the end of the carriage.

After many false alarms, and when our excitement was almost at boiling-point, some one exclaimed, "There it is!" And before most of us could get our cameras correctly poised, it was a mile in the rear! And we were once again in Europe.

Curves and zigzags soon brought us to the level again, when we obtained a fine view of the picturesquely situated town of Zlatoust, on the other side of the River Ai. Its white buildings and green and white minarets stood out distinctly from the surrounding verdure as the train approached, and then the railroad makes a sharp bend and runs into the station.

This part of the journey is decidedly the most beautiful, but the people had now become too European to be interesting. The Siberian Railway proper ends at Cheliabinsk: here the line branches to St. Petersburg, whither the International train goes alternately with the one to Moscow.

We now passed within sight of hills and lakes, and left behind us minarets of Mohammedan mosques, meeting instead with bell towers and Christian types of architecture. The last stopping-place that evening was Ufa, apparently a large and prosperous town.

Very early the next morning we were at Samara. I was not up, but watched the people from beneath the window blind. There was the usual crowd who had slept on the station: one old woman was taking off a few layers of skirts, which I presume she had put on for warmth during the night. Her husband helped her with her toilet. He wore a long brown coat with a tight-fitting body and full skirt. Close beside them was a youth fairly well dressed in a dark suit, and a blue cap with velvet band piped with red. He finished his simple meal, and then crossed himself several times before he got up and walked away.

There were hundreds of others camped in and about the station.

Immediately on leaving the town we crossed the River Samara by what we considered a very fine bridge, but it

had to take quite a secondary place in our estimation when a few hours after we saw the one which spans the mighty Volga.

The Alexandra Bridge is the pride of Russian engineering. We ran parallel to the river for some distance, and so got an excellent view of the bridge after we had passed over it.

We then had another stretch of steppe-land, which was rather dusty. Dust was the chief discomfort of the journey: there are double windows throughout the train, but unfortunately the air has to be excluded with the dust, and of the two evils one is tempted to choose the former.

At Penza we stayed twenty minutes, and, as we were due in Moscow on the morrow, it was our last encounter with emigrants, who were there in hundreds.

I am astounded when I look back and think of that vast area of land over which we travelled day after day, and the number of human beings it was absorbing like a sponge.

When I recall the number of trains which passed us daily, and try to arrive at some idea of the annual exodus from Russia by multiplying them by three hundred and sixty-five, the result is appalling.

This migratory movement is wisely carried out by families, and by communities. It is said that there is no race in Europe more prolific than the Russians, and I can well believe it, but there is no fear of overcrowding while they have Siberia and Manchuria to populate.

As I draw near the close of this record of my journeyings, I have not space left to go into details, but it is common knowledge that the resources of these two countries are multifarious and abundant.

The long train journey, which I had thoroughly enjoyed, was now drawing to a close. Every day had brought variety of interest, and I should never think of connecting the word "tedious" with it. It was far and away more engrossing than I had ever imagined it could be. One gathered a fund of information, almost without knowing it.

Our thoughts were now centred on Moscow, where we were due the following morning at six-thirty. The train

had left Vladivostock on Sunday afternoon, and the following Tuesday week, punctually at six-thirty a.m., it steamed into Moscow station.

It was at this juncture that we felt the drawback of only two lavatories for the whole carriage. I made my ablutions at four-thirty a.m., as I had no idea of missing the first possible view of the city. The others were up in good time, and crowding the corridors and windows.

For some time we ran through manufacturing districts, which led us on to suburbs, and finally to a mass of white buildings; above them, sharply cut against a clear blue sky, spires, domes, and cupolas bright with shimmering gold and enamel—and we were at Moscow.

Nothing I could say could give any idea of the fascination of this unique city. Never had I pictured anything so beautiful. Constantinople has a very distant resemblance to it, but I can think of no other place at all like it.

The American girls kindly invited me to join their party, and we spent two very profitable days together.

Moscow is to the Russian what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, or Rome to the Italian, the city of their religion, and, like Rome, it is built on seven traditional hills.

The Kremlin, the central interest of Moscow, stands on one of these, surrounded by a filled-in moat, with sloping, green, grass-covered sides, and a red-brick mediaeval wall, broken at intervals by towers of various heights and shapes, roofed with tiles of green and subdued hues, rather Florentine in effect.

Within these walls are the Imperial Palace and the Treasury, neither of which we could see, owing to preparations for the expected visit of the Tsar a few weeks later. Everything was being cleaned and burnished for the auspicious occasion. He had not been there for many years.

This was a terrific blow to us: still, with so much to be seen in so little time, regrets were quickly banished.

The Coronation Church and the Church of the Archangel contain jewels of fabulous worth. One single ikon is adorned with two and a half million roubles worth of

diamonds, emeralds, and other gems. The magnificence of the precious stones and jewels encrusting the figures of the Madonna and saints in Rome pales before what one sees in Moscow.

Leaving the churches, we walked about the open square, and saw the great Bell with its broken side, and the tongue lying silent on the ground. In the courtyard and round the Military Museum are hundreds of captured cannon which recall Napoleon's occupation, and his short visit of one night at the Kremlin, when he is said to have stabled his horses in one of the churches.

The only building to mar the general effect is a convent, coloured bright red, with a green roof and Rickett's blue dome, but its daring originality somewhat atones for its outrageous colouring.

On a covered platform, jutting out from the terrace, is a beautiful bronze figure of Alexander II, with a covered walk round three sides of it, the roof being entirely mosaic. It would be very difficult, indeed, to surpass the superb view from this fine promenade, and I vividly recall the morning I took my last view from it.

The city lay spread out beneath me, the Cathedral of St. Saviour surmounted with its cupolas of untarnished gold to my right, and the silver streak of river winding its course through the city; and everywhere I looked, hundreds of gilded domes rearing their heads to different heights, and a vast array of coloured roofs, mostly red and green, but all radiant in the midday sun.

Ah me! It was good to be alive. They say, "See Naples, and die". I am thankful I lived to see Moscow.

It was fortunate for us that a special Church Festival was coincident with our visit. We were told the service at St. Saviour's Cathedral would be a musical treat, and we placed ourselves in the hands of an American guide, who fixed the time for us to go at nine-thirty the following morning.

The well-known guides have an understanding with the Church folk, and on arrival we were at once taken to a gallery directly in front of the High Altar, and looked down

upon a dense mass of standing people. The Metropolitan, gorgeously arrayed in what appeared to be a solid gold garment, stood on a platform in the middle of the church, and was surrounded by priests who were giving forth a most marvellous volume of sound in a kind of recitative; the harmony of their deep bass chords re-echoed round the massive aisles, making it difficult to believe it was only human voices.

In one hand the Archbishop held two, and in the other three candles, mounted separately at their base, but the wicks drawn together, significant of something, but I was unable to discover what.

With these he bowed towards the people, crossing and uncrossing his hands as he swayed forward, and then headed the procession of priests back to the altar.

At one side of this stood the choir, their costumes calling to mind our old beef-eaters. Their singing was beautiful, at times so low and subdued as to be almost like an echo, and then by slow degrees they would work up to their full volume with marvellous effect.

All the time the priests were going through elaborate formulæ, and the congregation at intervals bowed their heads, and all inclined forward, at the same time crossing themselves several times.

It was a wonderful spectacle to look down upon; such a concourse of people gently swaying in unison, and as they made the sign of the cross, it was like a tossing sea of hands. In these days of—I will not say irreligion—but at at all events, lack of outward demonstration of it by public worship, it was indeed an object-lesson to see such a vast assembly of people so seriously and reverently inclined.

One priest, a fine specimen of a man, had a bass voice of incredible volume, and as he intoned we drew in our breath with astonishment. I afterwards heard some fine voices in St. Petersburg, but none of them equalled this man's.

Although it was day, the building was lighted from the ground to the top of the dome by thousands of candles.

At certain stages in the service, crowds would go, and their places would be immediately refilled by others.

The ritual was so gorgeous, and the music so perfectly grand, that we were very loath to follow the suggestion of the guide and go, but we felt that however long we stayed we should still have the same regret. I have never heard church music rendered in such magnificent style.

Moscow is undoubtedly the head-quarters of Orthodoxy, and I was greatly impressed with the general religious fervour of the people, and particularly with the simple reverence of the peasantry, who flock to Moscow from all parts of the country.

Shrines and ikons are fixed over gateways, on the walls of churches, at street corners, in fact in every possible position that ingenuity combined with religious ardour could devise. Every passer-by, of whatever age, sex, or rank in life, pauses to make the sign of the cross, and murmur a prayer. One scarcely ever sees a shrine in the street without some devotee kneeling before it with closed eyes and moving lips. The driver of your droshky drops his reins, removes his hat entirely from his head, and mumbles a formula, while you wonder where the horse is going.

The Russian coachman is a unique figure in his voluminous, long, blue, skirted coat, belted in at the waist, or where one might expect the waist to be. The garment is so thickly wadded that the wearer moves with difficulty, and whenever I sat behind one of these men, I always had an intense longing, fortunately restrained, to find out how far my hatpin would penetrate before I saw the coachman start.

The immense body and usually large head is topped by a low, flat-peaked, blue hat with a velvet band and bright buckle, with the addition, very often, of a peacock's feather.

I worked hard during my stay, and saw endless other features of interest which are detailed in the guide-book. The morning I left, the passengers of the "Wagons-Lits" had arrived, and I met the Misses B., with whom I had a hasty cup of coffee while we exchanged notes on the journey. It was then that I discovered how much better off they had been.

An excellent train carried me to St. Petersburg, where I arrived about seven p.m., and had a long drive through its streets to the Hotel Europe. One realizes at a glance that this is a city impressive in its greatness, but driving down the Nevsky Prospekt, its principal street, one might have been in any other European capital. In a word, St. Petersburg has been made, whilst Moscow has evolved through the centuries. I also missed the Eastern touch in the ornate architecture, and the vivid colouring, which make Moscow half-Asiatic and wholly alluring.

Freeing one's mind of sentiment, and the æsthetic, there is much to be seen and admired in the great modern capital, and if I were not now so near the end of this record of my wanderings, of which I have already made so bulky a volume, I would like to give some idea, at least, of what I saw in the three or four days that I remained.

However, as I am so near home, I feel I would rather hurry on and make my adieu in London, where this lengthy journey began.

I was fortunate to get a coupé on the express to Berlin. Spending a couple of days there, I sped onwards to Brussels and Ostend, and soon caught sight of the white cliffs of Old England, ever a welcome sight, at Dover.

In the train, with a tea-basket on my lap, green fields and peaceful villages with a familiar charm flew past; and then I gazed from the window to catch the first welcoming smile from waiting relatives on Charing Cross Station.

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